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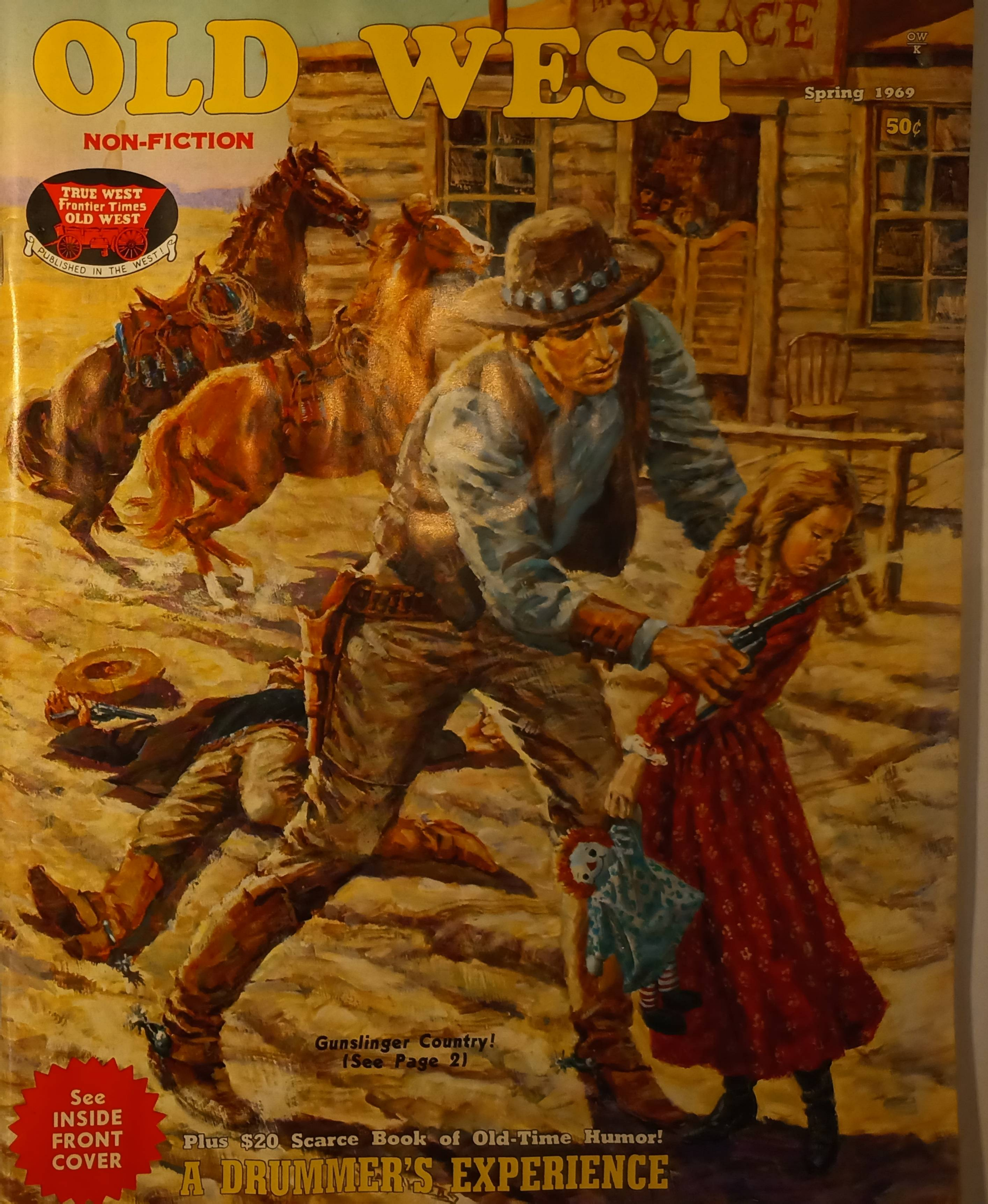

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A DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

SPRING, 1969

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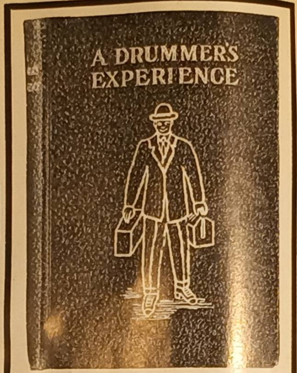
WHOLE NO. 19



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"A DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE"

REAL OLD-TIME WESTERN HUMOR!
BY J. S. DEARING . . . PAGE 71

SPECIAL FEATURE!
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YEGUA KNOBBS

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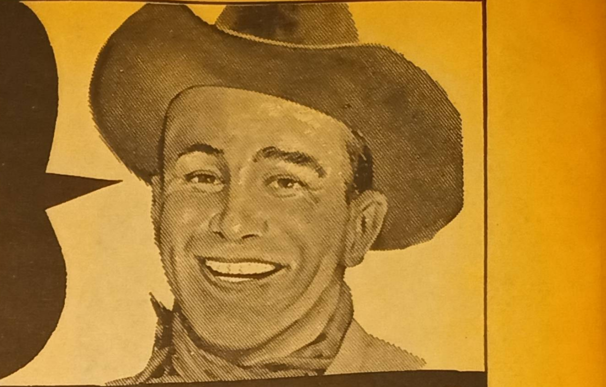

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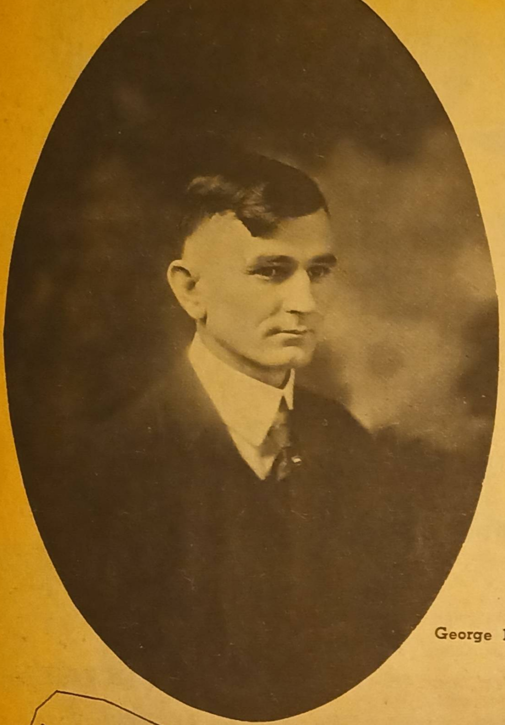
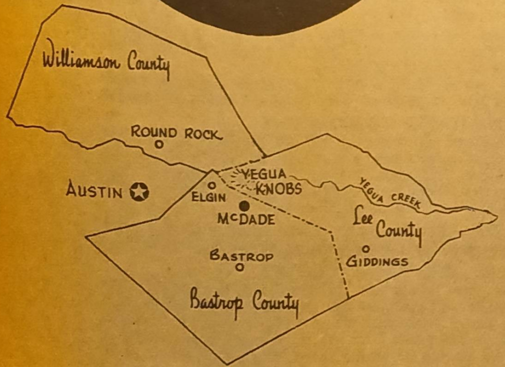
LAND OF THE NOOSE

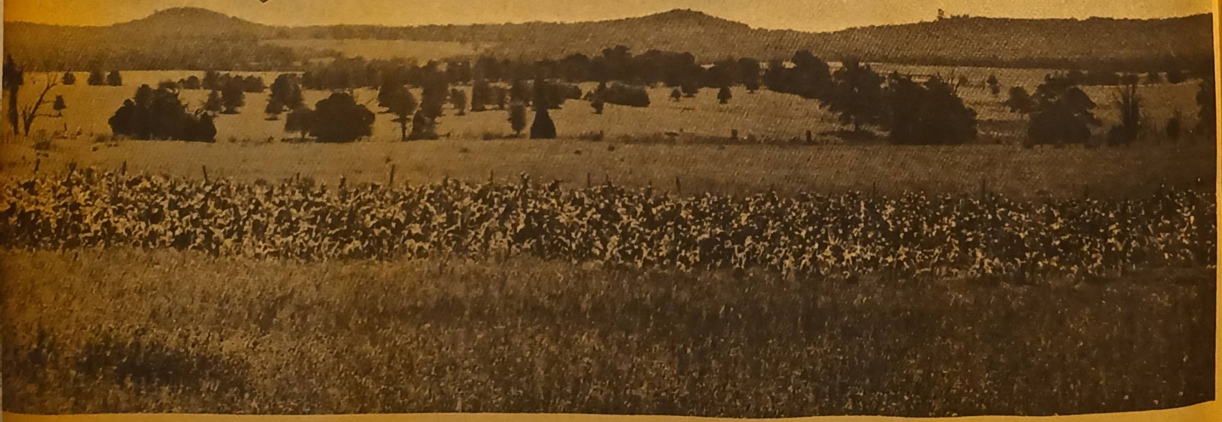
YEGUA KNOBBS



George King Martin in 1920, age 34. Below, the Yegua Knobbs in northwestern Lee County, Texas, looking east.

Courtesy Robert Small





Few places in Texas have had a more violent history—yet a lot of good people lived there too, trying to dodge that bullet in the back until the country could calm down and the law take over

By G. K. MARTIN

Photos Courtesy Author
and G. F. Stewart

IN ALL THE EARLY settlements of the West there were as good people as will ever stand before the throne of God, and as bad ones as will ever walk the halls of hell. And the community I grew up in was no different. The only thing was, for a time there was some question as to which element would win out.

The tragedy—one of them—was that many members of both the lawless and the lawful groups had been old friends and neighbors all along till the younger generation started the depredations which turned friend against friend and neighbor against neighbor. It was heartbreaking for some of the vigilantes to have to deal with these boys, but there was nothing else to do. Killing had to be stopped.

Forty-five miles east of Austin, capital city of Texas, and in the northwest corner of Lee County, is a row of hills known as the Yegua Knobbs (Knobs). This was home. The hills derive their name from Yegua Creek which, with its tributaries, comprises the drainage system of Lee County.

The north hill, or First Knobb, is the largest and has the greatest elevation; the other three diminish in size and altitude as they fall away to the south. They are mostly of sandstone formation. Because underlying minerals in their immediate vicinity create erratic fluctuations of a magnetic needle it is impossible to establish accurate directions around the Knobbs.

From under the base of the First Knobb, on the west side, once gushed a spring, and it solved the water problem for the early settlers. Water from wells in this area is so laden with lignite, iron and other minerals as to render most of it unfit for drinking. Being the sole water supply for the settlement, it was a community responsibility to keep the spring clean. A reservoir about five feet across and five feet deep was dug and walled up with split post oak logs. Surrounding the area where the spring bubbled from the hill was a blackberry thicket set in seepy quicksand. A hollow

A cousin, G. F. Stewart (left), and the author in McDade, Texas in May 1968.

Courtesy Robert Small

McDADE GUARANTY STATE BANK

Cavorting at Christmas in 1906 are (seated from left) Otis and George Martin, (standing from left) Day and Bun Martin, Maude Hughes, and Wilburn and Jeff Martin.

log was pushed back under the berry vines and water poured through it in a clear, beautiful stream. People came with barrels on sleds and in wagons to haul water. They stretched covers over the barrel tops and fastened them down with ropes or hoops to keep the water from sloshing out. In the summertime women from the neighborhood would bring their washings, children, lunches and melons and spend the day scrubbing and gossiping.

As time passed, other sources of water were provided—mostly cisterns—and the original spring filled with dirt and was covered over with vegetation. It no longer serves the community and is seldom referred to or mentioned. With the passing of this spring, also passed the old-timers, the frontiersmen.

THE FIRST ARRIVALS in the Knobbs Community came from the hills of the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi, with a sprinkling from other states, and were mostly of Irish extraction. They were a temperamental, sentimental, heaven-bound, hell-bent breed. They fiddled, frolicked and danced, fought with outsiders, among themselves, and even struggled with God—everything that interfered with their way of living and doing things. Peace and tumult had their turn as these people set about establishing their homes in a free-for-all land.

The sort of fearless folks who could conquer that rugged country had to be able to drink busthead whiskey (or mustang grape wine sweetened with home-made molasses), eat raw sweet potatoes and not die of the bellyache, drink tank water mixed with animal urine and live over it, else they could not qualify for the job ahead. It took green guts and bitter gall to stand the test, and not all of them were able to take it, but enough did survive to build a flourishing settlement in its day.

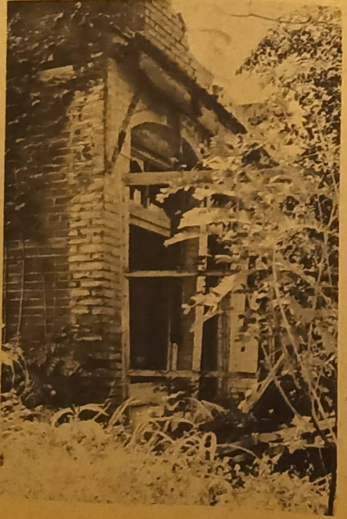
The advance guard of settlers arrived some time in the 1840s. Among the very first were J. A. Tanner, William Jackson, Joseph Maxmillian, J. Von Roeder, Joseph Jackson, Wiley Harrison, Adam Turner, and Robert Landfair. Some of their descendants still live in the area.

Another group came in the early 1850s. Some of their names are as follows: Hughes, Meeks, Miller, Allen, Forbes, Martin, Stanley, Brooks and others. This second wave of emigrants seem to have been the most permanent.

Food is always the primary concern anywhere and anytime. One may fill his stomach to overflowing in the morning, but before the day is gone he must have a refill or the pangs of hunger begin to hound him and he has what is called the "miss-a-meal cramps."

Ruins of McDade's once-leading drug store built in the 1880s.

Courtesy Robert Small



The next pressing matter was building some shelters. There were two experts with an axe, Henry Holler and Tom Hughes. They were past masters and known for their skill. Tall, rangy fellows, they could take an axe by the handle, bring it up in a wide, swinging arc and sink the blade up to the eye in the timber. Not only could they fell timber in a hurry, but it was said they could split a frog's hair straight down the middle from end to end. They were popular with the neighbors when the time came to build a log house.

It took many strokes of the axe and maul and pulls of the saw to complete the finished material that went into a house. Long straight poles or saplings of the proper size and length were used for rafters. Shingles were made from pinoak which grew in abundance along the creek bottoms. Pinoak timber was easily split into any thickness desired, as the grain was straight and coarse.

The cabins were not large, perhaps fourteen to eighteen feet wide and eighteen to twenty feet in length. Erecting the walls of a heavy log-type required muscle and brawn, but this problem was solved. After all material had been assembled, they had what they called a "house-raising." Neighbors were called in to help. They made a feast day of the occasion. While the men raised the walls, the women would prepare a sumptuous meal. There was considerable competition between the men as to who had the strongest back, and strong backs there were.

After all the walls were erected, there was the more ticklish job of putting up the rafters and ridge pole. Laths, the strips of timber on which the shingles were nailed, were secured and the shingles nailed on with iron nails. They were bad about splitting thin boards, especially of dry, seasoned timber, because the nails were flat and rectangular on the ends.

When a building of totally hand-made material was completed, it did not present the most impressive and beautiful structure, but it was substantial. And it was built to stand for a hundred years.

Most log houses had spacious fireplaces built of whatever material was available. Many were made of native stone, while the outside chimney was fashioned of thick boards held together by wet clay, called "stick-and-mud" chimneys. They served their purpose, but if they were not daubed with plenty of mud they sometimes caught fire, and away went the log cabin.

Fireplaces were from three to four feet wide and, as there was no shortage of firewood, they were piled high. The flickering light dancing on the wall cast grotesque figures which were charming to children. Sometimes the fireplaces were not well constructed and the draft was poor, filling the room with smoke. The walls and ceilings of the houses were an eyesore, smutty black—except that there were no ceilings as such. The

The author's family in November 1900. Members are, from left, Wilburn, Bun, the author's father Willard, Day, Ewell, Jeff, George, the mother Mollie, and Otis Martin.

roof—the naked pole rafters and the shingles—was the ceiling. Not only were they black, but they were covered with spiderwebs and dirtdauber nests, but the inhabitants continued to live in such cabins and be happy. To this they were accustomed and where little is known, little is required.

THE KNOBBS Community for some unknown reason became the core of a festering sore of violence. Murders, thefts and general maraudings had increased over the area until the time had come to do something, and it was done. It was like surgery, a bloody business till the work was done and the wound sutured.

The counties surrounding Lee County had also become fearful. Some of the crimes and criminals had spilled over into them and they were ready to take drastic action. There were open meetings such as this one described in the Galveston *News:*

"Today 200 citizens from this [Lee] and adjoining counties met here in the church [in McDade]. Their object was to assist the officers of the law to use every effort to suppress lawlessness. The people in this section are thoroughly aroused, and appear to be determined to stop the frequent killings and robberies which have recently occurred in this vicinity. The very best citizens are interesting themselves in this matter."

After this particular meeting—perhaps before—vigilantes were organized and making ready to begin the cleanup. It should have been the danger signal to the lawless element but it wasn't.

Since the members of these vigilante groups have been dead for many years, and distance lies between the Knobbs area and practically all of their descendants, those terrible times have been erased from the minds of all but the oldest citizens still living there. So my purpose is to give an account of some of the birth pains of the community where my father was born, where I was born, and to describe the fire that the people had to live through for years.

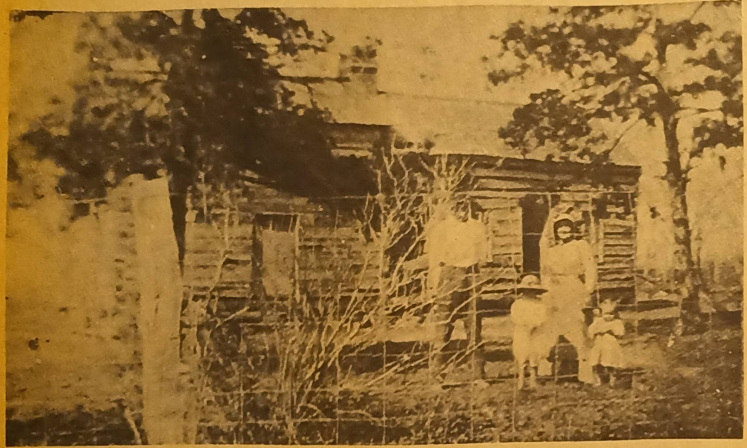
The Knobbs Committee was organized in 1875 and functioned for eight years. There were other vigilantes at McDade, Bastrop, Oak Hill, Giddings, and other settlements. These groups worked together. For obvious reasons executioners were chosen from groups other than from the one where the crimes were committed.

One wonders how men could execute other men whom they had never seen, but this situation only shows the depths which the situation had reached, as well as the citizens' determination to remedy it. They asked no quarter and gave none. They tried not to involve innocent men, but in their wide sweep of activities, probably some who were guiltless were killed. They might have committed no crime other than harboring a friend or relative.

Every man was a spy but he knew that he was being watched also, so it was "keep your lip buttoned till the time comes to loose it." The whole business was grim.

The organization of the vigilantes was secret—and I mean *secret*—because to be a known member was courting the assassin's bullet. Verbal oaths were administered by the "captain" of the group. Nothing was ever put down in writing. They had a password. When Knobbs men met at night, no one spoke but merely cleared throats. They also had certain whistles for signals, and so did the other groups. When something came up for attention, the group met and each member had the opportunity to voice his opinion. If a majority thought action should be taken, then the captain chose his executioners, and only the captain knew who they were. Each group had a courier, and these men relayed messages to captains of the various groups. Every man had his eyes open and his ears cocked for anything which might need to be considered by the vigilantes. Groups had no certain meeting places,

Above, the Knobbs community cabin in which G. F. Stewart was born. Below, the Stewart family in front of their home in 1910.



but gathered in the woods at night and in different places. Officers were elected once each year.

The "Moderators" were a group of law-abiding citizens who met openly in churches and at picnics, but some of the members were also members of the vigilantes and served with them.

WRATH HAD BEEN piling up for some time, yet law-abiding people hesitated to take the first step; but two murders were committed which set the wheels of retribution to turning.

An old man by the name of Craddock (they called him Pea-eye because of his small eyes) had been to town one day to sell some cotton, and on his way home was waylaid and killed. Craddock had the reputation of being a good man who worked hard to support his family. He had a few cattle, and Turk Turner was suspected of stealing some of them. Craddock filed charges and the trial was pending. The case was so clear cut against Turner that his lawyer advised him the only way out without conviction was to kill the witness, and Turner took the advice. Craddock's team of oxen plodded on home and lay down at the cowpen gate. Craddock was found by his daughter who had gone to turn the cows out of the pen after night.

Jack Beatty, who was in cahoots with Turner and who knew all about the murder, hauled Mr. Craddock to the graveyard the next day—as a friend of the family. Some time later, Turk Turner and an old man by the name of Jim Crow were shot to death and wrapped up in a cowhide of a beef they were supposed to have stolen and butchered.

The other murder which helped to bring things to a climax was that of Bose Heffington. Especially did his murder set off the McDade fight on Christmas Day in 1883. Jeff Fitzpatrick fired the shot that killed Heffington. Heffington was an officer of the law and was investigating the murder during a robbery of a Mr. Keuffel, storekeeper, and his clerk.

On Christmas Eve night before the fight in McDade the next day, one of the Beatty boys had waited near the home of K. Stanley to murder him. A buddy was supposed to meet Beatty there but failed to show up. When day began to break, Beatty rode on to McDade without accomplishing his purpose. On his way to town, about a mile out, he understood why his partner had not shown up at the appointed time and place. What he saw were the bodies of three men hanging from a limb—Thad and Wright McLemore, brothers, and Henry Pfeiffer. Beatty rode on into town with blood in his eyes, and he saw plenty more of it before the day was over, including his own and that of his brother.

On the side of the law were George Milton, Tom Bishop and Willie Griffith. On the other side was Jack and Asbury (Az) Beatty, Charley Goodman, Bob Stevens, Bert Hasley and Heywood Beatty. They and the McLemores were friends. Tempers were at white heat and exploded into flame and smoke following an argument. I will not attempt to go into details of the fight; my purpose is to let any who may read this know what a hell the early inhabitants of the Knobbs and McDade communities lived in and how they finally were goaded into reacting in kind.

It was a long drawn-out affair. Dozens of killings and robberies had been committed before the McDade fight. From shortly after the Civil War well up into the '90s danger and death lurked over that unhappy country. And Christmas Day of 1883 was especially marked for tragedy.

Several men had congregated at George Milton's place of business. The row started and the shooting began. Az Beatty and his brother Jack were killed, also another man whose name I do not recall. Willie Griffith was killed by Heywood Beatty. Heywood said that if he killed Griffith it was an accident, as he had no intention of doing so. With the three men hanged on Christmas Eve night, and those four killed in the fight the next day, there were seven men dead. Wounded were Charley Goodman, Bert Hasley, Bob Stevens and Heywood Beatty. John Forbes, George Duncan and John Allen left the country afterwards, but they were not in the McDade fight.

When the H & T C passenger train pulled into McDade that morning, the seven men were laid out on the depot platform. Miss Jessie Sayers, sister of Governor Joseph D. Sayers, told me that she was on the train that day, returning to Austin from Houston, and that she saw the seven men. She said the people on the train were frozen with horror at the sight of them.

That fight relieved the country somewhat, although it was not the end of the murders or the crusade to stamp out the last vestige of the troublemakers who had plagued the community.

HEYWOOD BEATTY went up into Parker County and never returned, except to sell some property and otherwise wind up his business. The story goes that he sent word in to George Milton to know if he might come in and attend to his affairs, that he would get out as soon as he had disposed of his property and that he didn't want any more trouble. George gave his consent and that was Heywood's last trip to the Knobbs and McDade. I do not know how true this story is, however, and only relate what I have heard. My family lived within sight of the old Beatty home across the sand fields.

I was acquainted with George Milton in my boyhood days. He was a handsome man, was always courteous and friendly and ready to talk when I happened into his place of business. He wrote up the deeds for land sales in the McDade and Knobbs areas for years. He wrote a hand as easy to read as any print.

Years before, Heywood Beatty and a boy by the name of George Duncan had had a schoolboy fight at the Knobbs one day. From what followed later, Duncan seemed not to be able to forget it. He followed Beatty to Parker County. One Sunday afternoon, coming from a baptizing, he asked Beatty what he thought of the fight at the school back at the Knobbs. Beatty told him that he had not thought of it for a long time, that he did not care that much about it and wanted to forget it. Then he asked Duncan what he thought about it. Duncan replied that he thought Beatty had acted a damned fool and with that he took after Beatty. Beatty's horse outran Duncan's and he managed to get home and inside the house before Duncan came up. Beatty took his Winchester and stood beside a window. When Duncan, with gun in hand, came by, Beatty shot him and that ended the feud.

Pete Allen, a good man but thought to have harbored certain criminals, was waylaid and killed near Blue Branch, a settlement near the Knobbs community. He was on his way to get medicine for one of his sick children. When Pete's mother heard of the killing, she took off through the brush, disregarding undergrowth and fences to get to Pete. Those who saw her said her clothes were literally torn to shreds, and that she was heard screaming all along the way. The distance was three or four miles. The Allens were our closest neighbors, and one of the very early memories of my childhood was the frequent wailings of this woman after Pete's death. She reared Pete's children. Her husband, Jimmie Allen, and my step-grandmother were buried the same day. Theirs were the first funerals I can remember—more than seventy-two years ago. I still go to their graves occasionally and recall the weeping of my mother and Jimmie Allen's niece, Lillie. And I remember how cold it was.

Henry Jackson was suspected to be the killer of Pete Allen. Jimmie Allen told my father that he went to Henry Jackson's home twice with the full intention of killing him, that he could see him by moonlight through the cracks in the log house; but that each time he began to squeeze the trigger, a story he had heard stopped him.

He said the story was about a man traveling through Georgia who had stopped near a Negro's cabin to spend the night. During the night the traveler was murdered and robbed. Snow had fallen and there were plain tracks leading from the cabin to the wagon where the dead man lay. The authorities came and found that the tracks exactly fitted the Negro man's shoes. He stoutly denied that he had anything to do with the murder, but he was tried and executed. Some years later, the Negro's wife became ill and knew her time was short, so she confessed to wearing her husband's shoes that night and being the murderer of the traveler. Allen said the story caused enough doubt in his mind to keep him from killing Henry Jackson.

Whoa Tommie!

Courting days in Yegua Knobbs country at McDade.

Later Henry Jackson became desperately ill of consumption. A few days before his death he confessed to killing Pete Allen. He said it was a personal grudge and that the vigilantes had nothing to do with it.

JIM BROWN, a colorful and somewhat notorious figure and one-time sheriff of Lee County, killed Hugh McCowan. McCowan was city marshal of Giddings, our county seat. It was a personal matter and Jim was never brought to trial. It was a cowardly murder, judging from circumstances. Charlie Brown, Jim's brother, was holding a gun on McCowan when Jim shot him. At the time, McCowan was sitting with his small stepson in his lap. When Jim looked in the door, McCowan set the boy down, opened his shirt and told Jim "Shoot, damn you, you don't have the nerve to shoot." Brown fired, tearing the lower part of McCowan's face away. Later Jim Brown was killed in a gun battle. My father was well acquainted with Jim Brown and his brothers and visited them in their home when he was a boy.

John Bloodworth, Jeff Fitzpatrick and Woods Pucket went over on the Yegua one day and robbed an old Dutchman and killed him. Bloodworth was sent up for robbery. Later he was pardoned for giving state's evidence. It wasn't long until he was shot, supposedly by Fitzpatrick who crawled down a cotton row where Bloodworth was picking cotton. Pete Allen was supposed to have harbored Fitzpatrick while Jeff was awaiting a chance to kill Bloodworth.

Fitzpatrick later killed Bose Heffington, a courageous and able man in his community, while Bose was working on that case. Heffington was looking for Bill Mundine. Not having seen Mundine, Heffington turned to leave. As he turned, Fitzpatrick ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder and shot him. Fitzpatrick left the country. Several years later he came back to the Knobbs country and died of consumption. I once lived a short time at the home of his sisters Laura and Mollie. Mollie married George Duncan, the man Heywood Beatty killed up in Parker County.

The Olives claimed they had lost many cattle and decided they would put a stop to it, notwithstanding they had many questionable cattle in their herds. There were five of the Olive brothers—Print, Bob, Ira, Jay and John. It was generally believed they were cattle rustlers, although nothing had been pinned on them directly. John Olive killed two Armstrong brothers down near Brushy Creek below Taylor who reportedly had said they were going to kill him. Killing was so common, little provocation was needed to bring it about. Later John was killed at Little River Station near Temple by another of the Armstrong brothers.

The Olives had a ranch below Brushy Creek. I once lived in the old Print Olive ranch house, a nice ranch house in its day. Some years ago it was destroyed by fire.

In the fall of 1878, the Giddings committee had a cleanup at the Giddings jail. Why the inmates were taken out and hanged is not known to any but those who took part in the execution. Pete Shaw, Little Tom Irvin and, I believe, one of the Fisher boys were the victims.

One morning in October 1879, old man Horace Alsup was waylaid and killed. He was perhaps a good man but his sympathies were with his son Wade, his son-in-law Young Floyd, John Kuykendal, and Bake Scott. These boys were all hanged on a tree in the Blue Branch neighborhood. They realized they had about run their course and were preparing to leave the country.

Just before pulling out, they attended a dance at the home of Pat Earhart. Their plan was to kill Pat and ride off. They had nothing against him but did not want to leave the country without a parting shot.

While the dance was in progress, all windows and doors were suddenly filled with guns. A masked man then appeared at one of the doors and began calling the names of the boys wanted. As they started off, John Kuykendal remarked to one of his friends, "Another trip to Giddings, boys."

His buddy said, "We will never see Giddings."

My father went down to Blue Branch the next morning and saw these four boys hanging on a limb, their feet touching the ground. That ended the careers of some misguided youths, but it also saved Earhart's life.

These are but a sprinkling of the men killed during those tragic days. The old courthouse at Giddings burned and many records were destroyed, which makes it impossible to ascertain the number who died with their boots on. There were sporadic killings caused by personal hatreds years after the vigilantes ceased to operate, but the backbone of the organized gangsters had been broken, and law and the courts took over.

DURING, and for some time after the tumultuous days in the Knobbs area, it was not safe for menfolks to go outside their houses at night. If a knock came at the door, the woman went to answer it. For a time the women milked the cows, put the feed out for the stock, and got in the wood so their husbands and sons would not have to leave the house after sundown. Some men wore nightcaps and gowns so their identity could not be determined by their enemies. One man in our neighborhood was dragged from his home at night, carried up on the side of the First Knobb and hanged. I have visited his grave many times at the foot of the tree on which he was hanged.

One of my uncles lived a little way from the First Knobb. Several times men were seen skulking about the place after dark. This made a very deep impression on me as a young child. These stories frightened me and I was always uneasy after sundown when I was at my uncle's home. Some of the outlaws lived in our vicinity. Many people made curtains of dark red or green material to obscure all movements inside the house, and these curtains were drawn by nightfall. Life had become that uncertain.

The vigilantes' method of waylaying was fool proof. Two or more would station themselves at convenient places along the road the outlaw was supposed to come, so that if one failed to kill him, the next one or ones would get him. I never heard of anyone escaping the snare. At times there were as many as five men lying in wait. They had adopted the outlaw's method of killing and were feeding him from his own spoon. The certainty of death put the fear of the Lord in some and they skipped the country while skipping was good.

My father knew Bill Longley for many years and he was acquainted with some of the men Bill killed. He knew the man for whose murder he went to the gallows. Longley claimed to have killed twenty-one men, but my father said he knew of only seven who were the victims of his bullets, that if he killed other men he had killed them in other communities.

Bill waylaid a man by the name of Anderson at the end of a cotton row. Anderson was plowing at the time and Bill walked out on him and shot him in cold blood. None of his victims ever had a chance to defend himself. Bill took the advantage and kept it. Father visited Bill several times during his long wait in the Giddings jail, talked to him, and heard him play his violin. One of the melancholy tunes Bill often played was "Gentle Annie." Bill was a black-haired, black-eyed man, handsome with fair complexion, all of which was accentuated by the ghostly look his long stay in jail gave him.

G. K. Martin (left) and G. F. Stewart in Meeks Cemetery, Yegua Knobbs Church lot near McDade in May 1968. Graves date back a century and more.

Courtesy Robert Small

School group at Knobbs when the author was a boy.

My father was present when Bill was hanged. When officers brought him from jail, they sat under a tree and Bill smoked a cigar. Finally, Bill said, "What are we waiting on?"

Jim Brown, sheriff, who had known Bill for years, replied, "Well, Bill, I just don't want to rush you off."

"Let's get it over with," Bill said.

Jim Brown offered any of his deputies the $50.00 he was to receive for cutting the rope. No one accepted. When the rope was cut, Bill fell through the trap door, the rope unwound, and his feet touched the ground. Immediately he was strung up again and left till he was pronounced dead. My father said the story that Bill was not dead circulated because the rope broke, but that if Bill Longley was not dead, he (my father) would not be afraid to hang a thousand times.

K. Stanley, a man who had been marked for death for a long time by the outlaw element, was walking with his gun over his shoulder one hot day. Suddenly, a gun fired and he was jarred considerably. He ran a hundred yards without looking back to see who was after him. When he heard no further shots, felt no bullets, he looked back and saw no one. He took his gun from his shoulder and found that the heat had detonated the cap and caused his own gun to discharge. He lived in fear long after the Knobbs vigilantes, of which he was one of the captains, had ceased operations and disbanded. He never felt safe, was not safe, till he moved from the Knobbs community many years after the turmoil had come to an end.

When K. Stanley became ill and knew his time had come to go, he called his son in twice to tell him something that had long been on his conscience, but each time he broke down and could never tell his secret. But he did tell his son-in-law and the son-in-law told the son. K. was trying to confess that he, K., had been the one who waylaid and killed old man Alsup down near Blue Branch. Strange how the approach of death goes deep into the secret chambers of a man's soul and causes him to try to relieve his conscience at the last moment. One reason for this is perhaps the desire to clear up mysteries so that no one else might have to bear the blame.

THOSE DAYS WERE all but torture for the early settlers, and some of it has rubbed off on me. It would take volumes to record all the tragedies of that unhappy place during the '70s and '80s. Perhaps it is best that there is no record.

But it doesn't give a complete picture of the life we lived at the Knobbs just to cite the killing and meanness. There was plenty of courage, too, and our every-day struggles were very much like those going on all over that part of the country.

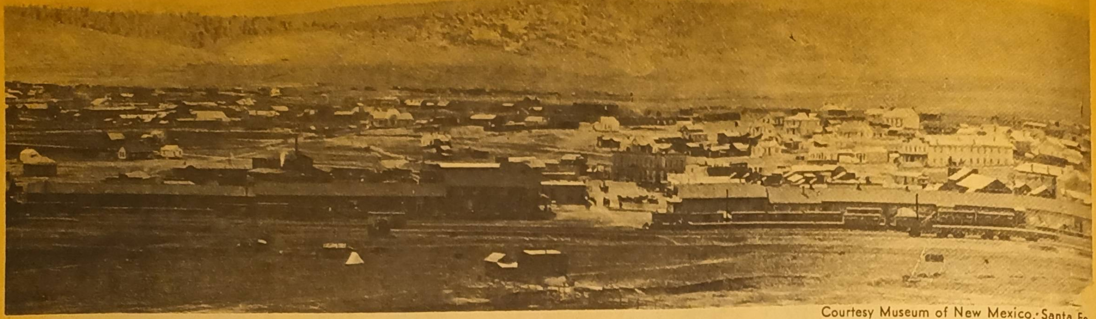
As a boy, I managed to have some pretty good times and I really didn't realize until many years later all the discomforts that were a part of my childhood.

Only the folks who lived before the days of screen wire and sprays know what a pest insects could be. Flies were the most troublesome of the lot. In the warm months they made life miserable all during the daylight hours. They filled the house and got into the food. Women made flails of paper to shoo them away during meal time, but it was a losing battle. One had to fight them off with his hands. If a fly happened to be swallowed, it was too bad. Talk about being sick! Nothing made one sicker than a fly in the stomach. He was poison and was usually vomited out.

One of the most ghastly things I remember about flies was when they would get into the mouths of sleeping babies. It is no wonder an epidemic of diarrhea brought death to young children every summer. It was next to impossible for a youngster to sleep unless he had a mosquito bar over his head. Most mothers kept one over the cradles, but not all of them did. A mosquito bar was about as hot as a quilt. I remember a man who was struggling with flies and a mosquito bar one hot day. He became disgusted, threw the bar off and said, "Now, damn you, you have got to keep me warm next winter!"

People had little idea of sanitation. The "slop can" was kept just outside the kitchen door and it was usually full of scraps from the table. Also, the dishwater was usually poured into it, later to be fed to the hogs. If the dishwater were not emptied into the can, it was thrown out on the ground just outside the door. All of this drew flies by the thousands. If I were called on to name one of the great inventions of this century for general health, I think I would say screen wire. Before we had it, insects of every description invaded

(Continued on page 36)



Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

East Las Vegas, New Mexico, about 1880. Railroad Avenue runs along the other side of the long railroad buildings stretching across the foreground. Navajo Frank was hanged from one of the telegraph poles that barely can be seen at intervals along the railroad tracks this side of the depot. Buildings upper left are in West Las Vegas across Rio Gallinas.

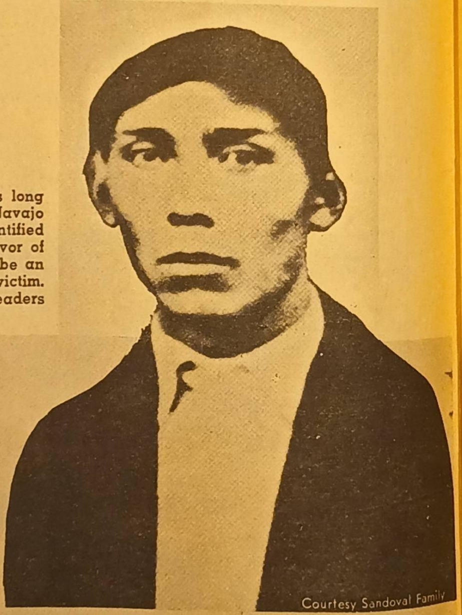
THE MAKING OF A RENEGADE

By JOHN R. WINSLOWE

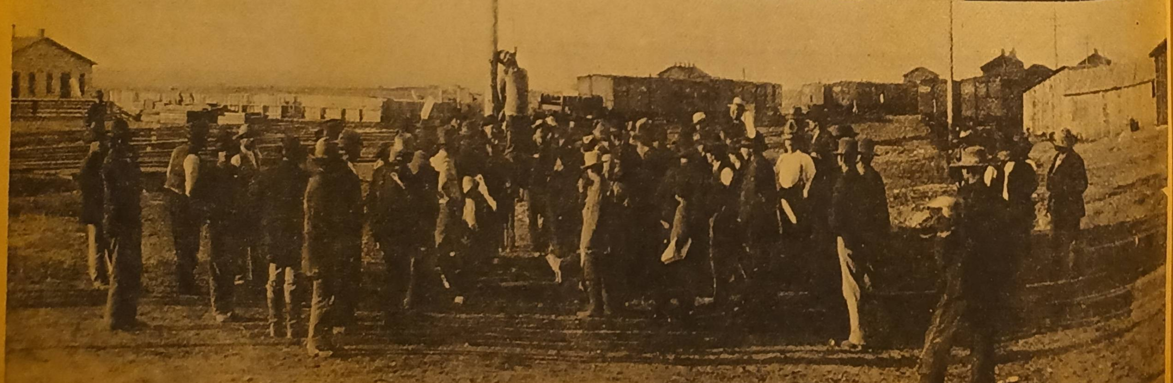
Photos Courtesy Author

Navajo Frank, right, age between 16 and 19. Below, an early-morning sun casts long shadows across men in the railyard viewing the corpse of a man who may be Navajo Frank. The photo caption on the photograph says this is the lynching of an unidentified man on Railroad Avenue, East Las Vegas, New Mexico. Evidence is strong in favor of his being Navajo Frank: The corpse—hanging from a telegraph pole—appears to be an Indian; nearby buildings seem about 1882 vintage; a leg iron dangles beneath the victim. If so, then Navajo Frank had been hanging there since midnight. Can any readers confirm or deny our deductions?

Courtesy Milton W. Callon



Courtesy Sandoval Family



It begins with captivity, thrives with abuse, and ends with a man's unequal fight to remain human . . .

NO HOWLING MOB of riff-raff stormed the jail in West Las Vegas New Mexico, Saturday midnight, June 26, 1882. The ringleaders and the 200 men with them were all upper bracket citizens. This elite bunch of intelligent men were in direct contrast to the easily riled whiskey-fed mobs of the Old West.

They marched quietly to the adobe jail in the *placita*, better known as the "dog house." Its flea-infested confines were not fit even for that animal's coyote cousin.

Sheriff Hilario Romero was told to get out of the way—Navajo Frank must die. The sheriff promptly departed with most of his deputies. Only one, N. Segura, was left in charge of the guards. His orders were to harm none of the well-dressed mob, to make a token resistance and then retreat.

The front jail door wasn't even locked. To make it appear a bona fide mob action, it was knocked out with a two-by-four timber. The guards fired a few shots into the flat roof overhead and promptly departed. Men poured inside, paying no attention to other prisoners. They slavered only for the blood of Navajo Frank.

A big, brawny olive-skinned man, Frank was unusually strong and that fact he immediately demonstrated. The cell key had been left conveniently on the desk, and a dozen men piled inside the narrow space trying to seize him. Navajo Frank had been left leg-ironed and with wrists manacled in front of his body. Yet, back against the cell wall, he knocked down those who tried to grab him as fast as they closed in. This he managed with his hands fastened together! No cringing coward, this mad dog killer. For fifteen minutes a desperate, bloody struggle ensued. The walls, the underside of the flat roof overhead as well as the floor, were splattered with warm blood.

He whipped them all until more men, shoving in, forced him into the open. He was beaten about the head with gun barrels. Two succeeded in getting their hands on his bull-like neck and started choking him. Yet for another ten minutes he bested them all. When his giant strength at last began to wane a noose went over his head and a dozen eager hands hauled away.

Mobsmen leading him by the rope around his neck hustled Navajo Frank stumbling and staggering out into the street. They left him ironed, his desperate fighting having driven fear into the mob that he might yet escape. Many had broken noses and missing teeth in addition to black eyes received at his hands.

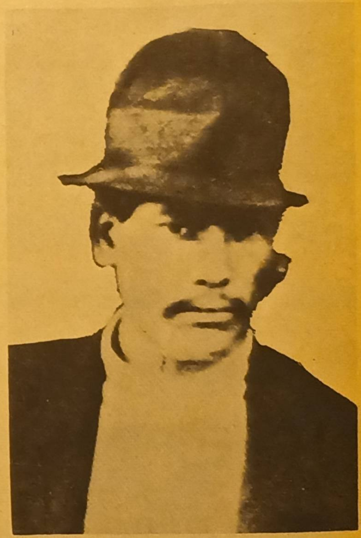
The mob moved slowly, for Navajo Frank could step forward only the short length of the chain fastened to iron around each ankle.

"Just let me have one hand free and I'll eat you -------'s alive!" he promised them.

The mob and their victim passed from Bridge Street up over a low hill into Railroad Avenue in East Las Vegas. The sidewalks were lined with excited spectators despite the late hour. The death march halted under a telegraph pole. A rope was thrown over a high cross piece. Frenzied hands grabbed the free end and hoisted Navajo Frank's feet high off the ground. Swaying in the air he slowly and painfully strangled to death but uttered not one sound to betray his cruel suffering.

NO OTHER creature was ever so bitterly despised in New Mexico and west Texas as the twenty-three-year-old Navajo Frank. He was a cold-blooded killer, a desperado who hated the world because it hated him, and he fought its denizens to the bitter end. From birth he never had known anything from people but inhumanity.

Western badmen with rare exception *chose* the course that led them to the penitentiary or the gallows. Going wrong and committing some minor crime, they followed their self-made road to destruction with no one to blame but themselves. In Navajo Frank's case exactly the opposite was true. All decency, self-respect and human kindness was tortured out of him by a pious populace from the time he was an infant. Responsibility for his bloody career and execution without trial is an indictment against law-abiding people of the time. He merited execution for his many onerous crimes, yes, but the record shows that the greater crime and guilt for creating a monster belonged elsewhere.



Courtesy Mrs. C. D. Richardson

Serafin Polacco, owner of a goat ranch on the Sapello River, probably was one of Navajo Frank's few friends.

Navajo Frank was a full-blooded Navajo of light olive complexion, six feet tall and huge of torso and bicep. His family was captured by U. S. troops during the Navajo tribe roundup of 1864. Robbed of everything they owned, they were taken to the prison reservation of Bosque Redondo at Fort Sumner. With them he starved on roots dug out of the ground. Some of his family died because the army seldom had any rations for the prisoners.

In 1866, when seven years old, he fell victim to slavers. The troops were supposed to protect their captives, but they seldom bothered to do so. The reservation lay wide open on every side. The Navajos were not allowed a knife, not even a sharpened stave, much less a firearm, to defend themselves against frequent raids by other Indians and New Mexicans.

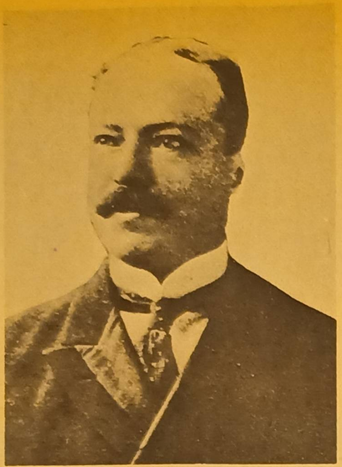
It was a simple matter for a group of Santa Fe Mexicans to capture Navajos for sale as slaves. They took only the young girls and boys. Older Navajos were certain to escape—not back to Bosque Redondo but into their old homeland.

Then called Eske Yazzie, Navajo Frank was abducted along with a score of other children. In Santa Fe they were thrown on the slave block and sold to the highest bidders. He went to Julian Mares, a sheepman.

Because he cried constantly for his family, the seven-year-old boy was beaten mercilessly from the first. While a Mexican slave he never saw the day when the lash stripes and welts on his body and limbs were healed.

Put out with a herder, he began his apprenticeship to handle sheep. Later he would be forced to take over as an unpaid chattel worth only his grub and a rag of clothing now and then. Renamed Jose Mares, his identity became lost and he learned to speak Spanish like a native.

About the time the boy became proficient as a herder he picked up the name “Francisco” and became even better known as Navajo Frank. He learned fast because the slightest mistake brought on a terrific beating, and he went foodless as further punishment.



Miguel A. Otero Jr., a future governor of New Mexico Territory, knew Navajo Frank well, witnessed some of his crimes, and wrote about the Indian.

When Frank was twelve years old, *el patron* Mares came out to his sheep camp in the Sangre de Cristo foothills. As usual the cruel-hearted man found something to blame on the kid. In wild fury he beat him to within the proverbial inch of his life. Departing at sundown Mares took the meager grub supply along. The kid herder was expected to starve until Mares condescended to restore it.

Overly strong and big for his age, Navajo Frank appeared older than he actually was. After Mares left he had other ideas. No longer would he stand for brutality. Dimly he remembered starvation, the cold and windy prison reservation where his family existed in misery—if any still lived. He did not know that they had been released and returned to their own country in 1868.

SHEEP WAS MEAT and he decided to take his family some to fill their flat bellies. Cutting out 500 head of the strongest that could be driven fast, he started south. He traveled steadily, even a part of each night. For food he killed a big lamb, eating it almost raw without salt or bread.

Passing Las Vegas to the west, he continued on in the vague direction he believed Bosque Redondo to be. Then one day on the range he learned from a passing *peon* that the Navajos were no longer prisoners. This left him in a serious quandary, and he dallied to think it out. Finding his family again was impossible. He couldn't remember their names.

After some three or four days Mares returned to the sheep camp. He found most of his flock scattered over miles of rolling range. A heavy loss to wild carnivore had resulted. Consumed with wrath, he gathered help and set out following the wide sheep trail south.

Near sundown on a June day they spotted the grazing flock at a distance and headed for the sheep openly and on the gallop. That was their mistake and Navajo Frank's good fortune. He spotted them far away. Determined never to be taken alive by his master, he slid fast into an arroyo. Barefoot, but running hard, he passed through into low ground, ducked into another wash and kept going. Mares never caught sight of him. Sundown put an end to trying, and the

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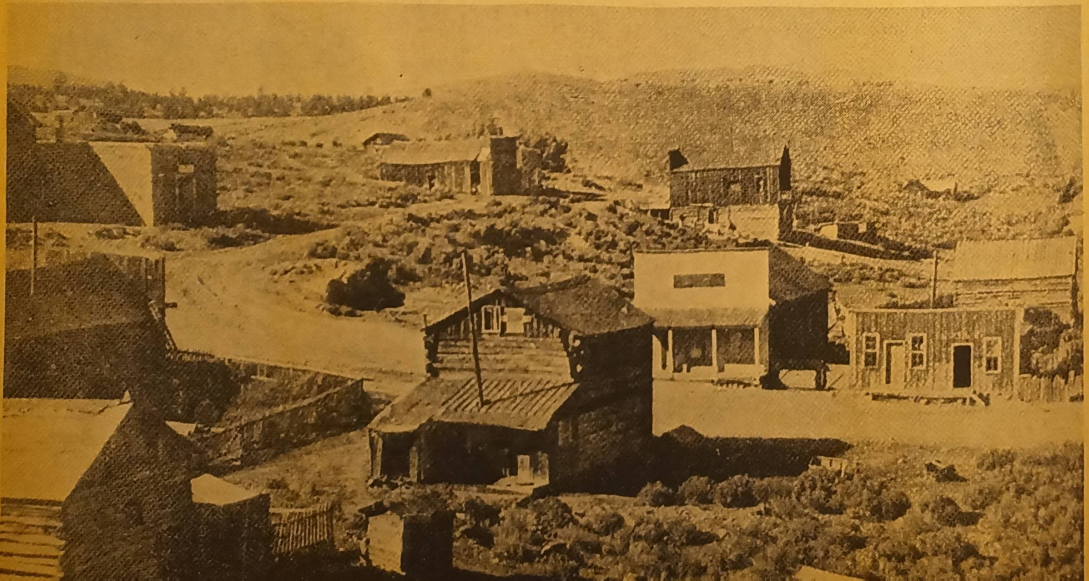
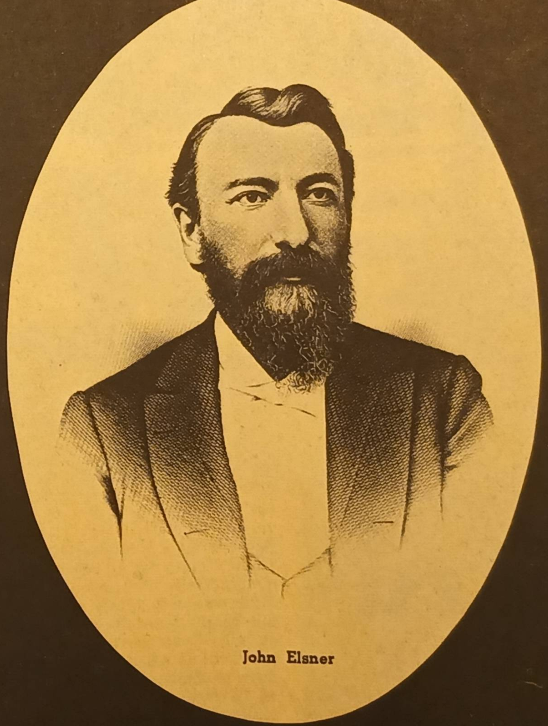
Elizabethtown, New Mexico, near the headwaters of the Cimarron in western present-day Colfax County, was an outlaw hangout frequented by Navajo Frank and was where he joined up with a band of cattle thieves running herds between New Mexico and Texas.



Elsner's DARK FORTUNE

By FRANK M. FREEMAN

Denver Public Library Western Collection
Photo Courtesy Author



John Elsner

Tragedy swirled at the feet of this old Denver family like an unhurried sea at the base of a cliff

BY THOSE who knew him best, Doctor John Elsner was described as being a man who would rather read a book than keep a financial record for services rendered. In early Denver, Colorado, Elsner proved himself to be a truly democratic individual. Arapahoe Indians sought him out as their “medicine man,” Negroes were confident of his friendship and the Chinese found him as eager to serve them as the most notable citizens in the community. This Hebrew, in short, was a notable, true, and great physician.

The doctor had little use for the hustle and bustle that came into being with the birth of the twentieth century and sometimes spent half a day at the home of a patient. With an almost religious reverence for his profession and its traditions, Doctor Elsner came into violent conflict with the spirit of modernity which aimed at specialization; and to him, the medical group idea was anathema.

Despite his contempt for time and his disregard for money, he managed to accumulate a fortune. With his wealth, he bought rare books and art objects from Europe and the Orient to beautify his home, which for years was a center of the city's social and artistic life. Many notable artists were his guests when they visited Denver.

Other celebrities of the day were present at the doctor's brilliant social affairs, among them Oscar Wilde, Lillian Russell, Edwin Booth, and others who enjoyed elaborate dinners and sipped fine wines at the table of the great medical man.

Doctor Elsner authored several volumes on theory and practice of medicine which were widely used as text books. Books in eight languages in his library were very easy reading for their owner for, being an accomplished linguist, he was fluent in all of them.

Doctor Elsner was instrumental in the founding of Denver's first county hospital in 1871 and was appointed county physician that same year, being largely responsible for the formation of the Denver Medical Society. In conjunction with Mrs. Frances Jacobs, Elsner helped to establish today's renowned National Jewish Hospital in Denver.

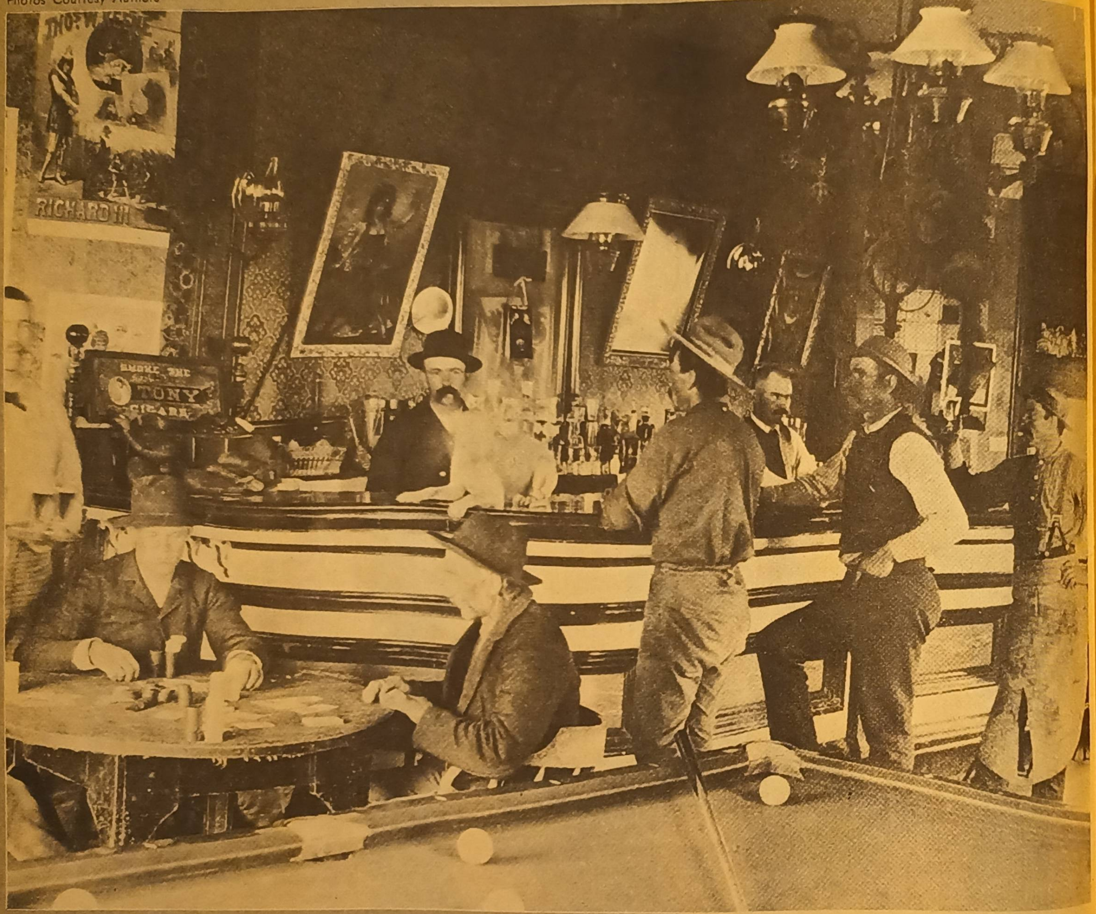
The physician was high in Masonry and belonged to many medical, health and scientific organizations in both Europe and the United States, in addition to being one of Denver's most dedicated civic leaders.

(Continued on page 70)

By L. B. STARK
and
JACK L. LANGDON

Social hour at one of Neihart's eighteen saloons. Pocket pool table has been remodeled for billiards, while dog atop the bar supervises a card game. Both dog and waiter at left moved while plate was being exposed, thus blurring picture.

Photos Courtesy Authors



It Was Hard To Stay Sober In Neihart!

NEIHART, Montana was once the main hub for all of the surrounding mining towns. The famous Yogo Sapphire Mine was only thirty miles in a direct line on the trail; Hughesville and Barker, only about twenty. Miners from these three towns came into Neihart on paydays to trade, drink and visit the girls of ill fame.

Old-timers say that once over 4,000 people were living in Neihart. Its eighteen saloons were enlivened by the usual class of tinhorn gamblers, pimps, and "brides of the multitude." Three of the most notorious girls were Jenny, Nell and Ann, the madam. Each bore a descriptive nickname which, regrettably, won't pass the censors! These three girls made all the nearby camps—Yogo, Barker and Half-Way House. The latter was under the auspices of Georgia Day, who had a string of other houses in different parts of the state. When at home in Neihart, Jennie, Nell and Ann stayed at the Blue Goose Hotel, scene of a lot of fights and shootings. Gun play was a common occurrence and more so on paydays when all the miners got to drinking and gambling.

The miners had to celebrate payday while other residents had to have a little brave-maker to stand the miners!

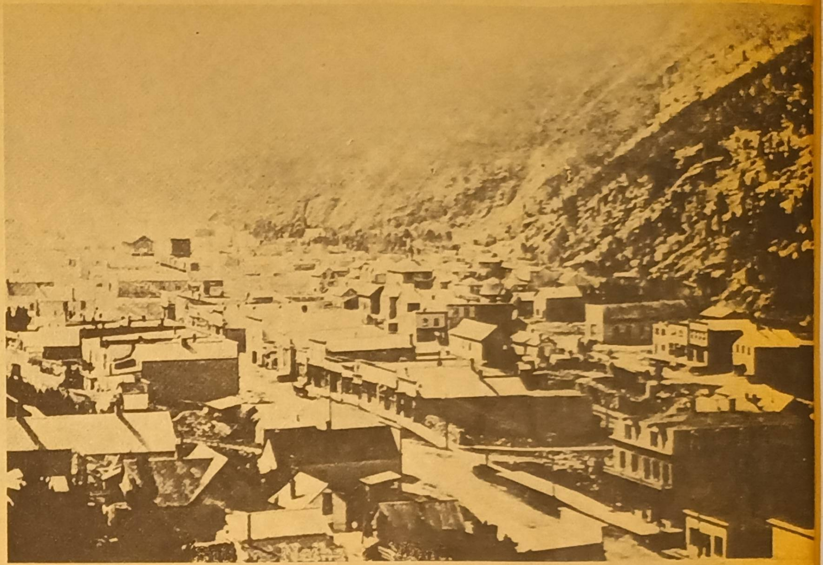
In one instance a man, with the first name of Riley, walked up the main street, pulled out his pistol, and shot and killed another man for no reason whatsoever. This kind of carrying-on was frowned upon by the miners, and Riley was picked up and sent to prison for life. If a miner got involved in an argument with another party and guns were pulled and someone got killed, that was different. That was usually called self-defense.

A great many of the men had come in from the copper mines in Michigan, along with a lot of farm settlers who took up land on what is now known as the Riceville Bench but at that time was called the Michigan Settlement.

Neihart was founded originally in 1881 by settlers seeking silver. The first discovery was made by Richard Hartley, John C. O'Brien and James Leroy Neihart, for whom the settlement was named in 1882. Later Mr. Neihart was elected its first mayor.

Mines in this and the Barker area were developed rapidly during the following few years. Only the high-grade ore could be mined at a profit. It had to be transported to Fort Benton by pack animals or by wagontrains drawn by horses or oxen and then shipped by river steamers to Kansas City, St. Louis or New Orleans. From there it was sent to Swansea, Wales for smelting. To avoid these high transportation costs, smelters were constructed at Hughesville and Barker, called at that time Clendennin. The smelter at Hughesville did not operate long because it was not equipped with satisfactory refractory lining. The smelter at Clendennin, built by Colonel George Clendennin in 1881, had a forty-ton waterjacketed furnace. It was operated until 1883 and production reached $375,000. Some of the high-grade ore and bullion produced during 1883 and 1884 was shipped via the Missouri River to Omaha for smelting. Some of the ore was reported to have netted the mine owners $200 a ton after deducting $100 a ton for freight and treatment charges.

WORD OF NEIHART continued to spread. Many people came up by riverboat from St. Louis to Fort Benton, and then by stage to Neihart. Soon some Cornish miners joined the throng.

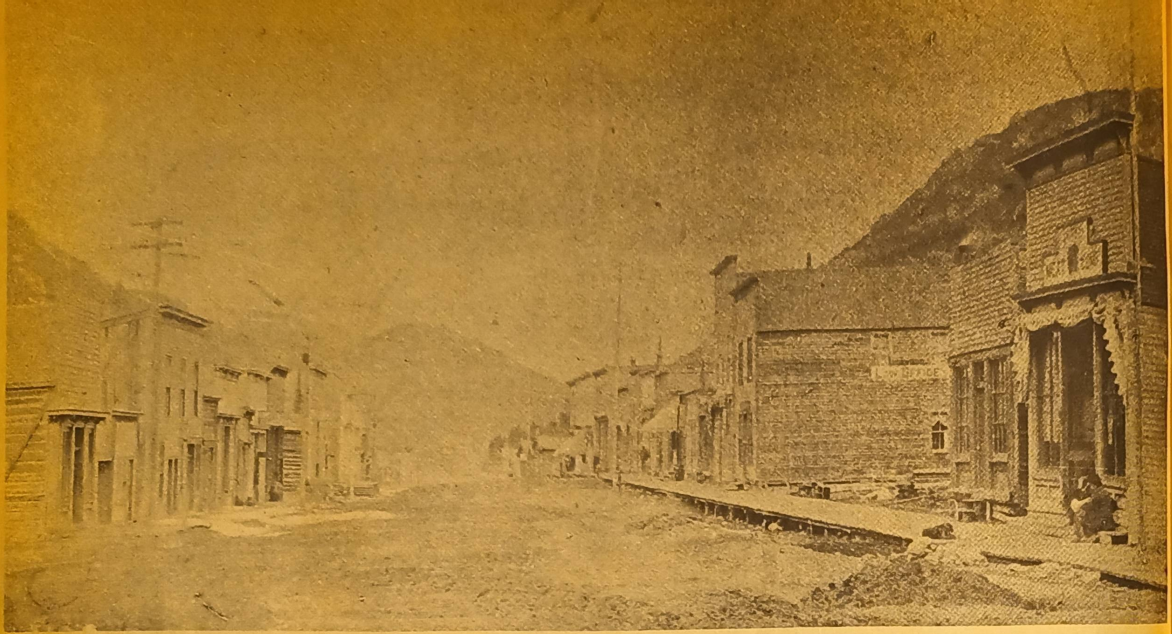


Neihart, Montana, nestled in mountains about 1896, was named for local prospector.

As usual, a new group of miners coming in had to get tried out to see who was the best man with his fists. On payday when they were all drinking together, numerous fights took place, either in the saloons or out in the street, but very few of the workers carried a grudge and once the fight was over they would all be drinking together again.

In the saloon owned by Charles Mix, living quarters for his family had been provided on the second floor. It became necessary for him to move them, as everyone carried six-shooters and, after having a few too many drinks, a man would often pull out his gun and shoot through the ceiling. When one of these bullets came up through the bottom of the baby bed in which Mix's little daughter was sleeping, his wife came down the stairs

One-horsepower taxis offered popular shuttle service between Neihart and Monarch.



Street in Neihart, Montana, in faded 1892 photo. Two men confer on steps of meat market, far right.

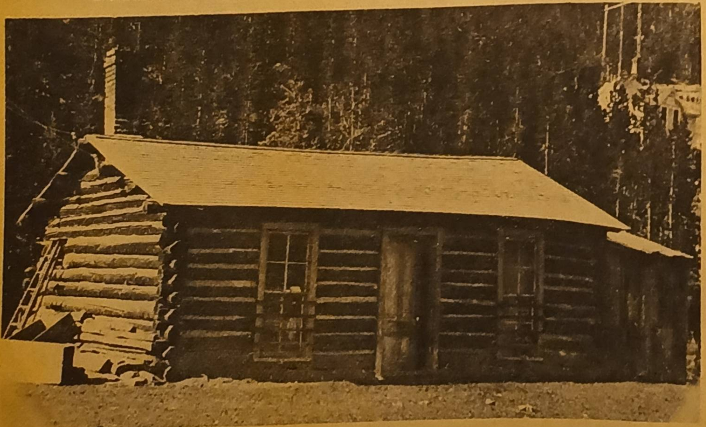
and into the saloon looking for the man who had fired the gun. The patrons promptly left by all available openings, and the saying is that a few new "doors" were made during the exit because Mrs. Mix was packing a big six-shooter with the hammer pulled back.

The family moved into the hotel before nightfall, and the next morning Mix had carpenters busy getting started on a new home in the south end of town. This house was a landmark in the area until it was torn down in the 1950s.

Neihart sometimes received enormous amounts of snow. In what was then known as the "rubberneck" area, mostly two-story homes were built and it was not uncommon for snow to drift up to the top-floor windows. People had to be careful when going by these homes to avoid being splashed by someone emptying the thunder mugs. Timber wolves were another hazard during the winter months as they traveled in packs and came right into town. Children especially were not allowed to go out after dark.

Neihart was—and is—admirably located to become a great mining center. Immediately surrounding the town are mines of silver and lead and within five miles are found limitless supplies of building stone of the finest quality. To the south and west are vast deposits of copper ore and iron mines containing the quality of ore from which the finest Bessemer steel is made. Gold has been discovered five miles to the northwest and the newly reopened Yogo mines are only a few miles east. Gypsum has been found in large deposits north of town, and coal land lies on all sides.

Neihart's first schoolhouse, built of logs, still can be visited today.

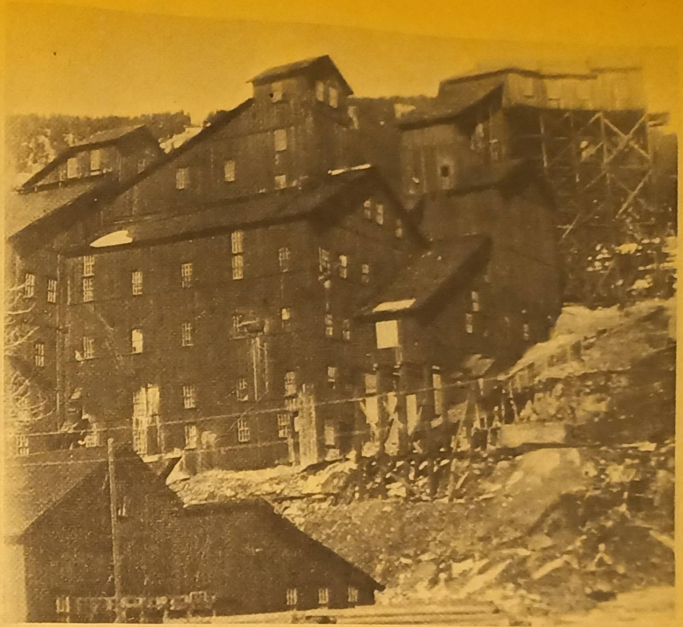


Old-timers were a little reckless with distance regarding these various mineral deposits. No doubt the gold discovery mentioned five miles northwest of Neihart is the one discovered by four drunken miners from Barker. After living in a tunnel for six months on the Silver and Bell mining claim in Barker, they sold out for $50,000 cash. With very little bacon, beans and smoke, it had been necessary for them to take turns at the portal of this tunnel with two rifles to keep claim jumpers from taking over. According to one of the owners, Richard Oatey, these men were hired hands for the big Clendennin outfit and several were wounded before the sale could be completed.

After the sale, Oatey and his partners decided a celebration was in order so they went over the trail to Neihart. After spending a few days there, they purchased a ten-gallon keg of whiskey and started home. It was a steep climb to the top of one of the ridges leading out of Carpenter Creek Valley, and Oatey did not remember which of the numerous little coulees they followed. By mutual agreement the men soon decided they were too drunk to go any farther that night.

The next morning they needed a few lifters to clear the head, but no amount of looking turned up that keg of whiskey. In their desperate search Oatey knocked a piece of rock off an outcropping ledge and put it in his pocket. Of course, a chunk of raw silver would have been of little interest to them at the moment; they were too sick, and too dry, and too many miles from Barker.

It was a couple of days later before Oatey examined the piece of float. It was a rather black rock shot through with gold. He informed his partners, thinking that they could go right back and locate the vein. A week was spent in the search with no results. The ore was then given to an assayer in Neihart and the value proved very high—$8,500 per ton in gold plus some silver content. Oatey and his partners hunted many years for this vein, but to this day it has never been discovered.



Diamond R concentrator, boasting 300-ton daily capacity, burned in May 1921.

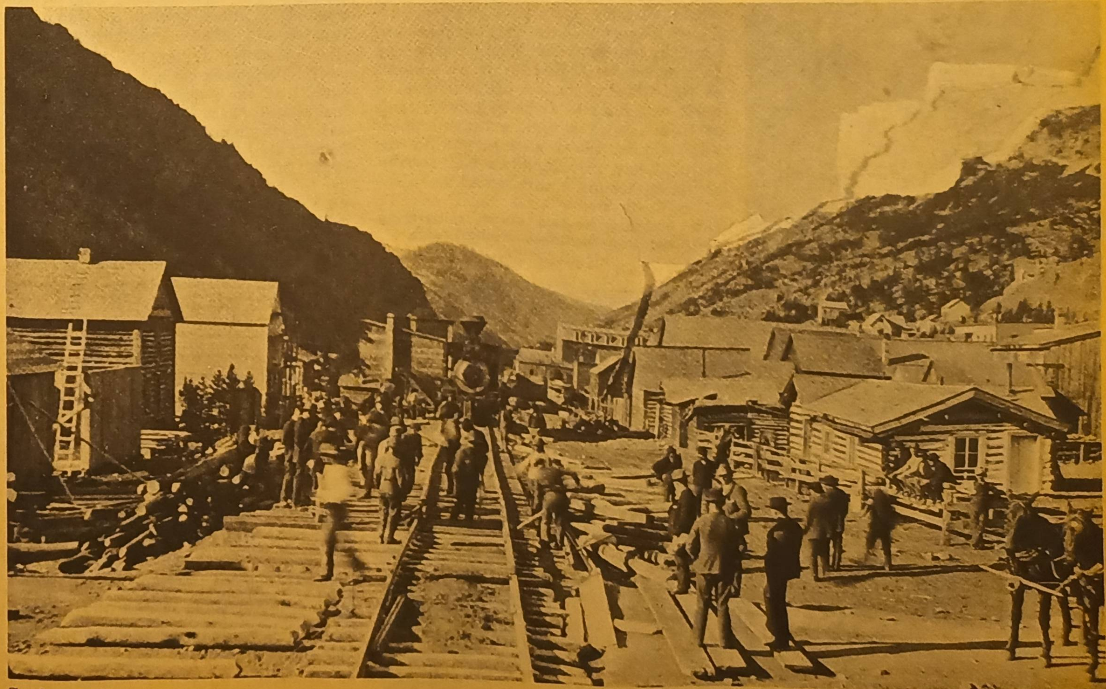
DURING the boom, investors from the East began to send men into the Neihart area and hundreds of claims were staked out. The ore was rich and most of the mines staked around the town of Neihart were good producers. The first twenty feet of the Mountain Chief Mine brought $10,000 cash but at this time the ore was being hauled to Fort Benton along with loads of charcoal. Old-timers claim that another $10,000 in ore was stolen by the charcoal haulers. They hid a few sacks each trip and it didn't take long before they had a small stake.

The Broadwater Mine produced over 1,000,000 ounces of silver in two years and even though silver prices were very low, profits from this ore totaled $465,000.

It was no problem for individual prospectors to get a grubstake and money to take up mining claims anywhere in the Neihart area, or within a radius of forty miles. Saloon owners, gamblers, storekeepers, even the bawdyhouse girls invested. Operations were on a big scale and everyone was making money. Sawmills were started and a lot of freighters were employed bringing in supplies and hauling out ore. A log courthouse was built, and a log schoolhouse which is still standing.

Mail was everyone's problem and whoever passed through town would generally pick up the mail sacks at the forks of the roads going to Stanford and other localities. These sacks were tied only

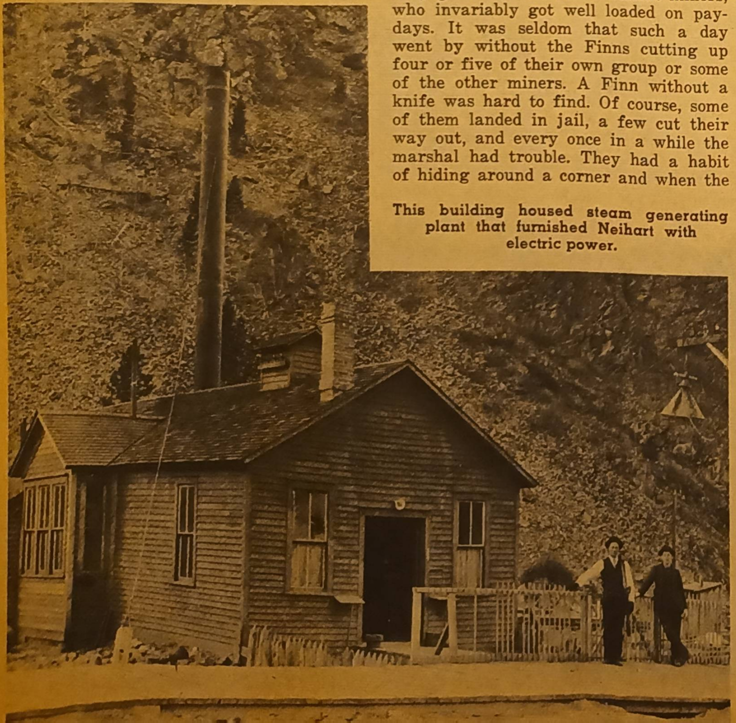
Ten years after Neihart's founding, the railroad reached south from Monarch, twelve miles away, and sidewalk superintendents were on hand!



Train crew pauses in Neihart. Passenger trains via Great Northern Railroad out of Great Falls soon discovered the town.

with string, so they could be easily opened for delivery along the way. Incidentally, delivery was most irregular. In one instance a bag of mail was sent to White Sulphur Springs in November 1883, a distance of forty-two miles, and it arrived there in June 1884, having spent the winter on the range.

In 1891 Neihart was incorporated and all town officials were elected annually.



This building housed steam generating plant that furnished Neihart with electric power.

A marshal was hired to give a little better control of the shooting and fighting. A jail was built but prisoners were able to cut their way out, as its bars were set into logs. At times no one was in attendance at the jail, and it was not uncommon for a prisoner's friends to come and either pass him a knife or cut a hole under the door for an escape.

Neihart had a large number of Finns, very good workers and excellent miners, who invariably got well loaded on paydays. It was seldom that such a day went by without the Finns cutting up four or five of their own group or some of the other miners. A Finn without a knife was hard to find. Of course, some of them landed in jail, a few cut their way out, and every once in a while the marshal had trouble. They had a habit of hiding around a corner and when the marshal came looking for them, they would bust him over the head with a club and take off. This little sport pertained to all of the jail inmates, not just to the Finns.

When the marshal regained consciousness, he would organize a posse and pick up the prisoners. They were never hard to find; it just took a few checks on the various bars where they would be having a few more drinks. Very seldom was much force needed in their capture as the escape had mostly been a joke anyway.

This happened so many times, however, that the judge finally had to get tough with those who cut out or broke out. The sentence was ninety days to six months in jail, and that fixed the jailbreak fun.

ONE OF THE most famous celebrations at Neihart must have been held on November 15, 1891 in honor of the railroad's completion. Up until this time, miners had had Indian trouble to contend with every once in a while, but prospectors, stage travelers and freighters suffered most from these attacks. Having a railroad would solve the problem for travelers, at least.

And dearest to the hearts of the people of Neihart, the coming of the rails opened up another source of pleasure. The railroad section boss was a very understanding fellow. He let the citizens have the use of two small flat cars on which the section Jerries hauled ties and other equipment for repairs.

Travel to the town of Monarch had henceforth been restricted to saddle horses, teams and wagons, or buggies. Now the two flat cars could carry the young folk to Monarch for their Saturday night dances.

The grade between Neihart and Monarch was steep enough so that a brake was used most of the way down, a distance of a little over twelve miles. When it came time to go home a few Belt Park ranchers who had come to the dance by horseback, would hook a horse on each flat car and pull the dancers back to Neihart. A dance frequently lasted until dawn and usually a number of the young bucks attending had to be washed up after their regular Saturday night fight before going home. Breakfast might be secured anywhere. Time was not much of a factor in the days when anyplace you wanted to travel might take a week or more, so every farm home along the way was a "hospitality house." All travelers were invited to eat and, if late in the day, to stay overnight. Cattle rustlers, horse thieves and other lawbreakers were extended the same privileges; of course, if they were caught the next day stealing cattle or horses, the man of the house where they had stayed the night before might be the one to put the rope around their necks.

Neihart had a lot of men who in later years became well known in mining circles. It also had frequent visitors such as Yogo Bill, Sapphire Jack, Indian Joe, Bronko Nell and the noted parson, Brother Van.

Yogo Bill, Sapphire Jack and Gus Smedberg used to travel by foot at least once a month on the old trail through Jefferson Creek and along the side of Yogo Baldy. Once during a snowstorm, Gus Smedberg came through on what he thought was the trail, and stopped to rest alongside a large tree which had been blown down. In the depression where the tree roots had been torn out, he picked up a sample of ore which he gave to the assayer in Neihart. The test showed 2,600 ounces in silver and some gold. For years Smedberg told no one of his discovery except a Finn friend, and spent each spring and summer attempting to locate the vein. For twenty years he worked winters and spent every dime in his summer searching. During these two decades his secret leaked out, as Gus liked to go on a drunk every so often.

He disappeared from Neihart and when his remains were discovered some time later, it was learned that he had tied dynamite around his neck and touched it off. There was very little of him to bury. The thought of spending his old age in a county home, with no money, probably caused him to take this way out. To date no one has ever found his great treasure.

THE DEPRESSION hit Neihart in 1892. Train service was cut to three times a week. The cause of the slump was the Sherman Act, an attempt to artificially raise the price of silver. During 1892 there was general decline in business all over the country and Emil Anderson, one of the old-timers who lived in the Neihart area until his death, sold his saloon that year for two pair of work horses, two wagons and some harness.

Until 1896 Neihart was part of Meagher County. Communications with the county seat, White Sulphur Springs, was difficult because of the poor road. The forty-two miles constituted a week's journey during the spring and summer; in winter, travel was impossible. The ore was rich enough in some of the mines so that their leasors could make a living, but most of the people moved out. Then in 1918 silver prices began to rise. New companies from the East came in, and in 1919 and 1920 silver sold for $1.00 per ounce. Over 500 men were employed in Neihart during these years. The miners, as a rule, were very generous with their money when they had it. Bootleg joints and gambling places opened up, and with them came the card sharps, pimps and other vultures to prey on the workers. It is said that in 1919 a gambling game could be started at any time of the day or night; it was not necessary to wait for payday to see money passing freely from one man to another.

Along with this prosperity came trouble for law enforcement officers. Five joints were running, all of which sold bootleg liquor and beer. They were raided about once a month, usually with little or no luck. Someone always placed a call and tipped off the joints. A bootlegger, if caught, was fined $250 (which wasn't much for a good bootlegger) and then was out about $250 for attorney's fees.

As of old, there were always fights on payday, and one group of miners once decided to clean out some Mexican gandy dancers who were stationed in Neihart. It ended rather disastrously for the miners, as one of them was shot in the shoulder. There was no doctor in Neihart, and a flat car, or pump car, was used to transport the wounded man to the hospital in Armington. The railroad finally had to replace the Mexicans with a crew of Japanese. The miners played pretty rough when drinking and no doubt something would have happened to the bunk cars used by the Mexicans if they had not been moved on.

A bar owned by Dutch Gutman and George Omer was the best equipped for gambling. Faro, blackjack, poker, wheel —in fact, any game you asked for, was available. There was no limit as Omer was a big-time operator from Chicago. He came to Neihart with $50,000 in cash just to run the games.

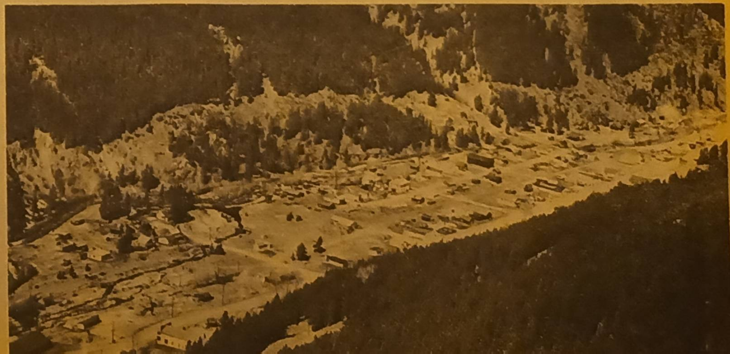
Fights were common and not much attention was paid to them unless a gun entered in. One day a big miner who was working as a car pusher came off the afternoon shift and stopped in to get a drink. Three miners from Butte were drinking at the lower end of the bar and when they looked up and saw the car pusher, they began to insult him. The ringleader, weighing about 250 pounds and standing 6'4", pulled a .45 pistol from a shoulder holster and shot the pusher through the side. The bullet emerged and traveled on through the bar but the pusher was not even knocked down. Instead he managed to get the gun, throw it over the bar and then work the Butte man over. When the deputy sheriff arrived he had to take both men to Great Falls to the hospital. The man who was shot was the first one dismissed.

About this time a union was organized, the O.B.U., One Big Union, out of Canada. This was similar to the I.W.W. and a strike was called after all the miners had been signed up. It is said that this union was started in an attempt to gain control of one of the biggest operators in the area, the Moulton group. The strike closed the mines and only one ever started up again. It only employed thirty-five men.

The Silver Dyke Mining Company from Carpenter Creek saved the day for Neihart. It employed many men, most of whom lived in the Carpenter Creek area, and the big mill at one time was putting through 2,400 tons of ore every 24 hours. This mine closed down in 1928 but by that time Hughesville was opening up, so it absorbed most of the miners. Silver began to move upward again in 1936 and by the time World War II started five silver mines were in operation in Neihart. Good times lasted until 1945 when government subsidies ceased and every mine but the Star Mine & Mill closed down. It managed to hold on for eight more years but 1953 spelled the end of large-scale mining in Neihart.

The old saying that a silver camp is like a world war—it hits every twenty years or so—may be true, as a lot of activity is going on in the area and the big producers of the past were never mined out, they just rose and fell with the price of metal.

Neihart, Montana, in 1966 photo, is on US Highway 89 southeast of Great Falls.



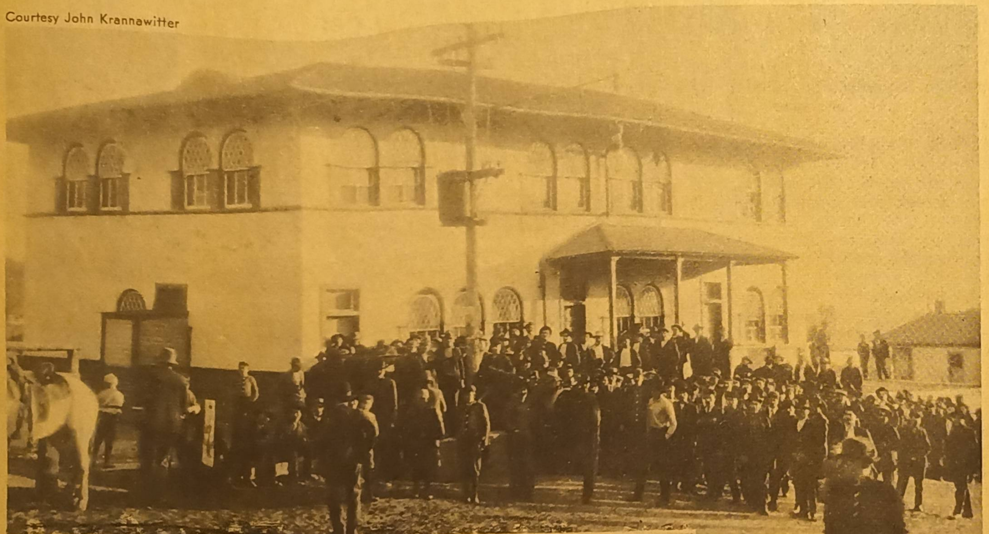
What goldurned use
does a mountain have
for a hefted payroll
—but

EAGLE TAIL WON'T TALK

By IKE OSTEEN

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy John Krannawitter



Coal miners above gather on payday in Dawson, New Mexico on January 14, 1911. The scene was about the same three years earlier—but on that day in May 1908 the $34,000 payroll didn't arrive on schedule! Unidentified group of miners, left, await train at French, approximately twenty miles east of Cimarron, New Mexico early 1900s. From under the platform on which these men stand, Henry Farr took a sledge hammer and chisel to crack open the payroll safe for the bandits.

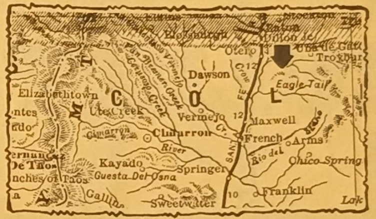
LATE SUMMER of 1967 found my wife and me giving some friends (Bill and Zelma Stone from Alaska) a whirlwind tour of my treasure hunting area. I noticed the gas gauge leaning to the left like an Easterner in his first pair of cowboy boots, as I headed my van into the pretty little town of Folsom in the northeastern corner of New Mexico. I told my wife and our guests to pay a visit to Folsom's newly opened museum while I gassed up at Fred Honey's garage.

The year before I had been on a humdinger of a hunt with Bud Honey, Fred's brother. This was my first trip back since Bud's death, and it was a rather sad stop for me.

Fred Honey was glad to see me, and all work stopped while we had a short but pleasant visit. He said, "Ike, I think I know where something was buried. When you have time, come back and we'll go see."

"How long will we need to get there?" I asked.

He pointed to the hill about three miles due west of his Folsom garage and said, "It was right up there," pointing toward Eagle Tail Mountain. "I first saw the sign when I was herding turkeys for my dad."



1884 map shows Eagle Tail Mountain. French and Dawson locations have been added.

The day finally arrived when I hit the road for Folsom. Fred didn't know I was coming, but he closed the garage and told his wife Maybell not to look for us back for dinner (that's the meal we eat in the middle of the day).

We crawled into my van and took off, driving southwest out of Folsom past the cemetery, and at the first road past the first cattle guard, Fred said, "Turn right here."

Another two miles and he said, "Turn right off the road here."

We soon came to a deep gully. Fred asked if I had four-wheel drive and I said, "No." He shook his head and we hit the gully. We went as far as the van could pull it and came to a halt. Fred got out and I revved it up and let out the clutch. We went straight up for a few feet and as the motor pulled down and stopped, I set the brakes and Fred put a big rock behind the rear wheel. We repeated the process, and that is how we climbed that gully. We drove around on top, following the edge of the rimrock until we were at the bend of the canyon.

"Here we are," Fred announced. I looked around and noticed we were almost due north of the National Monu-

(Continued on page 66)

Cimarron, New Mexico about 1905.

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

BARS INSTEAD OF BULLETS

A frontier sheriff believed in bringing them in alive —and he believed it one time too many

By CHARLES C. PATCH

Photos Courtesy Author

TILLMAN D. TAYLOR was sheriff of Umatilla County, Oregon from 1902 to 1920. He made more than 2,500 arrests, many of them hardened criminals from other states. Twenty-eight men broke out of his jail. He trailed, captured, and returned twenty-six of them.

Only once did Taylor shoot to kill. Many times he could have lessened the danger to his own life by gunning down his opponent, but that was not his idea of how the job should be handled. During a jailbreak in Pendleton, Oregon in 1920, Taylor lost his gamble. He had twice spared the life of the man who caused his death.

George Fletcher, a young Negro cowboy, was one of "Til" Taylor's best friends, most trusted deputies, and greatest admirers. He still lives in Pendleton. He is now seventy-eight. He told me the story of this unusual lawman.

Whenever Til had a tough job and needed help, he called on George. George always went. The day Til was killed, George had been to see him. After a short visit, George left, promising to return. He was unavoidably delayed. All his love and sorrow came out when he said to me in a husky voice, "If I had gone back, Til wouldn't have been killed. I'd have been there to help him."

Til Taylor was tall, lank, and agile. He had unusual strength and endurance; was quick as a cat. No one was braver. He was a good horseman. He understood horses and always rode a good one. He knew how to preserve a horse's strength for the time when it might be needed.

Many of the men he trailed and captured were horse thieves. Til could identify a horse from its description, no matter what its condition when he found it or what attempts had been made to change its appearance.

George told me how it was when he and Til were trailing a criminal. In rough, rocky, and brushy country, they never knew when the fugitive might shoot from behind a rock or tree. They had to be ready for anything. But they had to work fast, too. It took an exceptional kind of courage.

The two men would always stop just below the crest of a hill, remove their high-crowned hats, crawl to the top, and spend several minutes watching for any movement ahead. It is easy to hide if you remain perfectly still. Both had sharp eyes and if they spotted their quarry, they would study his movements and the lay of the land. Then they would plan their attack.

Til could track as accurately and creep as stealthily as an Indian. He usually captured his man by getting the drop on him. Surprise. It was an exciting and dangerous game of hide-and-seek.

BANK ROBBERS had blown a safe at Hermiston, forty miles from Pendleton. Til went alone and trailed them to the Columbia River, a few miles away. Looking over the top of a hill, he saw a tiny wisp of smoke rising from beyond a smaller hill. He knew the robbers were there.

He left his horse and crawled through rocks and sagebrush in a wide semicircle. They would expect pursuers to come from Hermiston. He would jump them from the other direction. He was in the coulee below them and had not been seen. Stealthily, cautiously, slowly, he crept up the tiny valley until he could hear their voices. With gun drawn, he rushed them.

"Put 'em up!"

One man raised his hands. The other ran, shooting. Til could have brought him down, but he didn't. Instead, he grabbed the surrendered robber with one strong hand and returned the other bandit's fire while struggling with his captive. It was the only time Til ever shot to kill, but his gun jammed and the one robber escaped.

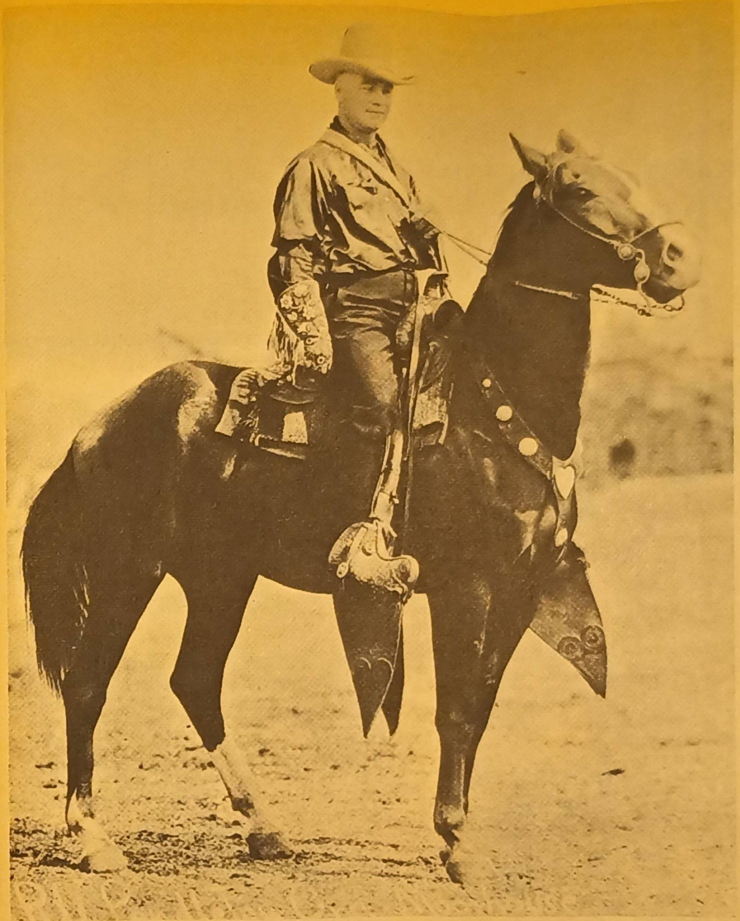
Among Til Taylor's many qualities, the most remarkable was his uncanny ability to memorize a man's face. He did it by studying the upper features—the ears, nose, and eyes. Most bandits, when committing a crime, have their lower face covered with a kerchief. The eyes are always visible. Til knew that eyes are most important because they never change.

Several months after the bank robber escaped at the Columbia River, he was captured in Montana and returned to Portland. Til picked him out of a lineup of sixty men. The only time he had seen this man was several months earlier under desperate conditions. The robber had been trying to shoot him from behind a tree. Til fought him off while struggling with another outlaw, yet his identification was perfect.

Another time he arrested a man in Pendleton on a local charge. The man was sixty-five and had long hair, a mustache, and a beard. But Til had a feeling he had seen the man, or a picture of him, before.

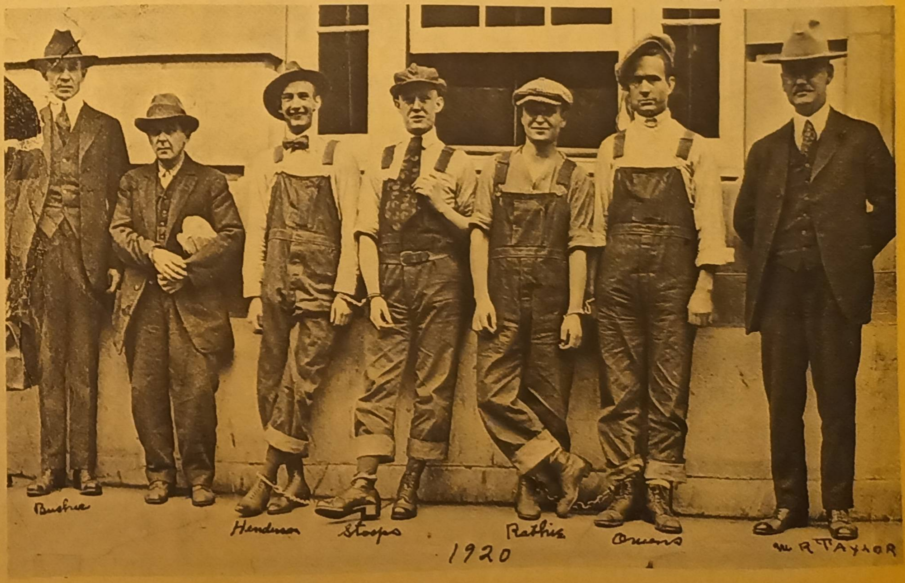
He went to the Washington state penitentiary at Walla Walla and studied likenesses of escaped criminals, selecting finally a picture of a clean-shaven young man. The picture had been taken when the man was twenty years old. Later

(Continued on page 56)



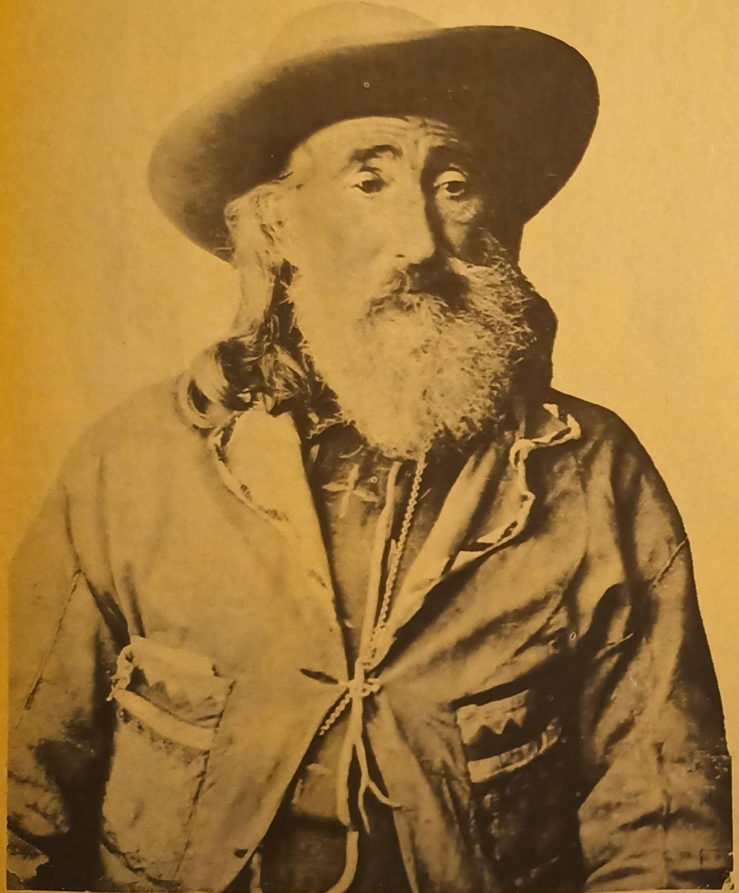
Courtesy Howdyshell Photos, Pendleton, Oregon

Courtesy Sheldon D. Taylor Family



Sheriff Til Taylor, above, on one of his top horses. Prisoners, right, are being moved from Pendleton to Salem, Oregon after their recapture. Jim Owens (second from right), Rathie (chained to Owens) and Neil Hart (not in photo) eventually went to the gallows. W. R. Taylor (far right) is Til's brother, Jinks. Glenn Bushee (far left) was a special Union Pacific agent. Unidentified man (second from left) happened to be in jail on a minor charge and simply attempted to walk out after the other five had gone. Henderson and Stoops (chained center) had nothing to do with the jailbreak or murder.

“INDIAN” JOHN NELSON



John Young Nelson, one of the West's most colorful frontiersmen.

In spite of such distinctions as being "the biggest liar on the Overland Trail" and "the most profane man on the Plains," Nelson was equally welcome in a Sioux village or an army officer's headquarters tent

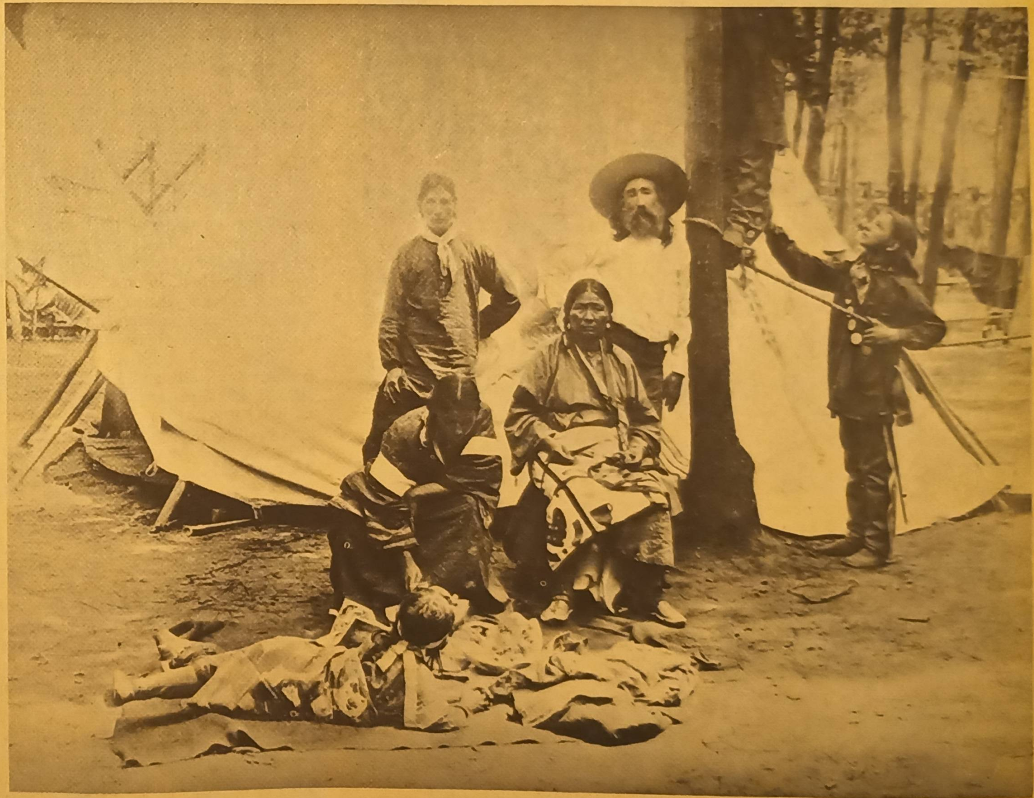
By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

THE YOUNG MAN shouldered his rifle and left the circle of wagons. It was late afternoon and as he walked toward the large Sioux Indian camp he must have wondered just what life had in store for him. He was voluntarily leaving the only friends he had, in a vast, wild country about which he knew nothing.

The Sioux village was strung out along a bend in the Platte River and the seventeen-year-old boy walked through the scattered tepees as if he owned the place. Picking out the best looking one, the boy lifted the flap, entered and sat down. A fire was burning in the center and he smiled at the Indian occupants as if he were calling on old friends. Without knowing, he had settled himself in the presence of Spotted Tail, chief of the Lower Brules, and his five squaws.

The chief was busy whittling on an arrow shaft and after staring at the brash, young interloper for a moment, he engaged in animated discussion with his wives. Not being able to understand Sioux, the boy could only speculate that he was the object of their talk and he hoped he wasn't being regarded unfavorably. Still smiling as though he were a long-lost relative, the boy sat by the fire for some time while the Indians went about their respective chores. Soon he became hungry and after making signs to that effect, was rewarded with some tasty buffalo meat. The chief and his wives were very hospitable, but became increasingly uneasy as the young visitor continued sitting by the fire hour after hour. Now and then warriors of the village would drop in to look over the fair-skinned visitor, for in this year of 1843 few white men were to be seen on the plains of the great West.



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

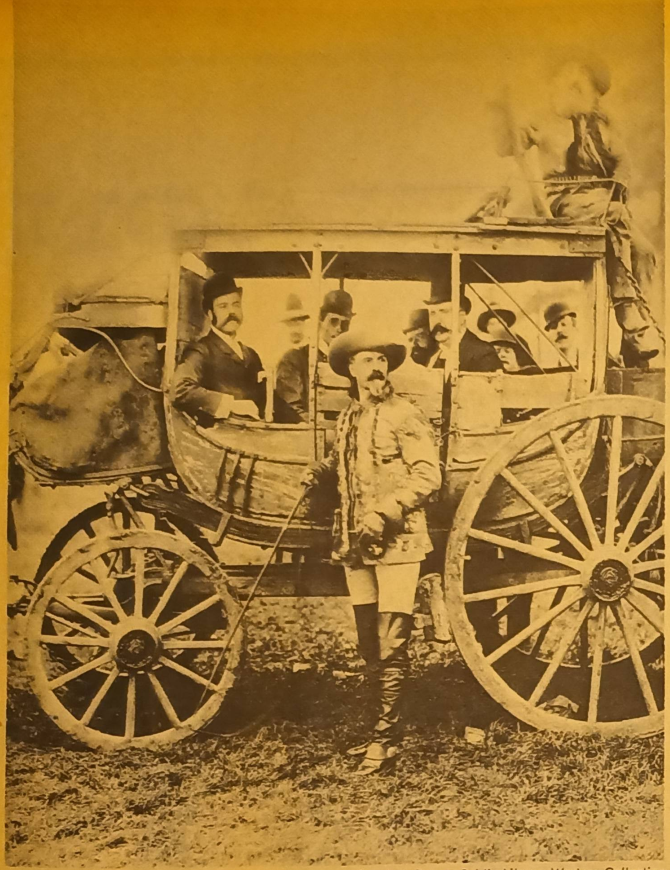
Jenny sews while John Nelson and the five children linger by their Sioux lodge.

As time passed, the boy's host and wives began trying to make him understand that he had worn out his welcome. They made signs toward the entrance and finally tried to lead him from the place, but the boy was determined to live with the Indians and he acted dumb to all their entreaties. When it came time to retire the chief gave up trying to evict his strange visitor and motioned him toward a buffalo robe in a corner of the tepee. The boy smiled as he lay down and rolled up in his warm robe. He felt he had been accepted, even though grudgingly, and he thought that he could win these people over to be his friends in this big, strange land. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

The boy was adopted into the Sioux tribe and lived with the Indians, off and on, for the rest of his life. His name was John Nelson and he led a fantastic existence on the borderline of two civilizations. He was witness to the great panorama that was the settlement of western America and he saw the whole epic drama as it was enacted between the 1840s and the turn of the century.

ACCORDING to his own statement, Nelson was born on August 25, 1826, at Charleston, Virginia. He was a mischievous youngster, always in trouble, and by the time he was twelve he had run away from home. He worked his way westward, living with relatives and getting along any way that he could. When the opportunity presented itself to join a trading caravan bound for Nebraska, young Nelson signed on, and in the vastness of the great plains he knew that he had found a home. At a great Sioux encampment of nearly 2,000 lodges on the Platte River, Nelson left the trading wagons and began his life with the Indians. Sixty years later he died, still living among the Indians whom he respected and admired but never completely understood.

Nelson threw himself heart and soul



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Buffalo Bill Cody with whip in hand beside his famous Deadwood Stage when the Wild West Show played England in 1887. Indian John Nelson rides shotgun, while English dudes await departure.

into the Indian way of life, accepting both the good and bad aspects of his new existence. For smoking he was fond of a mixture of red willow shavings mixed with plug tobacco and this furnished his Indian name. Among the Sioux he was known as "Cha-sha-sha-opoggeo," or "Red Willow Fills the Pipe."

The life of an Indian brave was comparatively simple and this undoubtedly appealed to Nelson's free spirit. Hunting and warfare were the principal concerns of a warrior—anything else was squaw's work. Winter months were particularly idle and the young men usually slept and sang all day, then danced and made love all night. Although admitting that the Indian male was essentially lazy, in later years Nelson stated that the Indians were the happiest, most moral people in the world until the whites came and taught them lying, stealing, drinking, gambling.

With immense herds of buffalo roaming the plains meat was never a problem and Nelson was soon as good as his fellow hunters with a bow and arrow.

There were savage aspects of his chosen life which Nelson was compelled to accept also. He was shocked and appalled at the slaughter of 125 men, women and children when the Sioux raided a Pawnee camp. The corpses were terribly mutilated according to the Indian custom and Nelson could only console himself with the fact that the same fate awaited them at Pawnee hands should the opportunity present itself.

Spotted Tail called the young warrior into his tepee one day and announced that it was time for him to take a squaw. A niece of the chief, Wom-bel-ee-zee-zee (Yellow Elk), was ordained as the future bride and Nelson was informed of the customary courting precedures. He knew the girl slightly and regarded her as one of the better looking women in camp, although she was only thirteen years old at the time.

For ten nights he waited for Yellow Elk by the stream where she came to get water. Each night he would throw his blanket over her head and tell her of his love and protective capacities. When the girl finally accepted his offer, Spotted Tail advised his white ward as to the next step. He was to take a number of horses and tether them before the tepee of Yellow Elk's family. The idea was to give according to one's means, but also in proportion to one's love. If accepted by the family, the horses would he herded with the family stock. Rejection was signified by the animals being returned. Nelson was accepted by the family and the next day took up housekeeping with his new bride.

AFTER some initial marital difficulties, John and his squaw got along fine and were quite happy together. One day he left on a twelve-day hunting expedition with some friends. On the trip he purchased a beautiful new dress for his wife, but when he returned he couldn't locate his tepee. Some of the young bucks were standing around grinning and Nelson asked where his wife had moved the lodge.

"She's gone," replied the Indians as they burst out laughing. John finally got the story out of them. A red-skinned Lothario from a nearby Sioux camp had visited the village and when he left he took Wom-bel-ee-zee-zee and all of Nelson's possessions with him. This Indian was a notorious ladies' man and made a habit of such actions, always discarding the errant wife after a few months. John had learned the hard way that this was common practice among Indians. That night he divorced his wife after the Indian fashion and several months later had the somewhat dubious satisfaction of learning that his former squaw had indeed been turned out by her lover.

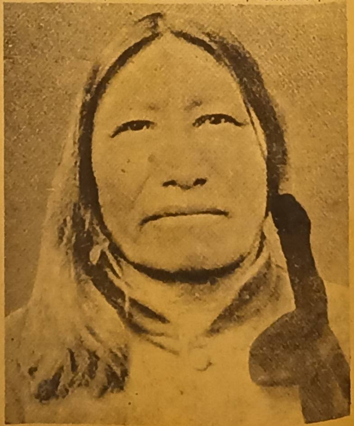
Nelson was heckled by the young braves for not going after the wife stealer, but Spotted Tail would not hear of it.

"Standing Elk has many friends and relatives and if you kill him you will have to be constantly on your guard for many years. If he kills you, your friends here will have to retaliate and there will be much trouble. No, it is better to forget the whole thing. There are plenty of young women to take Wom-bel-ee-zee-zee's place."

A sadder but wiser man, Nelson moved in with some friends and temporarily swore off women. This was the first of some nine Indian matrimonial ventures, so it can be assumed that his disgust was only of a temporary nature.

Spotted Tail, great Sioux chief and lifelong friend of Nelson.

Courtesy W. H. Over Museum, Vermillion, S.D.



Doc Carver, famous rifle marksman and early Nebraska settler, often hunted and trapped with John Nelson.

At any rate, John's next matrimonial excursion took on monumental proportions. He got on so well with Zint-calla-wee-ah that he decided to marry her two sisters as well, an act considered a compliment to the girls' family among the Sioux.

At this time, either with his wives or together with his tribe, Nelson was constantly on the move. He camped for a time near Miller's Hollow, later to become Council Bluffs, Iowa, where John had a run-in with the famous early missionary, Father De Smet.

A young man now, John was more Indian than white and wasn't averse to beating his squaws when punishment seemed necessary. Although liquor was hard to come by, the young white warrior had acquired a love of firewater at an early age. He was evidently the terror of his tepee when he came home under the influence, and his wives made themselves scarce accordingly. Staggering through his tent flap one night, he found his home empty and went out in search of his family. He stomped through the small settlement, cursing and growing angrier by the minute. When he noticed a light in the mission he staggered over and kicked the door open, only to find Father De Smet kneeling in fervent prayer with a missing wife. Disgusted, Nelson stalked out into the night after slamming the door behind him. The good Father noted later that the prayer was only a ruse to save the squaw from her husband's wrath. Nelson was spoiling for a fight that night and supposedly found one, for he sported a beautiful black eye the next day.

IN MAY of 1847 Nelson and his tribe were camped at Cottonwood Springs on the Platte River in Nebraska. One day a wagontrain loomed on the horizon and the Indians rode out to do a little trading. It had been some time since Nelson had talked to white men and he looked forward to seeing some of his own people again.

The caravan turned out to be a party of Mormons heading west after experiencing a myriad of troubles in Illinois and Missouri. Brigham Young commanded the expedition with Porter Rockwell in charge of the wagons and they were seeking their promised land. They called themselves Latter Day Saints, but Nelson commented later that he didn't see any halos and he thought they were all crazy.

As the Indians prepared to leave, Brigham Young called Nelson over to him and asked if he would be interested in guiding them on their journey west. After consulting with Spotted Tail, John finally agreed to take them at least as far as Fort Laramie for forty dollars a month. He wound up guiding them all the way to the Great Salt Lake in Utah—and history. He got along well with the Mormons on the trek and saw much new country, but he tired of wagon-train life and was glad to head back to his home ground.

On his return trip John fell in with some trappers on Green River. He hunted with them for a time and took his first scalp in a skirmish with a party of Utes. With his profits from his trapping excursion, John bought presents for his wives at St. Vrain's Fort and then headed for home. He had learned that his band of Sioux had camped on the Republican River, and he rode into the village looking forward to the happy squeals of his squaws when they received their presents. Stopping at the tepee of a friend, Nelson was dismayed to learn that he was again the victim of a wife-stealer. The friend, Two Buck Elk, had managed to salvage John's belongings, however, and the next day even had a new wife for him.

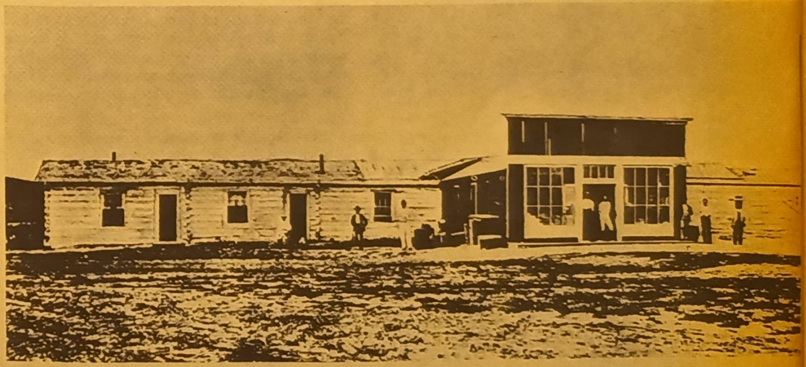
Nelson set up housekeeping with his latest squaw and she was delighted with the presents he gave her, even though they had been meant for his other wives. He left his bride to her presents and took a turn about the camp to visit friends, returning in two hours.

To his consternation, Molly, the newest Mrs. Nelson, had given away all the presents. He was thunderstruck at her action and he never could get used to

(Continued on page 60)

Fort McPherson's sutler store, below, in 1873. During off-duty hours, Nelson often visited the post saloon in the wing extending to the right. Bottom, a Sioux camp in the 1870s, where Indian John Nelson spent most of his life.

Denver Public Library Western Collection



Courtesy W. H. Over Museum, Vermillion, S.D.

FRESH AIR AND ANTS

Some of the old-time picnics were a cut above pie suppers and sack races, as you will see!

By JAY J. KALEZ

Photos Courtesy Author

BACK IN THE early 1900s when I was a youngster still too young for chore duty, our ranch grove in Washington was known from the Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation to Spokane itself as the Kalez Ranch park. From early spring through summer, the grove park served as picnic grounds for every type of organization from State Line Sunday School to Spokane's Elk Lodge 228.

A picnic in those days was a get-acquainted free-for-all. One's mere presence was an official introduction, with bashful spinster or self-conscious community newcomer the extrovert's bait. Maneuvering a picnic date into a matrimonial frame of mind was an accepted feminine tactic. Many a gay blade of that era often found himself picnic-pledged before he even realized he was being persuaded.

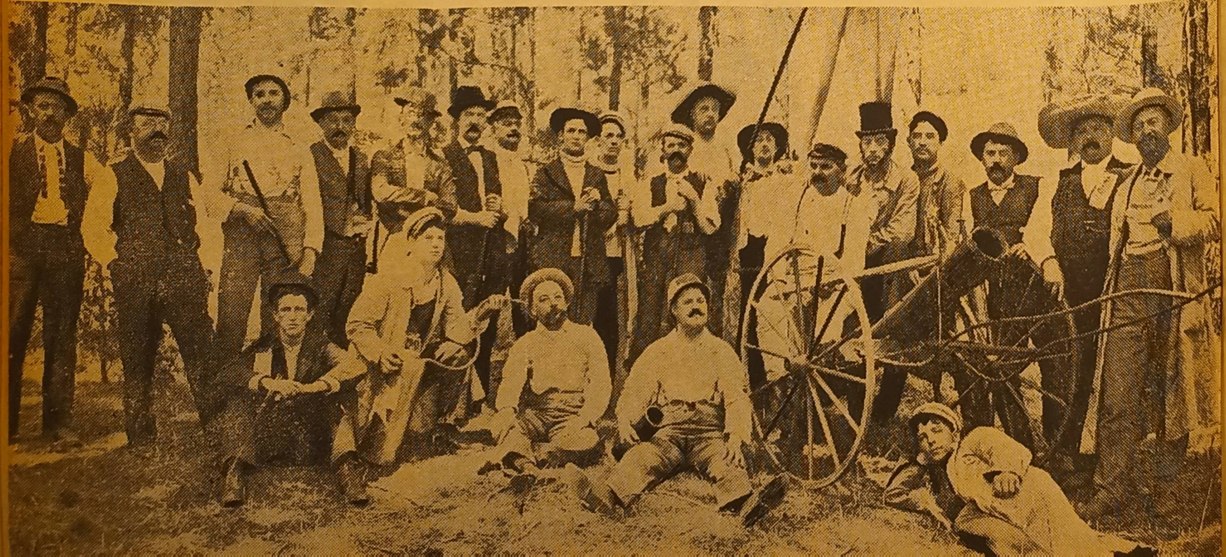
Every picnic had its program motif. For some it was an afternoon schedule of athletic events, water sports or miniature rodeo events, with inviting prizes for the winner of each event. Or it might be an afternoon band concert, with an accompanying basket lunch for families or groups. Afternoon and evening dancing was usually included. But appeasing the appetite was the sponsoring picnic committee's paramount goal. Success was gauged by the turn-out and by the picnic table consumption, be the affair a bathing beauty contest or a beer bust.

Our home ranch was located on Liberty Lake, a thousand-or-so acre body of water, sixteen miles due east of Spokane. The ranch itself consisted of some two sections of timber, meadow, and sloping ground extending into the foothills of the Washington-Idaho state line tangent to Signal Point and Mica Peak.

Our ranch house, corrals and barns sat on a low plateau-like slope which rimmed one side of a fifty-acre grove of pine, cottonwood and birch running back from a wide, sandy, lakeshore beach. The lake's principal feeding source was Kalez Creek which formed the grove's far boundary. The creek, jump width, also formed a barrier between the lake beach and a mile-wide meadow beyond.

Today our old ranch and park is a county-owned, public recreational center accessible by paved roads and provided with all modern conveniences. To me, however, it is still a wealth of reminiscences of those Sunday picnics.

The time was July 1900, the event was Dutch Jake Goetz's renowned annual picnic in Kalez Park on Liberty Lake, Washington, east of Spokane, and the shore battery photographed below was some of the 1,000 picnickers gathered for the big sham "Battle of Port Arthur" and other fun. The author's father, Martin Kalez, stands fourth from left. Dutch Jake himself sits back of the cannon, and Del Cary Smith Sr. stands in the center with dark coat over a turtle-neck sweater.



THE GREATEST of all was Dutch Jake's annual mid-July binge. Dutch Jake Goetz and his partner Harry Baer owned and operated the largest gambling casino-saloon and variety theater in Spokane. His midsummer picnic was a two-day affair with everything free, from food to drink. Any customer of Jake's establishment was welcome. For transportation, Jake would hire all the horse-drawn buses used to haul train passengers from the depot to the town's hotels. The sixteen-mile, horse-drawn bus ride, sole means of transportation from town to our grove, was a part of the picnic's acting up.

Dutch Jake's picnic was not what you would call a family affair. Spokane at the turn of the century was pretty much a man's town. An understanding citizenry condoned and tolerated the idea of visitors kicking up their heels and letting off steam.

Official records of those Dutch Jake picnics are lacking, but a clipping from the Spokane *Chronicle* of mid-July reads as follows:

"The Dutch Jake Picnic Club will celebrate its ninth annual picnic Saturday and Sunday at the Kalez Ranch Grove on Liberty Lake. Dutch Jake expects to have close to a 1,000 of the club's members and their friends at the event. The feature event of the celebration will be the sham battle of Port Arthur. The Japanese forces under command of General Kuroki (a leading Spokane attorney) will face the Russian forces under command of General Kuropatkin (a Spokane brewery owner)."

While Dutch Jake's picnic might have been limited in attendance to the hauling capacity of his fleet of buses over the sixteen-mile route, there was never a limit on the noise-making either way. Jake's famous brass cannon went booming from town to picnic grounds. How the long, pipedecked, loaded brewery trucks negotiated the narrow mountain road around Liberty Lake to the picnic site is still a mystery.

The picnic committee policed the affair from the start. Those showing signs of too much beer or with too pugnacious an attitude were eased over to the picnic temperance pen. If they objected to that, the next bus back to town was always waiting.

The Coeur d'Alene Variety Theater band was on hand throughout the two-day affair. Be it a tug-of-war contest or sham battle, they tooted to the tumult. No one ever attended a Dutch Jake picnic without planning to be on hand for the next one.

Many old-timers will recall the Spokane Elks' picnic of the early 1900s held at Liberty Lake. The threat of prohibition for the State of Washington was in the air and Lodge 228 decided to give a picnic to be remembered. It might be the last of the free beer busts.

Fred Grimmer, a brusque, dynamic individual and operator of the town's largest transfer firm, headed Elks Lodge 228 that year. Grimmer set about planning a celebration that would dwarf all past efforts. Liberty Lake was to be the site, with the picnic grounds taking in the entire lakeshore. Our ranch grove was to be picnic headquarters.

By that time an electric train provided transportation from Spokane to the lake and a dozen or so passenger boats carried folks to the several recreational spots. A program of athletic events and boat races was scheduled for the daylight hours, with dancing at several spots throughout the evening.

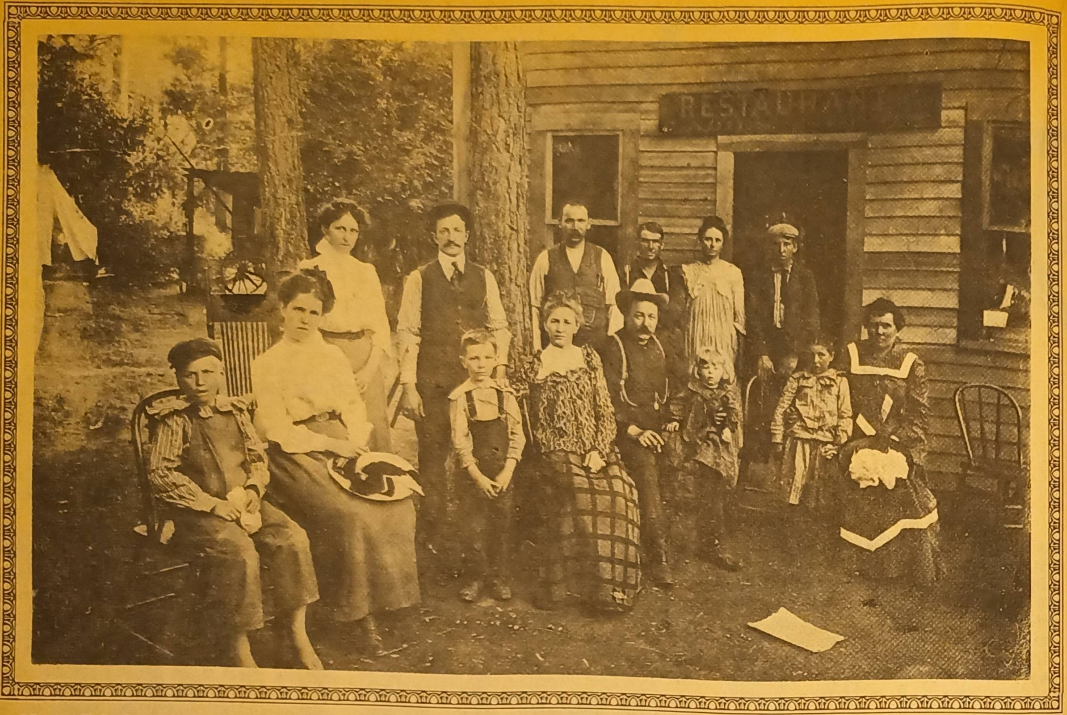
Sundown would bring on the big event, a spectacular water pageant and sham battle depicting the Civil War naval battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.

As a grade school student, I remember well my part in the day's events. With my younger brother I had been assigned by my dad to operate the ladies' lunch and lemonade stand at the upper end of our grove.

Saturday, while the ladies' refreshment stand was being set up with canvas-covered benches and tables, my brother and I knocked the head out of an empty fifty-gallon whiskey barrel donated to the lodge by the famous Jimmy Durkin Saloon.

Our afternoon was spent in hand-squeezing a couple of crates of fresh lemons into the open-top whiskey barrel. It was some years later before I learned why the insides of a whiskey barrel were

Picnic crowd at Kalez Park boat landing and beach on Liberty Lake in the early 1900s. Kalez ranch included timberland in background extending all the way to Idaho state line.



Martin Kalez's park restaurant in Kalez Park the summer of 1902. Seated from left are Sheriff Mac Pugh's youngest son, Ray, and oldest daughter; the author (standing) and his mother Virginia, father Martin, and brother Marion (on his father's knee); a young girl unidentified, and Mrs. Mac Pugh, wife of the Spokane County sheriff. Standing from left are Lottie Pugh, Mac's youngest daughter; the author's Uncle Charles Kalez; Steve Wuich, ranch cook; the ranch foreman and his wife; and Sheriff Pugh's oldest son, Larry.

charred and of the potent property of lemon juice in extracting from the charred barrel staves alcohol absorbed during the years of whiskey aging.

By mid-afternoon of the picnic, our stand was the most popular spot on the picnic grounds. I began to suspect the reason for the sudden rosy cheeks of our lady customers. When they started asking for a bourbon collins instead of lemonade I was sure! Our fifty-gallon barrel was empty by mid-afternoon.

OUR SECOND task for the day was to help stage the night's spectacular event, the mock naval battle. With a half-dozen neighboring ranch kids, I was to supervise the release of 1,000 tin wash basins, each containing a lighted flat candle cake. My crew was scattered along the meadow's tule shoreline on the lake's east side with instructions that at a signal from me they should light and release the candle-basins to float out into the lake. Night always brought on a slight mountain breeze and the objective of the sham-battle director was to have the wave of floating candles create a sort of finale effect to the *Monitor-Merrimac* episode.

Over at MacKenzie Bay, adjoining our ranch on the west, the two MacKenzie boys, Billy and Johnny, both Elk members, had constructed a replica of the Union's battleship *Monitor* by mooring a rowboat with a small outboard motor between four canvas-covered cedar logs. Atop the covered log deck they had placed a round six-foot-wide galvanized water tank painted black to represent the *Monitor's* turret. Holes cut in the tank's side served as gun ports.

For the *Merrimac*, Henry Schiffer, a Spokane brewery representative, had taken his twenty-foot launch and moored it between two large logs. Atop the logs he had erected a superstructure of tar-paper-covered framework to represent the deck and gun turrets. A tall smokestack topped the superstructure and protruding stovepipes through the tar-paper hull covering served as gun ports.

By sundown every bay and lake point was crowded with people waiting for the sham battle to begin. Promptly at 9 p.m. a shower of skyrockets zoomed out from the south shore, simulating the opening of the shore battery fire. After minutes of bursting rockets over the lake, out from Dreamwood Bay steamed the *Merrimac.* Black smoke belched from her single stack as she rounded the point and headed toward the lake center.

At the same time from across the lake at MacKenzie, the low, single turret of the *Monitor* maneuvered on an intercepting course.

As the two combat ships drew near each other, the stovepipe gun ports of both vessels roared and flashed with mock gunfire. Overhead, the shower of skyrockets simulating shore battery fire increased. Approving shouts and applause rose from the enthusiastic crowd. It was truly a spectacular sight.

However, midway of the battle came an unscheduled goof. The *Merrimac's* two gunners and navigator had anticipated a hot session within their tar-paper bulkhead. As a precaution they had taken aboard a keg of beer. There had been some waiting within the bay and evidently by battle time, the *Merrimac* crew was feeling neither pain nor heat. Of course, it could have been the smudge-pot feeding the *Merrimac's* belching smokestack or it could have been a direct hit from one of the *Monitor's* return fire skyrockets that caused the goof. Anyway, the tar-paper bulwark of the *Merrimac* suddenly burst into flame.

Inside, the three-man crew had no time to cut their moorings. Over the side they went, with the only emergency floatable object available being the partly empty beer keg.

There had been no dress rehearsal for the sham battle. Aboard the *Monitor* the Mackenzie brothers took the flaming *Merrimac* to be part of the battle plan and steamed in for the kill, gun ports blazing.

Meanwhile, back in the tules, we shoreline stooges took our cue. I lit the red railroad fuses we were to use for torches with which to start our candle screen, and my crew of kids went to work. In a few minutes a few hundred tin wash basins with a lighted candle cake in each were being carried by the off-shore breeze toward the battle scene. The breeze was perfect.

For the floundering *Merrimac* crew, however, the screen of flame-flickering candles didn't look so good, and clinging to their beer-keg life raft, they began voicing their feelings. Aboard the *Monitor* the MacKenzie boys caught the glitter of the beer foam wake astern the keg and suddenly realized that something was wrong. They cut power to rush in and rescue both *Merrimac* crew and keg. The only battle casualty was a nuisance one. For days after, our shoreline was fringed with tin wash basins.

THE ANNUAL grocer's picnic was usually held at Liberty Lake. The picnic most often commanded an attendance of two or three thousand. The array of athletic events for the afternoon program ranged from greased-pole climbing to greased-pig catching. We lake-ranch youngsters always gave both events our full attention. An offer of a dollar and a soapy towel for the greased-pig prize was seldom refused by the contest winner.

It was a combination of various unions holding a sort of "joint venture" picnic in our grove in the early 1900s that caused a planned hoax to nearly end in a riot. The picnic committee of the several unions, after a membership demand for something different in entertainment, hired a nationally known band leader from San Francisco to arrange an afternoon and evening of band and orchestra music.

Our ranch park was selected for the event. Sixty of Spokane's best musicians were contracted and a full week of rehearsal was allowed the visiting impresario to prepare his afternoon and evening programs. The afternoon event was to be an open-air band concert and the evening was an orchestral affair with dancing in the park pavilion.

The band concert began in the mid-afternoon. From the way the picnic crowd gathered around the open-air bandstand as the musicians began tuning up, the committee felt it had scored a ringer.

Midway in the concert the guest maestro, with all the pompous introduction fanfare of a coronation, announced his sixty-piece band would play one of the most difficult concert arrangements ever written. The entire band seemed to welcome the challenge, and for a time the picnic crowd tuned in on a truly musical treat.

Then, suddenly, the maestro singled out one trumpet player whose notes apparently did not please him. With a wave of his baton he banished the musician from the bandstand. In the stunned silence which followed, the entire trumpet section of the band began casing their instruments and leaving the stand.

The maestro ignored the affront and with a fiery-eyed frown turned his attention to the trombone section. Here again, after lending a critical ear, the first trombone section leader was ordered from the platform. Again in protest the entire brass section began one by one casing their instruments and leaving the stand. Mixing with the crowd they freely gave their personal opinion of the guest leader.

So it went, section by section, musician by musician folding his music stand, casing his instrument and mumbling to himself as he left the bandstand. Throughout it all the maestro's baton never missed a beat.

Meanwhile, the picnic crowd began taking sides and some were openly critical of the maestro's conduct. The exited musicians joined in and egged on the crowd. Some even began leaving the picnic grounds is seeming disgust.

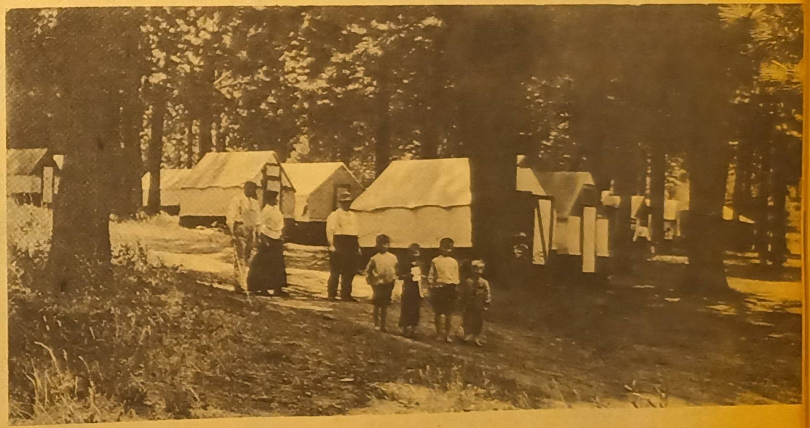
The maestro held to his concert score despite the fact that at last only a piccolo player and the bass drum's beat rendered the score's closing bars. By that time fists were swinging in the crowd. It became a near free-for-all.

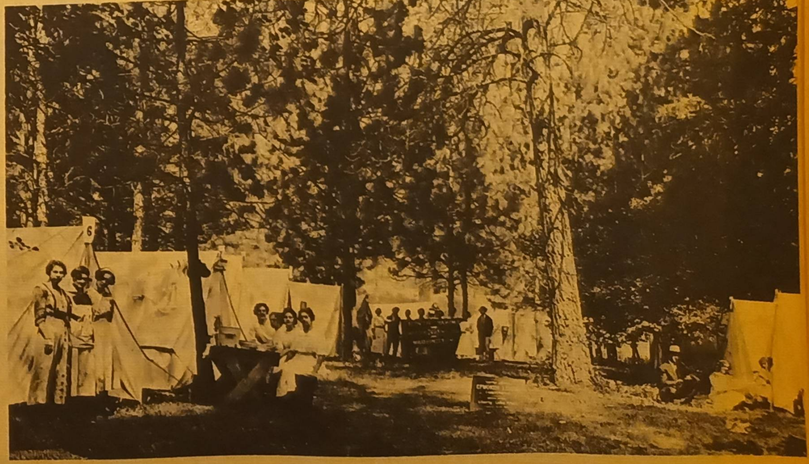
Another unique stunt planned for the evening dance program was called off because some of the crowd were still too riled up from the afternoon's hoax.

Historically, our old picnic grounds witnessed the growth and the diversity of newcomers to this Northwest. Each summer saw an annual Swedish picnic, a Norwegian picnic, a German picnic and an Italian picnic—on through the nationalities constantly moving into this western country.

Even states had their official picnics in which former residents of each particular one got together. The same was true of church groups, social clubs and political organizations. Each had its independent picnic. Those were the good old days, when picnics were picnics and there was plenty of fresh air and ants for all.

Grove campsite, below, part of Kalez Park, became a tent city each summer as families from all over the county arrived to rent tents or camp for a vacation. Third annual Epworth League Institute camp meeting in Kalez Park, bottom, proves park was used for more than picnics. Date is unclear, but appears to be a week in July about 1915.

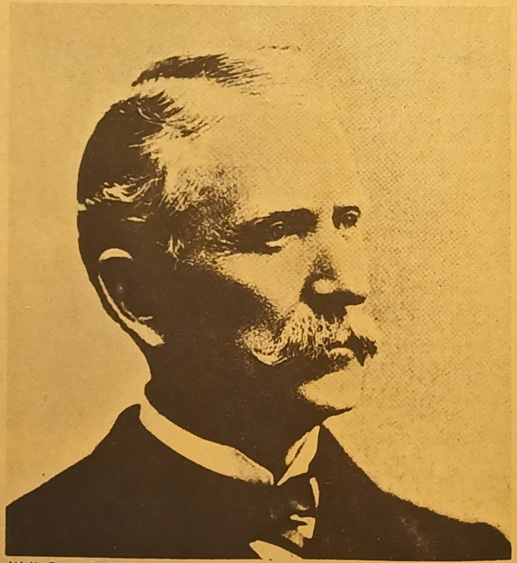




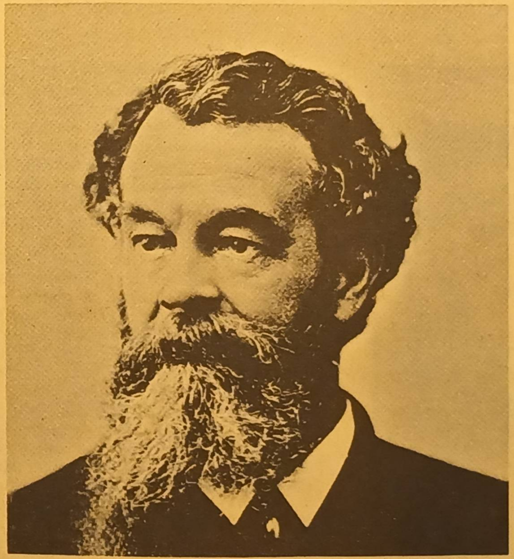
THE MAN WHO "TOOK" WELLS FARGO

For a man who got away with his crime initially, he let himself get backed into a corner which turned out to be an Alcatraz with palms

By COLIN RICKARDS


Wells Fargo Bank History Room Photo Courtesy Author

James B. Hume, Chief of Detectives


Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

Charles Wells Banks, alias "Mr. Scard"

CHARLES BANKS was the best accountant in San Francisco and he knew it. His bosses at Wells Fargo, the mighty express company and banking concern, knew it too. A wizard at figures, he had worked his way up from a junior clerk to chief cashier. It was quite an achievement for a boy who had left school in his early teens.

Charles Wells Banks was born in England in 1839 and ran away to sea at the age of fourteen. He worked his way to America as a cabin boy and then jumped ship. He took a job in an iron foundry at first and then went to work as a clerk with an artificial flower firm. He showed an ability with figures and was soon transferred to the accounts department. Charles read a good deal and was perfectly happy in his new country.

Then came the Civil War. He did not have to fight. It was not his battle. But in 1862 the Union was in dire straits and the Confederacy was at its most powerful. Charles Banks did not believe in slavery and decided that he must back up his principles with action. He enlisted in the 206th New York Volunteers and rode away to the front.

He fought at Sabine Pass in Texas. A year later a bullet smashed into his leg at the battle of Pleasant Hill and he was given a medical discharge. He went to New Orleans and found it greatly to his liking. The General in charge needed staff and he offered the ex-soldier a job as clerk in the quartermaster's department.

When the war ended Charles Banks returned to the East and took a highly paid job in Washington as chief clerk with the Freedmen's Bureau, which was concerned with Negro ex-slaves and their absorption into the economic life of the country. Charles did not like Washington and soon returned to New York to work as a customs house inspector.

But the war had changed him. It had changed New York too. He did not feel at home anymore. He had fallen in love with New Orleans and the following year he went back. On May 14, 1867, he gave up his British citizenship and became an American citizen.

Four years later Charles became restless again. He did not want to go back to the eastern seaboard and since people spoke of San Francisco as being a place with plenty of opportunities for a bright young man, he went West.

Early in 1871 he walked in the Montgomery Street offices of Wells Fargo and asked for a job. He was given a junior post in the accounting department. Soon his flair for figures attracted the attention of his superiors and from then on his promotion was rapid.

He began to dabble in the San Francisco Stock Market and was moderately successful. He acquired an interest in a gravel mine and a vineyard and eventually bought out his partners to become sole owner. He married a young lady from Cleveland, Ohio. Life was orderly and fairly prosperous.

CHARLES BANKS soon became a pillar of San Francisco society. He joined the exclusive Union and Bohemian Clubs and the doors of the best homes in the city were open to him. He was a handsome man with a full set of whiskers, a pleasing manner and a slightly romantic limp from the sniper's bullet at Pleasant Hill. He talked well on a variety of subjects and enjoyed a stimulating argument on any of the topics of the day.

Charles cultivated a reputation as a *bon vivant,* ordered imported wines in the best restaurants and tipped waiters liberally. He never lost his slight English accent and was always fashionably turned out. His wife saw little of him but seemed content with the beautiful home he bought in Oakland. He had a little sailing boat which he used on week ends for pleasure trips or for fishing.

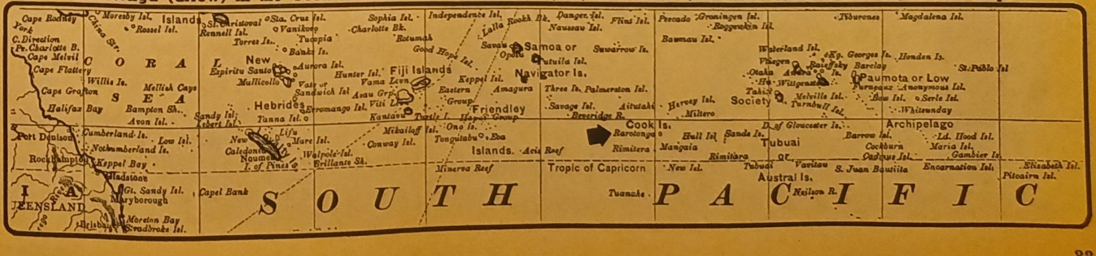
Then Charles acquired a new interest. He became the owner of the first oil-immersed microscope to be seen on the West Coast and built up a fine scientific library. He enjoyed making his own slides and was one of the founders of the Microscopical Society in San Francisco. He traveled up and down the state giving illustrated lectures and wherever he went he was welcomed and made an honorary member of clubs and organizations devoted to science.

Politically, he favored the Republican Party, and he became a Knight Templar. He was also a member of the Oakland Commandery No. 11 of California. He traveled to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. There was, in fact, little that was respectable and upper class in which he was not involved in one way or another.

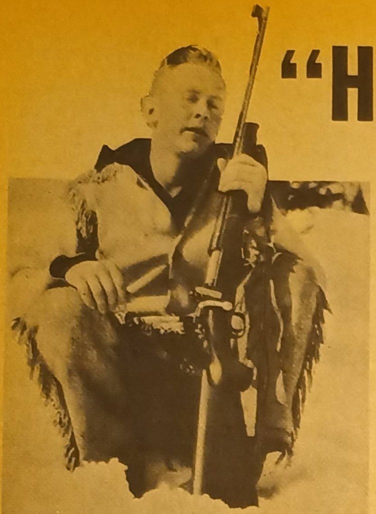
And then in the late summer of 1886,

(Continued on page 47)

Rarotonga (arrow) in the Cook Islands, east of Australia (left) and some 2,500 miles south of Hawaii, in 1884 map.



“HIGHER THAN THE FISH CAN GO!”

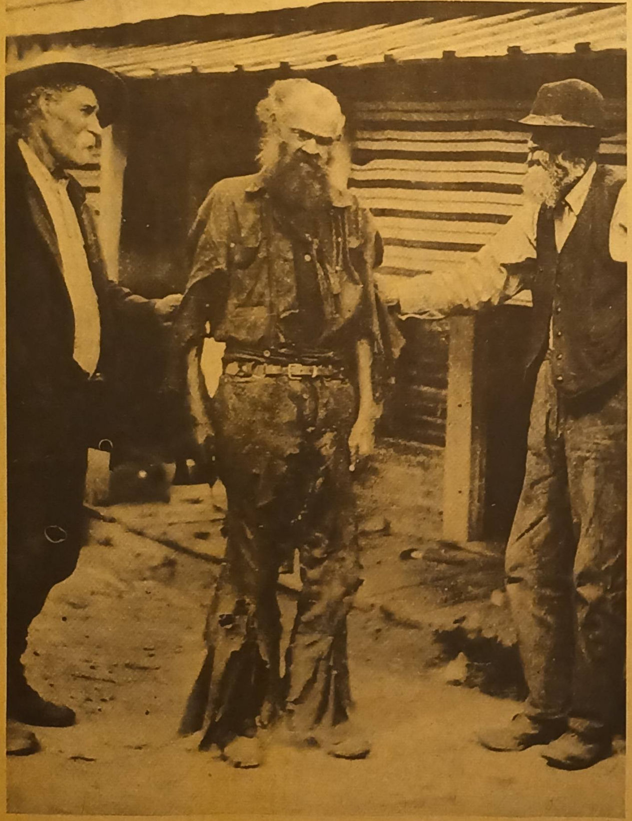


The author on a hunting trip, March, 1932. Says he, "I am not asleep. The sun was awful bright!"

These words are a clue to considerable treasure and the author believes they're valid

By CARL H. JOHNSON

Photos Courtesy Author



The trail is growing dim for these Boise Basin prospectors.

NOTHING MUCH has been written about the Deadwood mining district of Valley County in south-central Idaho—perhaps because richer mining areas all around it were booming at the same time. Idaho City and Placerville in the fabulous Boise Basin, along with Warren, Florence, and others in various parts of the state overshadowed Deadwood's modest output.

Nevertheless, a modern-day traveler will find evidence that Deadwood was, at one time, the scene of plenty of activity. Tailings in the creek bottoms, ditches on the hillsides, and abandoned quartz mines with their rusted mill machinery attest to that fact. The Merry Blue and the Merry Jane mines and, biggest of them all, the Hall-Interstate and Lost Pilgrim mines were good producers of ore. The latter, operated by the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company of Kellogg, Idaho, closed down in 1931 because of low metal prices and was later reopened in 1939 by Callahan Lead and Zinc Company, remaining in production during World War II.

Like most camps, Deadwood has its stories of lost mines. I am particularly interested in one of them. This mine was first discovered in the fall of 1890.

A few miles east of what is now Deadwood Dam lies White Hawk Basin. It was late October and time for everyone to hit the trail for lower country unless they were prepared to spend the long winter in the back country. This meant having a lot of grub on hand and a warm cabin.

In front of his worn tent by the campfire, a lone prospector sat cooking his supper, while his saddle horse and pack mule grazed. During the past summer, he had prospected many diggings without success. He had found a little gold here and there—enough to keep him in tobacco, coffee, flour, and salt pork, but nothing worth locating.

His clothes worn thin and his grub almost gone, the prospector was ready to call it quits. He felt old and stiff. With cold weather, it had become harder and harder for him to get up in the mornings.

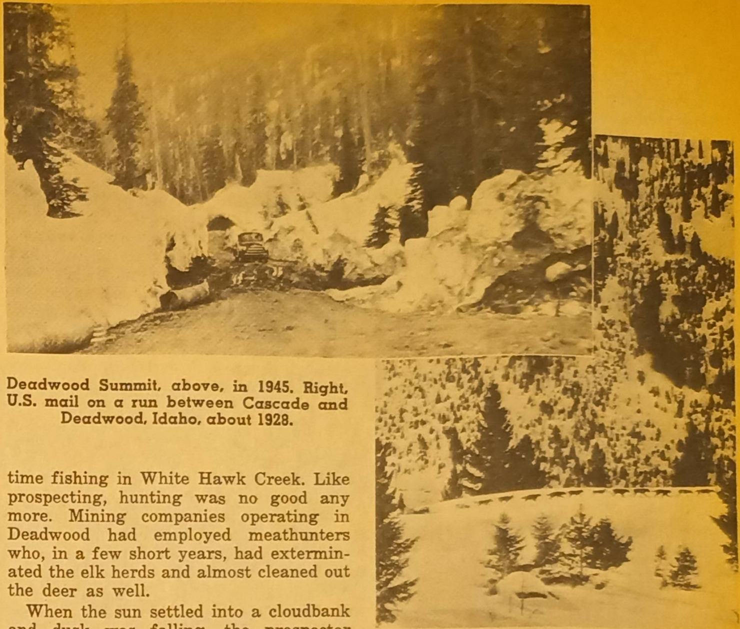
The last few days he had spent his time fishing in White Hawk Creek. Like prospecting, hunting was no good any more. Mining companies operating in Deadwood had employed meathunters who, in a few short years, had exterminated the elk herds and almost cleaned out the deer as well.

When the sun settled into a cloudbank and dusk was falling, the prospector knew that it was high time to hit the homeward trail. The next morning two inches of fresh snow covered the ground, but the storm had blown over and the day dawned bright and clear.

Rested, but somewhat cramped from cold, the old man kicked the campfire into burning, picked up his waterbucket, and headed for the creek. Halfway there, he found what he had been looking for the last few days—deer tracks.

Six of them had crossed the meadow going south for the winter. New hope came into the prospector as he ate a hurried breakfast, picked up an old rifle, mounted his horse and took off in pursuit of the deer. The trail took him up a low ridge for about a mile and a half and over the summit into a small, swampy patch of grass.

(Continued on page 56)



Deadwood Summit, above, in 1945. Right, U.S. mail on a run between Cascade and Deadwood, Idaho, about 1928.

Early-day Boise Basin pack outfit makes ready in Idaho City.

PACK OUTFIT IDAHO CITY

Yegua Knobbs

(Continued from page 9)

the homes at will.

Mosquitoes worked while the flies slept. At times sleep was next to impossible. Their buzzing around the head was almost as upsetting as their bites. No one dreamed they were the carriers of malaria, that horror of chills and fever which plagued almost everyone. Men seemed to be more susceptible to chills than women, and this malady greatly interfered with their work. Many a man shook off his feelings and went back to the plow or hoe and worked the rest of the day, though few ills make one feel worse than chills.

The first symptoms would be a "stretchy" feeling—aching and yawning. At the height of the attack, a person would shake till every loose window in the house would rattle, and this is no exaggeration as any victim will tell you. There was not enough cover in the house to keep him warm, and he was plagued with thirst. This soon passed, however, and then the fever would begin to rise. He would kick all the cover off and feel like he was on fire, then the headache would set in and he had to walk on tiptoes to keep his head from bursting. After a day of this ordeal, he was exhausted, had no appetite and felt like the very devil. Sometimes these chills would recur every other day, then every seven days, twenty-one days and twenty-eight days. If he escaped the twenty-eighth day, he had a little hope that he might be over them for a while. There was no certainty about how long it would be until still another round would strike and the whole routine would be to do over again. Occasionally chills would develop into what they called "yellow jaundice," and it sometimes proved fatal.

WIGGLETAILS were another nuisance people had to deal with, they being, of course, the very root of the mosquito problem. They were present in stagnant water, even in the cisterns. The tank down in the pasture was often the water supply for the family, and that was wiggletail soup. This water was hauled up in barrels and left to sit under the open skies and catch whatever else might get into it. In time it would be alive with wiggletails and had to be strained to be fit for any sort of use. People did not know to boil their drinking water.

Another damnable pest was, and still is, the tick. The "seed" tick, the tiniest of all, was the biggest pest to humans. He might be called the baby tick. When the large blue ticks fell off the animals, they burst and let loose thousands of seed ticks which covered the weeds and grass ready to catch onto anything that brushed by.

The larger tick, which is a grown-up seed tick, was not so difficult to find on the body, but his bite was worse. And there was another variety which caused tick fever in both man and animals.

Chiggers, in comparison to size, are about the most poisonous insects known. There is a little verse which describes this pest about as he is:

Here's to the chigger not any bigger
Than the point of a very fine pin,
But with his bill he will give you a thrill,
And that's where the RUB comes in.

Our most deadly snake was the diamondback rattler. Rattlers are still numerous on the "edge of the prairie" in the Knobbs region, and cotton picking can be dangerous in the creek bottoms. One needs to be constantly on the alert.

In the early days, coral snakes were common. They are not an aggressive snake and my brother and I often played with them—that is, we would tease them with a stick but we kept well out of striking distance. We thought they were beautiful with all their brilliantly colored rings of red, black and yellow. We did not know the difference between the coral snake and the garter snake until we were grown.

The most despised was the common chicken snake. While he was not poisonous, he was a nuisance in the chicken house. We used two methods to catch him. One was to punch a tiny hole in the end of an egg and insert strychnine. That usually got him before he got out of the nest. Another was to put a glass egg in the nest. When he swallowed it and wrapped himself around a pole to break it, the glass cut his innards up and he soon died. We had a dog that hated snakes worse than we did. He helped kill many of them. We tried to keep him off copperheads and other poisonous varieties but he gave no quarter to any of them regardless of the danger involved. I have seen his head swell to twice its normal size from copperhead bites. The treatment was a hunk of fat meat, and by the next morning most of the swelling would be gone. He almost became immune to snake bites.

He was bad after polecats. When he attacked either, we boys took cover. Polecats never failed to make him sick and he would roll for ten minutes trying to get rid of the odor. He kept to himself for days after one of these encounters. When he tied into a polecat, it was a fast and furious business. He knew he had to shake them so fast they could not bite him, and it was the same way with a snake.

When hunting snakes, we often pranked our dog by slipping behind him and running a stick between his hind legs. He was already nervous and if we could get a stick under him before he saw it, he got as much scare as if it had been a snake. He would jump as high and as far as he could, often falling flat on his back with a loud grunt.

It would be interesting indeed to know the complete story of the role dogs played in clearing the frontier of varmints and reptiles. It has often been said that a dog is man's best friend. For faithfulness he certainly has no superior. They rank along with *some* wives.

Bedbugs were another nuisance. Sometimes furniture was full of them, and they would bite your arms. If a move was made, they would scurry back into the cracks before they could be caught.

I stopped and spent the night one time where my girl friend was spending the summer. I slept with her brother-in-law—that is, I lay awake while he slept. The bugs kept up their attack till I got out of bed at daylight the next morning. The fellow I was in bed with did not seem to be conscious of their existence. He snored all night and did not complain the next morning.

Fleas, once they get established, are almost impossible to eradicate. They can live in dust for long periods of time without food. When a dog or cat or chicken comes along, they take up residence on him. A place that has not been pestered for years will come alive with them when a dog or cat comes about. They can make life miserable for both man and animals. They have been created for that purpose. About the only way to capture a flea is by wetting your finger before touching him. He is then in the same predicament Samson was when Delilah cut off his hair—helpless. I have heard that fleas have little fleas on them. I hope they have and that the little ones will chew just as hard as their parents do.

WE ONCE LIVED on a little creek whose banks were lined with button willows. This was a prairie country where there were few trees elsewhere. All the birds flocked to these willows and built their nests. We often pulled the limbs down and examined the eggs and young birds. We could look at an egg and identify the specie of bird it would hatch out.

Hawks, owls and crows built their nests high in the treetops, too high for boys to molest. Buzzards often built their nests in the top of a tree which had blown down. Young buzzards are as white as cotton until they begin to shed their baby clothes, then they turn black. When the black feathers begin to come out and mingle with the white down, I think they are the ugliest creatures I ever saw. Of all the stinking, messy messes, it is a buzzard's nest. The babies stink, the nest stinks, the whole area around the premises stinks.

If we got too close to the young buzzards, they would puke, and that was something to smell, not like any other stench on earth. If we came near a wounded buzzard, he would use the same tactics, just as a polecat uses his perfume to repel or sicken unwanted visitors. Puke is an obsolete word; I never hear it any more. It is an offensive sounding word, but was very much in use in my young days. We have adopted the more refined word "vomit." Perhaps the reason for this switch-over is that people do not have violent sick spells like they did at that time. At least I do not, and I do not hear of other people becoming so sick. If one does vomit, it is in a mild, dignified manner. In the early days we did not have anything to ease nausea but to get our stomachs empty, and that was done by violent puking. It could be heard a hundred yards away, and the victim would often

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The author admits these hombres could make a person nervous!

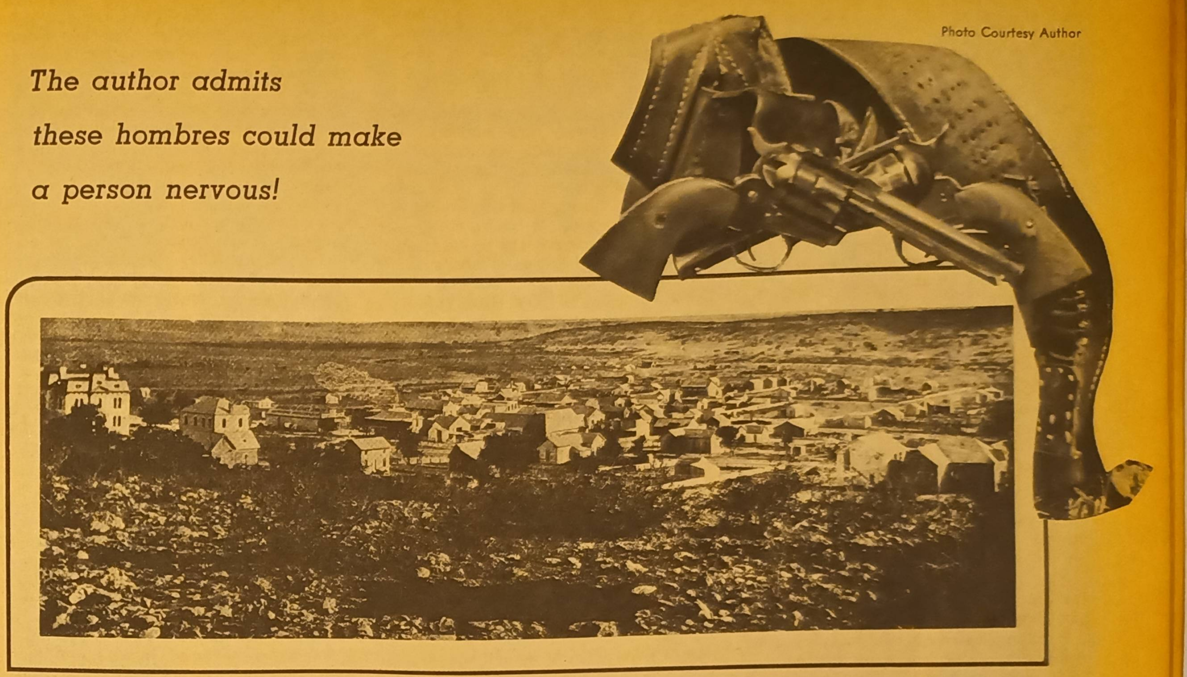

Photo Courtesy Author

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Early-day rough-and-tumble Sonora, Texas, where the author faced his first shoot-out with a "badman." Above, a matched pair of modern magnum thumb-busters—but like their famous predecessors, no better than the man standing behind them!

BADMEN as I KNEW THEM

By WALTER RODGERS

I REFUSE TO FLY under false colors. The last herd of Texas longhorns were driven up the trail in 1889. I discovered the Big Thicket in southeast Texas in the first month of the year 1898, just nine years after the passing of the big drives. So I do not claim to be the original old-timer, but I did drink coffee with him beside his little mesquite campfire while I was learning to ride and rope. These things were learned before I took on the chore of memorizing the three Rs. I also want to say in passing that I done a better job of the first than I did of the second.

My first personal experience with a badman occurred at Bandera, Texas while I was still a teen-age horse wrangler. He had decided that the world wasn't big enough for both of us and wanted to go back to the wagon and get his gun so we could settle it about who stayed on top. The loser was to be planted deep enough to assure him the coyotes wouldn't gnaw his bones.

Now I wasn't too much concerned over that kind of assurance, neither was I kidding myself about my ability to "Get there fustest with the mostest." So taking advantage of my position of being *heeled*, I plumb refused to be gallant. I didn't shuck my hardware, but threatened to do so rather than fight any gun duels. A short while later, this hombre sent me word that we'd shoot it out on sight when we met again. Five years later I learned that he was about to leave the country when he had sent me the message. Meantime I'd turned prematurely gray haired and developed jumping nerves that've been with me all my life.

Unknown quantity is always a great cause for consideration, even among badmen. And every badman is a living challenge to the staying power of those who are vying with him for the position of top-dog with a gun.

An outpost was established on Verde Creek, a tributary of the Guadalupe River in Texas, long before my time. And a contingent of Mounted Rifles were stationed there to discourage some pillaging Comanches. Historically, soldiery carrying rifles and mounted on horses were the forerunners of the later cavalry. A man who served as chaplain, by the name of Andy Potter, won the title among them of "The Fightin' Parson." His fighting and preaching characteristics were recorded in the early-day history of Texas.

Now this fighting preacher passed on to his happy hunting grounds long before my time. But he left a son bearing the same name who, somehow staying within the traditional realms of the *preacher's son*, succeeded in doing just

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be down on his all-fours, bucking like a horse. Every time he would heave, his hind end would fly up.

The outstanding experience of my life along these lines was after I had drunk a half pint of tobacco-flavored busthead. I had not had a half dozen drinks in all my life, but I liked the taste of the stuff. On Christmas Eve night in 1901, a bunch of us kids were out on a "shivaree" disturbing the neighbors with guns, bells, tin pans and horns. One boy in the crowd had the busthead and called me off to one side and gave me a drink. That called for more and he gave me the entire bottle and I drank it as fast as I could. It was hot and strong and it probably took me ten or fifteen minutes to get it all down.

I had heard all my life about how funny people felt when they got full of whiskey, and it was not long till I knew what they were talking about. I had all kinds of strange feelings and ideas in my head, one of them being to go about five miles to see a girl I had never thought about dating. I do not know till yet why I happened to think of her, but of course it was that firewater.

I remember shooting at the moon that night and was surprised that it did not come tumbling down right at my feet. As I walked along, the ground would fly up and hit me in the face. I did not think I had fallen and it puzzled me, and there was no pain. When I fell into a wire fence and cut myself, the boys took me home. I still wear the scar on my left hand. They put me to bed in a little side-room on the front porch. As I looked up at the ceiling, everything began to whirl in a circle so fast that objects looked like a solid streak. To keep my folks from knowing, the boys would sing when I began to puke. Everything turned bottom side up and I went out.

The next morning I was so sore I could hardly move. My father told me if I would take a swallow of whiskey it would help my feelings. I told him to get out and not talk about whiskey to me. He had taken a little snort and he bent down over me and blew his breath in my face, and I got sick again. I have wondered many times if he meant to revive me or to make me feel wretched so I would never touch a drink again.

Our neighbor had a big Christmas dinner that day for all the young boys and girls in the neighborhood, but I could not make it, did not want to make it. I was so miserable and embarrassed I did not want to see any of my friends, although my best girl was there. That was the only Christmas in my life that I missed completely. Every mouthful of the holiday trimmings was gone by the time I could eat anything. I fasted for three days. Under any other circumstances my mother would have saved something for me, but she wanted me to learn my lesson well, and I did.

PEOPLE are prone to have fun and recreation of one sort or another regardless of their ups and downs. Life I believe would eventually end for all humanity if there were no amusements to offset the multitude of hardships and disappointments so common to man.

The breakdown dance, or "hoedown," was the most common enjoyment of the early days. "Round dancing," while enjoyed by most people, was taboo, being considered worldly and ungodly. This objection to the waltz was not without reason. Some can dance the waltz for the love of rhythm, while others just get a thrill from knocking knees and tangling legs with the opposite sex.

Breakdown dances offered the best opportunity for hilarious cavorting. Some of the calls were complex and the figures beautiful, and they required attention and some skill. Music suitable to this type of dancing was as wild as the dance. The old Irish fiddle tunes, such as "Cotton-eyed Joe," "Snowbird in the Ashbank," "Wagner," "Billy In the Lowground," "Eighth Day of January," "Cattle In The Canebrake," "Bonaparte's Retreat," and many others, stirred the dancing spirit to a boiling pitch.

I remember one young woman who was allergic to square dance music, and she had the boldness and the will to express her feelings in action. When the dance got hot and the dancing fast and wild, she would step back out of line, lift her dress to her knees and do the "backstep." The other dancers were willing to give her the floor and stand by and see the show, especially to the delight of boys who seldom saw a girl's ankles, let alone half way up to her knees.

Another thing I remember so vividly about the dances back in my youth was the horseradish "B-O" they stirred up. I have read that when different races of people are confined in close quarters, their diverse body odors tax even courtesy, and fresh air is very much in demand. When a breakdown dance got into full swing, it was somewhat like being in a den of mad hogs. But it was not to be held against the people, who had no bathing facilities except in the washtub or out in the public tank in the summertime. People did little bathing in the winter months, when most of the dances took place. There was but one warm room in most homes—the one where the fireplace was—and bathing in a cold room in cold weather did not appeal to the average person, besides it just was not a common practice.

Another thing I remember from the dances was the brogan shoes some of the boys wore. Such shoes were made of cowhide with the hair scraped off. They were fastened by latchets, one on each shoe. If these shoes got wet or sweat-soaked, as all of them did in time, they became about as hard as wood and sounded like iron on the dance floor. When the brogans began slamming hard on the floor, dust would begin to rise to the roof and that, mixed with the B-O, caused considerable discomfort. But joy was unconfined, the dance went on, and I doubt if anyone got more real enjoyment out of it than I did, even though I never danced a set in my life. Those who did not dance stood close by the fiddlers and were charmed by the music and the nimble finger movements over the strings.

There were occasions when the fiddlers drank too much mustang grape wine or busthead whiskey, and many a dance was spoiled when the musicians got too tight. Sometimes they fought and used their fiddles for war clubs, much to the disgust and disappointment of the revelers; but that was also part of the entertainment and was not unexpected.

More often the dancers would get drunk and fight. Sometimes boys fought over their girl friends, ones they wanted to monopolize. They were not willing to let the girls decide who was who, and they settled the issue in an old-fashioned fist-and-skull battle, if they did not use a knife or gun. Some of the girls thought it quite a distinction to have boys fighting over them, and some enjoyed keeping their boy friends guessing. Some thought it was smart to "fool" boys, as they put it, and would lead them almost to the altar. Only the most ignorant ever practiced such cheap deception.

FOR THE younger boys and girls, and the religious element who would not think of dancing, singing plays furnished an opportunity for get-to-gethers. There was no fiddle music in these plays. The fiddle, to many, was the devil's own music box, and some even objected to one being in the house where they lived. Preachers condemned them, along with other evils of the times, and it is little wonder that they had such an attitude, for the fiddle was symbolic of all the trouble that took place in the dance halls. The dance hall and the fiddle were synonymous.

Closely related to this milder type of entertainment, the singing play, was the old-fashioned "pound supper." Each girl would bring a cake, pie or other good things to eat. No one ever went away from a pound supper hungry unless he was a glutton. Bellyaches the morning after were commonplace. Often the kids at school would giggle about what a sick time they had from all those rich jelly cakes they ate on Saturday night.

Jealousy over girls was ever present. It has always been a mystery to me why there were so few girls in the early days, and such an abundance of boys. The scarcity of girls and the adamant attitude of their fathers about their daughters keeping company with boys, made courtships rather hazardous, especially if the boy ran with the wrong crowd. A handsome man with a magnetic personality was the object of jealousy, even hatred. Women became enemies for the same reason. Men hated goodlooking men if they interfered with their courtships, and if the handsome man paid any attention to the girl's rival, she hated him. It will always be so.

WHAT is commonly known as the "Little Red School House" is what we had at the Knobbs except that no schoolhouse in that community was painted red or any other color. The seats were home-made and were anything but

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CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

If the first man a pack of coyotes sees is afoot, might they not consider him fair game?

By ALBERT S. GILLES SR.

IN THE EARLY HOURS of darkness, during fall, winter and early spring, coyotes sing in concert—several in a pack. Often other groups of the prairie wolves answer them. In the daytime they are solitary, silent creatures inclined to be timid in the presence of man.

In driving across open range, I often saw one at a distance, and at times two, but they would be a quarter or half mile apart. I have no recollection of seeing two or more together, or of hearing their song but once during the daylight hours.

When the main part of the Comanche, Kiowa, and affiliated tribes' reservation was opened for homesteading in 1901, about 397,000 acres were held back. That land was supposed to be for the future use of the Plains Indians, and it acquired the name of Big Pasture. But in 1906 the government had persuaded the Indians to sell this, the last of their immense holding, and it, too, was opened for settlement—by a combination bidding and lottery. The prospective homesteader entered a sealed bid on the land he desired to acquire. Certain individuals conceived the idea of making a resurvey, plotting a map, and making complete field-notes on each quarter section of the area. This organization took the name of Wirt & Company.

I was employed by this company in the summer of 1906 to assist in the survey. Each of us instrument men was supposed to run a line six miles out and six back, seven days a week, rainy days excepted. Because of the difference in weight, we used enclosed compasses and Jacob staffs instead of transits and tripods. Twelve miles a day is a bit far to carry a tripod and transit. Our Jacob staffs were made from straight-grained broom handles with a steel point riveted on the bottom. The top part of the handle was trimmed down to fit a receptacle on the bottom of the compass case.

On a bright sunny day, near the 4th of July and about the middle of the afternoon, I heard coyotes begin their yell directly to the north. This was both the wrong time of the day and the wrong time of the year for coyotes to be running in packs or yelping. I had a horse trained to follow me, and I jumped on him and headed north at a run.

I knew an old surveyor named McCall was running the section line just a half-mile north and should be approximately where the yelping seemed to be originating. As I was the only member of the crew who had a trained horse, the rest had to depend on the camp rig to bring them to work and pick them up at night.

The general area was level to slightly undulating, and ordinarily McCall and I would have been in sight of each other. But he was crossing a broad shallow valley perhaps a half-mile wide, with the gouge of a dry run down its center. The valley ran a bit to the northwest and was part of the Deep Red Run drainage system. I had crossed it perhaps a half-mile back and was again on high ground, while McCall was now in the valley.

When I came in sight of the old fellow, there was almost a half-circle of yelping, snarling, coyotes facing him as he backed slowly west up the gentle slope. He was moving his Jacob staff back and forth in front of him to discourage an attack. Not over a hundred feet separated them. I rode down the slope from the south, coming in on their south or left flank, my horse at a run. I was yelling at the top of my voice, and when the animals saw me, they beat a retreat to the scraggly timber and bushes along the dry run. I followed

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comfortable. All of them seemed to be too high and the little fellows' feet dangled in the air. Sitting all day long with one's feet not touching the floor was quite an ordeal.

But that was not the worst of it. It made no difference how tired and nervous a child became, he had to sit still under the gaze of a stern-faced teacher. It is no wonder that some children became malformed, hunchbacked, and filled with an enduring hate for the schoolroom and schoolteachers. Discipline was ruthlessly enforced, and that covered everything from punishment for a bad lesson to a whisper to one's seat-mate on matters concerning the lesson. We had to get permission to do that. Talking in time of books was out, and flirting with the opposite sex was next to murder if caught.

The worst beating I ever saw a schoolboy take was one given my oldest brother. He winked at someone and that was punishable by anything from staying in during recess for days to the kind of beating he got. He hated that woman as long as he lived, and I am sure he would have taken his revenge if they had ever met after he grew up. She was an ill-tempered, hot-headed outlaw. But not all of them were like that. Kids brought much of their punishment on themselves, but discipline was too strict.

The tragedy of the early-day schools was the lack of a library, any sort of supplementary reading matter. Children sat through the entire school term with one little reader. There were no state textbooks. Parents and teachers, more often the teachers, selected the books which suited their fancy. It made no difference to the children. They were eager to learn then as they have been all through the ages. They read and reread their books till they became dog-eared, and the thumb wore through the leaves into the covering. We had to hold the books in our hands because the desks were either too high or there was none at all.

Our school building, made of pine, was little more than a windbreak. The wood heaters were very good but the fuel was too often green wood fresh off the stump. Green wood was much easier to work up, and people seemed to have the idea that anything was good enough for the schoolhouse. It is understandable why the school patrons did not spend any more money than they did on schools. They simply had little to spend on anything, but they at least could have furnished dry wood for fuel. Green wood is good for nothing but generating smoke, unless it is mixed with plenty of dry wood. Consequently we had little heat and a great deal of soot. On cold days we had to huddle as near the stove as possible to keep half comfortable.

While we were shivering and being smoked out, we were looking forward to play time so we could thaw out playing whipcracker, ball and the more active games. For a change, boys occasionally went down to the gully to settle their differences with their fists. This might be followed with a good thrashing from the teacher if he found it out. If he saw a black eye or skinned nose, he never failed to pry into the cause. Fighting was one thing the teachers were trying to get out of the system of young boys.

Some teachers forbade girls and boys playing together. We had separate playgrounds on separate sides of the house. The main reason was that some of the boys had no respect for girls; some were too rough in their playing.

THE FRONTIER with all its freedoms also had some restrictions, and the restraints of courtship were the most difficult to control.

There was one custom in those days of close supervision, however, that is hard to account for. It was permissible for girls to sit on boys' laps even at parties. So far as I know, that is taboo even in our present time of social laxity. It seems that every generation has had its own peculiar social standards.

During my boyhood getting together at parties and dances just about wrapped up the dating for the younger set. Girls were not allowed to have callers until they were sixteen. Timidity and shyness were afflictions of the young boys, due to the fact that there was little association for months at a time other than with their own families. Boys found it difficult to muster the courage to talk to a girl in private conversation, much less in public. I never kissed a girl till she asked me to kiss her, but she never had to ask me again.

When we became bold enough to ask for dates, we were afraid of the "old folks." We dreaded them as we did the copperheads out in the bushes, unless some of them had the good sense to treat us as human beings and not as outlaws. The mother of my first girl friend had black, piercing eyes and I always imagined that she was ready to come at me with a hickory club when I went to see her daughter. Of course, all that was in my mind.

When a couple began dating on a monthly schedule, something was brewing. When it narrowed down to every two weeks, people began to talk. To date every Sunday afternoon or night was tantamount to an announcement; but that often continued for months, sometimes a year. To marry with less than a year's courtship was rushing a bit too fast.

Divorce was considered a disgrace, and separations were few and far between, but there were also fewer opportunities for entanglements. Philandering was difficult to conceal, and the scorn of society was a deterrent.

CLOTHES from time to time follow styles from the ridiculous to the more ridiculous. Especially is this true with women's clothes.

The extremes of our present time are on the scanty side; seventy-five years ago women went to the other extreme of wearing too much. They tried to cover up from head to foot. High necks and skirts that dragged the ground were the style. As a child it puzzled me why they wore dresses so long. The hems were frazzled and dirty, and carried a trail of dust along with them. The nine-yard Mother Hubbard was the ugliest, most senseless garment I ever saw. Some women wore them loose, and the dresses had the most depressing colors to add to the unsightly shape. They looked better when worn with a string or belt around the waist, and it kept them from dragging the ground. The Mother Hubbard is still a dark memory that came along with me.

There is a time for covering the body and a time to expose it; but there never was a time or sensible reason for the spider-waisted corsets and Mother Hubbard dresses. I doubt if the corset was ever comfortable even in cold weather. In hot weather it must have been torture. Women frequently fainted when wearing a tight corset. At picnics, and other gatherings in hot weather, it was nothing unusual for a woman to faint. The first thing friends did for her was to loosen the corset so she could get her breath. Corsets were an abomination when a boy hugged his sweetheart. It made him plain mad. Who wants to hug a steel or whalebone barrel?

There was little fast color in clothing. Almost any garment would fade, especially if washed in hot or boiling water. On "stamped goods," colors were applied to one side of the cloth only.

I recall two colors of the homespun variety. One was a pink or tan dye made from the inside bark of a blackjack tree which was used to dye children's clothes —boys' shirts. The other was from the indigo weed which grew along the creek bottoms, especially along the tributaries of the Yeguas. Women boiled this weed and made their own bluing.

Men's suits were about the only ready-to-wear clothes. Women made all their own clothes and all other garments for themselves, children and menfolks, including shirts. Only white stiff-bosomed shirts for men were store-bought. The most amazing thing about the shirts, and most of the dresses, was that they opened down the back. One could not button his own shirt, but had to call on someone to help him get in and out of it. Open-front shirts came about the turn of the century and were called "coat shirts."

Most of the cloth for every-day shirts for both adults and children was made of "hickory" shirting, very tough, durable, and coarse. They also made shirts of "drilling" or a very light weight ducking. After they were available a sewing machine was the one necessary part of housekeeping equipment, the old pedal variety. When a woman sat all day and pedaled a sewing machine, she had done a day's work. I was often called upon by my mother to turn the pedal while she got a little rest.

ANOTHER VOGUE was the multiple petticoat. I have seen from four to seven petticoats hanging from a girl's hips. When they sat down, the dress would hike up on one side and expose the undergarments. All that heavy material was enough to cause the backaches women often had.

Clothes closets were all but unknown. Clothes were hung behind doors on nails,

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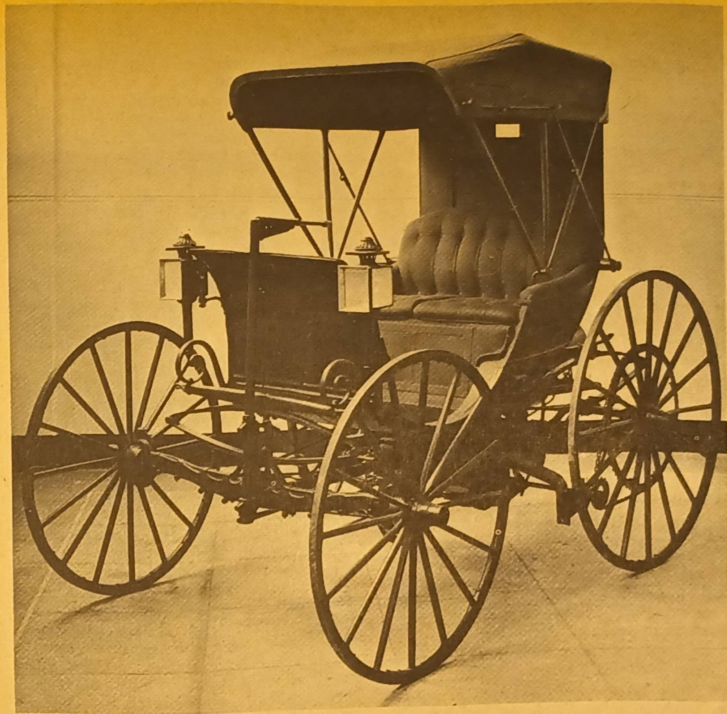

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
Frontier Times

This 1893-94 one-cylinder Duryea Motor Wagon restored and preserved in the Smithsonian at Washington is the original machine first demonstrated in September 1893 and very well may have been the entry vehicle in *Cosmopolitan's* contest. Springfield, Massachusett's pioneering Duryea brothers, J. Frank and Charles E., became in 1896 the first firm to build and sell gasoline-powered autos—their factory produced thirteen cars that first year!

This story from our old
November 1930 Frontier Times
first appeared in
Cosmopolitan Magazine
in September 1896

HORSELESS CARRIAGE CONTEST

RECOGNIZING the important part which the new horseless carriage must play in the life of the twentieth century, and the impetus its perfection must give to the building of new roads at the end of the present century, *The Cosmopolitan* offered a prize of three thousand dollars for the best horseless carriage. The conditions of the contest were specified as follows:

Three thousand dollars will be awarded to motor carriages presenting the greatest number of points of excellence, to be exhibited in a trial trip to be made from the New York office of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, City Hall Park, to a point near The Cosmopolitan Building at Irvington, and thence back to the starting place. The award will be made upon the following points, the maximum 100:

Speed	35
Simplicity of construction and durability	30
Ease in operating and safety	25
Cost	10

In response to invitations extended by the editor, the following distinguished gentlemen accepted places on the Board of Judges:

General Nelson A. Miles, General Commanding U. S. Army;
Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Pres. N. Y. Central & H.R.R.R. Co.;
H. Walter Webb, Esq., Vice-Pres. N. Y. Central — H.R.R.R. Co.;
Frank Thomson, Esq., Vice-Pres. Pennsylvania Central Ry. Co.;
Brig.-Gen. Wm. P. Graighill, Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army;
Col. John Jacob Astor, New York National Guard.

The Governors of the Ardsley Country Club kindly placed the use of the grounds and clubhouse at the disposal of the Board of Judges for the conduct of examination and tests.

It is a matter in which America may take just pride that, in an affair involving so much of public interest and perhaps of public benefit, men of such conspicuous position as those composing the Board of Judges should be ready to give their time and thought. It is very doubtful if in any other country than ours, men whose every hour is closely engaged with important affairs would be willing to put aside the pressing demands of private or public business for a matter which concerned only the public welfare. Nor did the usual prejudices which, in older countries, keep men in conservative lines of action seem to play any part in the acceptance of the invitations extended.

The correspondence which came in within a brief time after *The Cosmopolitan's* offer was published, gave promise of a very large turn-out. But as the thirtieth of May—the day selected for the trial—approached, letters began to arrive telling of hopes disappointed regarding the completion of machinery. Some of the most important firms who had been engaged in experimenting found themselves unable to get their apparatus in working order. The final entries dwindled to twenty-six and of these, when the hour for departure arrived, but nine put in their appearance.

The order of procession involved a movement at a fixed rate

(Continued on page 55)

Yegua Knobbs

(Continued from page 40)

or behind a curtain across one corner of the room. Nail hangers did not enhance the looks of the already shapeless garments. I have seen people come into church with a sharp hump in the back of the collar where the nail had made its imprint. And many of these God-fearing people had but one or two Sunday garments. They wore the same clothes the year through.

Laundering was a monumental task. Irons were heated over open fires or on the cookstove. They became smoked and blackened with each heating and had to be cleaned before using again. A small block of beeswax, melted honeycomb, was employed to smooth the iron and make it run easy. Doing up the multi-yarded dresses and the multitude of petticoats, especially the white ones in summertime, usually took all day Saturday. I have seen women and girls out under a tree doing their ironing early in the mornings while it was cool.

Cleaning and pressing shops were unknown. Men would wear out a suit and never have it pressed, unless his wife pressed it. Pants legs became baggy at the knees and the whole outfit would become shapeless. Some of the young men put their trousers between mattresses to keep some semblance of creases in them. But people thought they were dressed up whether their clothes were pressed or not.

Neckties were the exception rather than the rule. Some thought it a sin to adorn the body with anything but the plainest sort of clothing. They thought people who wore neckties were "stuck up" and looked upon the wearers with contempt.

When the old folks and the womenfolks wanted a bath, they used a washtub. They got back by the kitchen stove where it was not too cold, or waited till the menfolks were out for a while. In winter little bathing was done.

Water was scarce in the Knobbs area and we had to use tank water hauled up in a barrel on a slide. Two or three of us would bathe in the same water and feel just as good over it as if we had bathed in a white porcelain tub full of perfumed suds. We used home-made lye soap and it sterilized the water regardless of how many had bathed in it. We washed each other's backs, and backs got many a hard scrubbing for the devilment of it. After going for weeks between baths, it was a grand and glorious feeling to get one, even if the water was secondhand.

For most of the young men and boys the public tank served as the bathtub in summertime. The ranges were open and everyone's cattle ran loose. Since the Knobbs country was poorly watered, the citizens would get together and dig tanks where there was ample drainage to impound a good supply for the stock. Some of these tanks were deep and held vast quantities of water, enough to last all the year once they were filled. They usually caught full during the winter months and early spring, and the water was cold at the bottom during the summer months. Boys, dogs and horses would congregate at these tanks for a swim and a general good time.

When too many boys and dogs collected in one place, there was all the makings for some dog fights that often ended up in boy fights also. A dog was a valued piece of property. He was necessary for hunting range cattle, hogs, and for hunting game. It was hard for a boy to stand by and see his dog chewed up, and when the underdog owner intervened, the other fellow took up for his own dog and away they would go. The bystanders would see that there was not too much advantage of one over the other, and they did not permit anybody to get beat up too badly. Occasionally the referees would get "het up" and a side bout would take place and things would almost get out of hand, but when the battle was over, the participants would shake hands and forget about it.

SWIMMING was the main sport at these tanks. Boys would ride their horses through for a swim, while some boy who could not swim would hang on the horse's tail and get a free ride. Many a boy learned to swim that way. There were all sorts of cavortings going on at these swimmings—such as mud fights which sometimes brought about fist fights. Perhaps there were more fights because of duckings than from any cause other than dog trouble.

No one left the tank without first diving to the bottom and filling up on the cold water. The thought of germs never entered our minds, in fact I doubt if we had ever heard of the word. I was telling some friends about drinking water from the bottom of tanks, and they said, "It's a wonder you did not get enough germs to kill you." My uncle was standing by and said, "Pshaw, we drank water that a germ could not live in," and that perhaps expressed it about right.

We became somewhat like animals because we lived outdoors and became immune to many of the ordinary health hazards. We drank water from any waterhole that happened to be handy when we became thirsty. Water was water, just so it was wet.

One of our favorite games when we went swimming was to strip on the run to the waterhole. When we neared the place, some one would yell out, "The last one in is a rotten egg." At that we began to shuck our clothes, leaving them scattered for a hundred yards behind us. When we were ready to dress we had to retrace our steps and find them.

Once when some of us were swimming, a couple of girls came along and sat down on the bank and would not leave. Finally, when we got tired of staying down, one of my brothers came right out on the bank, and they took to their heels. A short time after that we caught these two girls in the same waterhole, so we sat down and kept them in till they ran down the creek out of sight. One of the girls feigned anger and hid behind the door in her home with a butcher knife and was going to "stob" some of us, but she was discovered and the knife taken from her.

Another incident of this kind took place early in the spring while the water was still cold. A lone boy had gone to the creek to get what was probably his first bath since winter set in. He had no more than got in the water when two big strapping girls came and sat down on the bank above him. They kept him in till he turned blue. Later he caught these girls in the same waterhole and kept them in till they were half frozen. They went home and told their big brother, who immediately jumped the boy. The girls' brother was a large man, while the offender was a small boy. As was often the case in an uneven match, the big boy got some severe cuts over the eye with a brass knuckle. Knuckles were a common weapon then, and this particular boy was never caught without one in his pocket.

I NEVER HEARD the word "highway" till I was almost grown. We had what we called "wagon roads." Until counties were organized each district or precinct or neighborhood took care of its own. Any money involved had to come from the pockets of the residents of these districts.

Every man between the ages of twenty-one and sixty was subject to road duty when called. Folks had what they called a "road overseer." His duty was to see that all roads in his district were kept passable. When repairs were necessary, he "warned" the road hands to be at a certain place at a certain time. Each man was told what tool or tools to bring. There was no power machinery; power lay in the muscles of men and horses. Tools necessary for road repairs were axes to cut the stumps and trees out, hoes, grubbing hoes, wagons and scrapers. Repairs generally consisted of leveling up, removing stumps and the like.

After heavy rain there were washouts along some of the creeks that had to be taken care of. When the trails on each side of the road where the horses walked became too deep, and the ruts still deeper, stumps in the middle of the road had to be removed to keep the wagon axles from dragging on them. Grubbing stumps out by the roots was a real chore and they were left as long as a wagon could pass over them. Sometimes they were "rounded off" so the wheels would slide off instead of running directly over them. One of the vivid memories I have of traveling in a wagon was the jar we often got when a wagon wheel ran over a stump, especially if we were down flat in the bottom of the wagon on a pallet. We got most of these bumps coming from church at night. We slept during the services and all the way home if Dad did not run over a stump. He got a good raking over for this. He was not careless, but the horses did not have any headlamps and he couldn't always see the stumps.

There were very few bridges. Most of the creeks and branches could be crossed on "dry land," but where it was too much for a team to pull a bale of cotton or a cord of wood up the hill, the bottom of the ditch would be spanned by a culvert. The majority of these culverts were made of logs or poles. They lasted fairly well and did not involve any outlay of money. Sometimes they floated away when a big rise in the creek came along. Bridges were built over the larger creeks and streams where fording was impossible. They were just wide enough for two wagons to pass.

Annual fall hunt in colorful Yegua Knobbs country.

Road workings were not only days of toil but also a time for some fun. Perhaps it had been months since some of the men and boys had seen each other and they enjoyed the opportunity to visit. But as was always the case, when too many men and boys and dogs got together, there was the likelihood of dog fights—and usually, as a result some good old swatting matches.

The first roads were little more than tracks through the woods, following the trail made by early horseback riders when there were no fences and a horse could take the most direct route. Strangers traveling through the country often asked for directions. They would be told to follow a certain road to where a "trail" led off to the right or to the left and there to take another trail, etc. They designated certain trees as guide posts. Knowing directions was a necessary part of traveling through a new country.

THE BLIZZARD of 1887, if I remember correctly, was one of the worst in the history of this country. It came on the heels of springlike weather and caught people unprepared, all but the hogs. My father was taking his family to visit Mother's people that day. As he drove out on a ridge he could see a bank of clouds low in the north. It was moving rapidly and soon he realized it was a "smoky norther." What looked like a great cloud of smoke rolling on the ground. Father hurried us to my grandfather's home, then immediately went back home to take care of the stock and other things that needed protection. He was almost frozen beyond speech when he returned. My grandfather had a good fireplace and plenty of wood and feather beds. We fared well till the storm was over. That blizzard I do not remember, but I do remember the one of February 12, 1899.

Saturday had been a cold day, down to 15°, with some sleet and light snow. We kept close to the fire. With no way of receiving warnings of weather extremes we had to rely on instinct and past experience. This time, both failed us.

During the night the blizzard struck with a fifty-mile wind. It cleared the clouds away, along with everything that such a wind would move. I remember the tumbleweeds in their wild flight across the prairie.

We lived in a new weatherboarded house, single wall. The wind came through it like it had been lattice work. My mother came upstairs where five of us children slept, transferred all of us into the same bed, piled all the cover on us and then spread a wagon sheet over that. We kept warm under all that cover while we were bedded down like hogs in the sandhills, but when we went downstairs we almost froze before we could get our clothes on. All that Sunday we stood by the coal heater, kept it red hot, but could not get warm. We were continuously turning to keep from freezing on one side and burning on the other. The coal pile was outside and it was an ordeal to get a scuttle of coal. We would be shaking by the time we got back in the house. Our clothes felt as if they were wet.

We had a cedar bucket—common in those days—down by the stove and the water would freeze in it within a very short time. We would break the ice and melt it on top of the stove so we could have water to drink. Several old people died that night. They did not last but a few hours. The graveyard was on top of a high hill where the wind had a clean sweep. The men would work twenty minutes, come in and warm thirty minutes. They worked in relays all the next day to complete the burials.

One time we had a neighbor by the name of Goldman, a good and kindly old man. Perhaps the reason for my vivid memory of this event is due to his friendliness toward me as a child. Mr. Goldman became ill and died—supposedly. We all attended the funeral as was the custom of the times. Corpses were hauled to the graveyard in wagons, with a quilt or a layer of hay in the bottom of the wagon bed to absorb some of the shock. At the graveyard, the coffin was often set down on the ground near the grave till time for interment. While Mr. Goldman's coffin was thus resting, I squatted down by the side of it and gazed into his face. Suddenly he opened his kindly gray eyes and looked straight at me.

An older cousin of mine was standing nearby and I told him what I had seen. He told me I had seen nothing of the kind and led me away. Some years ago I told an undertaker of this incident and he said, "Yes, there is little doubt that Mr. Goldman did open his eyes. Such things were not uncommon before the days of embalming and people were sometimes buried alive." I am convinced that is what happened to Mr. Goldman. I still hope that he remained in the coma and was never conscious of his plight for this memory is stamped indelibly on my mind and I am still shocked when I think of it.

IN EVERY COMMUNITY there is an outstanding personality, one with some unusual characteristic which sets him apart from his fellows. Thena Wiggins was known for miles around for her "cow-calls."

Her clarion voice resounded and reverberated along the hills and down the little valleys as clear as the tinkling of cowbells. She lived some two miles across the cotton fields from our home and we could hear her call almost as clearly as if she had been only a few hundred yards away. She did the family milking and in the late summer evening she would step out in the yard and call her cows. Each one of them knew her call, knew her by sight, and the cows would answer. Her voice had a tone and quality different from any of the other voices that we heard almost every evening as people called their cattle. Cows ran on the open range and had to be signaled in at night, unless they had a young calf or were brought in by some boy and his dog.

I do not know whether Thena Wiggins is living, but I do know that the sound of that marvelous voice which carried for miles still lingers in the memory of those who heard it. I often wish that her voice might have been trained, because I feel that the world would have been richer for the great singer she might have been.

Another individual who lent color to the landscape was the old Irish Paddy who walked the railroads. For many years these men could be seen trudging along with a little bundle tied on the end of a stick thrown over their shoulder. They were always dirty, never seemed to be in a hurry or to have any destination. No one knew where they were going, what their purpose was. They did not appear to have any interest in anything or anybody, they just walked and walked. Where they ate, what they ate and when, few people knew. They must have slept wherever night overtook them. They were in a class all to themselves. The old wanderers like Paddy vanished many years ago. I have not seen one for more than sixty years.

There were other tramps that made the back country, however, and they mooched their bread from the inhabitants. People were more or less suspicious of them, but few of them did any mischief. The women had to deal with them most of the time. The men were usually in the fields and the tramps knew that and took advantage of it. Probably ninety-five per cent of them were harmless vagabonds who merely had an insatiable wanderlust.

Another character often seen along the country roads was the "Arab peddler." He, like Paddy, carried a bundle tied to the end of a stick over his shoulder. In the bundle was a variety of trinkets, such as combs, pins, harmonicas and the like. Children were fascinated by all the colorful things he laid out. I think the harmonica had the greatest appeal. Arab peddlers lived partly from their sales and partly on the gratuity of the people. They did not ride horses, but rode their "mammy's colts." I do not recall that any of them ever gave trouble.

Later they were replaced by native peddlers who drove "peddle wagons." These men carried a small stock of general merchandise such as calico, gingham, diapers and safety pins, brushes, combs and other small items. They took butter, eggs and chickens in trade. Every peddle wagon had a chicken coop at the back where they kept the fowls they picked up on their route. They made their rounds on schedule, usually coming at least once each month, perhaps more often.

Women managed to get rid of all their stale butter and rotten eggs. The peddler usually took what they offered unless he was stocked up. No doubt he had to throw many eggs away. It was unbelievable how they learned to handle eggs. It looked as if they would break every one they put their hands on, but they would roll them and slide them, never dropping one.

I can still see the peddle wagon drive up to a house and a woman and a half dozen children coming out to meet him. I see the woman with a baby in her arms. Babies are as much a part of woman as fleas are a part of cats.

I remember, too, from the early days some laborers who have never received sufficient recognition for doing a very necessary service. One wonders how long this work would have been delayed had these men not been available with their know-how, and the doggedness and persistence to follow through.

There was a strip of country in the southeastern part of Williamson County, along the creek bottoms and adjacent hills, which was covered with an almost impenetrable growth of catclaw, chaparral, cacti, wildrose, mesquite and other spiny growths. When one looked at the formidable wall of brush and thorns it seemed an impassable barrier.

Wolves, foxes, polecats, and other varmints made it their home, but they were not the worst inhabitants. This briar-covered country was alive with diamondback rattlesnakes.

Fortunately our Mexican friends from South Texas and across the border were familiar with that kind of country and with the animals and snakes that abounded in it. They took their work in stride and ground out the big job of clearing the brush and getting the land ready for the plow. These men were tough and wiry and as they slowly inched their way through the thickets it was almost beyond belief what a complete job they did. And it was not only true of this particular region. They did most of the work of this kind all along the border of Texas, clearing tens of thousands of acres of the rich country up and down the Rio Grande Valley. The Mexicans came in unobtrusively, did their work, then disappeared as quietly as they came. But they left their mark for all time to come. They were a part of our frontier guard and deserve the praise of those of us who now enjoy the fruits of their labors.

NO DOUBT Abraham was troubled with cattle rustlers, horse thieves and the like. Stealing stock seems to be one of the irresistible temptations of man. Before barbed wire, it was an easy matter to round up several cows in a bunch and take them out of the country and there change the brands by adding a mark to the old one, or by cutting another bit in the ear. This was a big business, and many a person became a wealthy and "respectable" rancher by this means.

The Knobbs country had some professional cow thieves, and practically everyone in the neighborhood lost some cattle. They operated mostly at night and had a well planned system. The country south and southeast of Taylor along the Brushy Creeks was covered with undergrowth; there were places where it would have been difficult to see a bull elephant with a spyglass. Stolen cattle could be concealed easily with comparative safety, and the rustlers, well armed, did not hesitate to shoot "suspicious" intruders.

A man rode up to my grandmother's house one day and asked her if there were any cattle for sale in the neighborhood. She told him no, that the Olives had stolen all the cattle in the community and that she did not know of any cattle left in the country. He turned, smiled and rode away. She later learned that she had been talking to Print Olive, said by some to be the arch cow-thief in Texas.

There was an unwritten law that if a man were caught stealing a cow he would be shot on the spot, and it was often carried out. Almost anything went in the game. All the evidence needed for an acquittal was the cowhide wrapped about the slain man.

Hogs also ran loose on the ranges and they were not always overlooked. There were some who made a business of stealing hogs. It was "gravy" to go out in the woods, round up a bunch of hogs and sell them. There was no expense attached to it—all clear profit. Seldom would people go to too much trouble to retrieve a few hogs, so this sort of activity was not as dangerous as cow rustling.

Thefts which usually brought prompt action were those involving horses. When a horse came up missing, the owner got busy. He would scour the country, making inquiries about a certain colored horse of certain marking, weight and height. People noticed strangers and their mounts as they came through the country. They were on the alert for cow and horse thieves, and were often instrumental in locating stolen animals. Horses were easier to locate and identify than cows and hogs, and thieves often paid dearly for them.

The heavily timbered country in the Knobbs area was a good start on a getaway or hideout till things cooled off a bit. But one means of catching a thief was by tracking him. The early settler was almost as proficient at reading tracks and other signs of the trail as his brother Indian. Each man knew any peculiar markings of his horse—gaps in the hoof or any unusual marking on the frog of the foot.

Outlaws would sometimes slip across the border and come as far up as the Knobbs territory to steal horses, and they never failed to take a good saddle if they found one. One of my brothers went to the barn one morning and noticed his saddle was missing. He sent a description of it to several county seats and it was not long before he had a notice from the sheriff of Gonzales County. The sheriff had a pile of saddles in a room and told my brother to pick his out, which he did. The Mexican who had stolen it was sent to Huntsville for two years.

As late as 1900, a man came to our house looking for work. We were in the midst of cotton chopping time and Dad put him to work. He was a good hand and earned his pay. He was riding a large roan horse and had a good saddle. He was very proud of that horse and Dad allowed him to feed him well while he stayed with us. When we were through with him, he rode away on the big roan. A short time later we learned that he was riding a stolen horse, was later tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary. We never saw him again. Later on after his release, he went up into north Texas and became a successful farmer.

The penitentiary at that time was hard on men. They had little mercy on prisoners and worked them to the limit of their strength. If a man thought he could not work when he was sick, all he had to do was to get on the "payroll" at Huntsville and he would learn just how much work a sick man could do and live over it.

There was another kind of theft common in all the farming districts, and it persisted all through the years. During cotton season, loaded wagons were often left in the field overnight. They were prey to anyone who felt he might help himself and not get caught. Seldom did anyone get away with it, and not a few men went to the pen for cotton theft.

Neither was it uncommon to lose corn from barns, and corn was more difficult to trace. Usually it was not offered for sale. Anyway, there was no positive way to identify it. Some corn thieves would take a little at a time, hardly enough to be noticeable, but if he repeated too often, some sort of a trap would be laid for him. If the thief paid for the corn, the matter was dropped. Not many folks wanted to send a man to the penitentiary.

Smokehouses also came in for burglary. While it was extremely dangerous for a thief to get that close to the house, where dogs would discover him and where shotguns and .45s were plentiful, a haul could net the thief some good bacon, hams and sausage, and that hurt. He was hated worse than the corn thieves.

People had all kinds of outlaws to contend with. It is a wonder they had any confidence left in humanity.

The county seat of Lee County was (and is) Giddings. It is twenty miles from the Knobbs community, a good half day's ride horseback. And the trouble about criminals, they never take into account the inconvenience and expense to others that their crimes may involve. Men in the Knobbs community who were called to jury service, and others as far away from the county seat, suffered much inconvenience at times. There were two terms of court each year, one in the spring, the other in the fall, both very busy seasons for farmers.

On more than one occasion my father was waked during the night hours and told to appear at the district court in Giddings at nine o'clock the next morning. He had to get up and hunt the pasture out for his horse, rain or shine, hot or cold. It took him an hour or so to get his horse up, saddled and himself dressed, which meant that he had to ride hard to appear at the required time. But that was not the worst of it. If it happened to be in the spring, the crop had run away in grass and weeds by the time he got home, for these trials often lasted two or three weeks. It took twice the work to clean the crop out and its growth had been stunted. If there were boys in the family large enough to work in the field, that was fortunate, otherwise the man had to face the job alone. It was not easy to get help either in the spring or the fall, for these were the busy times for farmers; every man was busy with his own crop.

Jury service is never a pleasant experience for a conscientious man. There are men who go on jury for the pay they get. Others want to "stick" every man who happens to be indicted. Still others are of the compassionate type and will free the defendant if they can; but for most men, it is a very serious responsibility.

Even today there is an element of danger in serving on a jury, if not physical danger, then the danger of losing friendships. Despite how guilty a man may be, he will always have an ugly feeling for the jurymen who convict him, and he also has friends who take offense. But back in the early days of the Knobbs turmoil, jury service was fraught with the possibility of assassination, and the bravest men had apprehensions of what might happen to them in cases of convictions, regardless of how guilty the defendant might be. But the time had come when jury service was not just an ordinary patriotic duty, it was a necessity for the survival of the community, for society, even for the survival of one's family, so very few made an effort to evade jury service.

As late as 1904 I was asked if I were not afraid to live at the Knobbs. I told them no, that I had lived there most of my life and it was home to me. I had no fears and seldom thought about any danger. I had kinsmen who had lived there all through the dark days; my parents lived there and if they had any fears they kept them to themselves, although they must have realized that life was hazardous in the '70s and '80s. Some of the outlaws tried to get my father to join them, but he told them he had to care for his widowed mother and his sisters. Some of them told him that if he ever got into trouble to call on them and they would get him out. My father managed to keep their friendship, although he would not associate with them. They little suspected that he was a member of the law enforcement group. He told me that the committee never called on him to take part in any of the executions, for which he had always thanked his God. And so do I.

The above story is excerpted from an unpublished book manuscript.

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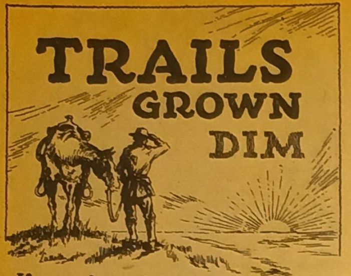


TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Morris Descendants

I am looking for descendants of William E. Morris, who died in the Civil War. He left two children, William E. and Martha. I am a son of William E. Morris II. Martha Morris married Luther Turner and they had a son, William Henry Turner, last heard of from Monett, Missouri, about sixty years ago. He had several children, two girls named Rose and Nelle—also boys but I do not know their names. These boys are believed to be living in Arkansas or southwest Missouri. Would like to hear from any kin. I have four living brothers. I myself am seventy years old. My telephone is 877-3326 West Beach, Montana. I will accept a reverse charge telephone call.—D. L. Morris, Wibaux, Montana 59353

Percival R. Turner

Could any of your readers give me any information regarding the whereabouts of my father, Percival Reginald Turner, known as "Roy" Turner? He was born in Macon, Georgia, December 13, 1907, and had two sisters, Mildred Cella and Phyllis June Parrich or Parrish. They lived in Texas, I think Port Arthur. His father's name was Franklin Pond Turner and his mother's name was Ada Louise Thompson, both born in England.

He married my mother, Marian V. Wilson, in Chicago, Illinois, in July, 1936, and they had five daughters. The last time we saw my dad was in 1945 at Rockaway Beach, California. I was seven years old and all my sisters were younger, with the baby being two years old. We are all married now with children of our own but we would so love to see or hear from our father.—Julie Louise Dvorak, 2041 Jose Avenue, Santa Cruz, California 95060

Meadows Ancestor

Would anyone in the O'Fallon-Winfield area of Missouri have any information about my great-grandfather, James Maine (?) Meadows, born July 8, 1853?

I've been told that he and his wife, Corneal Campbell Meadows, and two sons were heading West in 1878 and his wife drowned in Coffeyville, Kansas. The father took the two boys back to Missouri. William Edmon Meadows, born November 7, 1873, was left with a John Wise family. My grandfather, Monroe J. Meadows, born July 22, 1875, was left with Alfred and Margaret Matilda (Webster or Webster) Grayson and was raised in Leavenworth, Kansas. His name was changed to Roy Monroe Grayson. In a letter written in 1881, a John H. Meadow of O'Fallon refers to the Graysons in Leavenworth as cousins. Does anyone know why the boys were left by the father or what happened to him?—Ed Grayson, 1814 N. 44th Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66102

Charles Curtis

I would like to correspond with anyone who claims kinship to Charles Curtis, who was Vice-President of the United States under Herbert Hoover. Charles' family came from New York to Indiana, where his father was born, then went to Iowa and finally Kansas, where the Vice-President was born.—Harold Curtis, 1633 North Tenth Street, Fargo, North Dakota 58102

William Henry Miller Descendants

I would like to find descendants of William Henry Miller of Tennessee. Born in 1839, he married Puss Forbis and they had sons Ollie (who married Annie Bradley), John Wylie (who married Emma Bass) and twins Tom Newton and Henry Clay (the latter of whom married Mildred Todd). Some stayed in Tennessee but others went to Texas—Mrs. A. W. Simmons, 1105 South University Drive, Fargo, North Dakota 58102

Dougherty Coleman Colbert

My husband's grandfather, Dougherty Coleman Colbert, was born in 1873 in Stonewall, Indian Territory, and was half Chickasaw. His father was named Harley Humphrey Colbert and Harley's father was named Winchester Colbert. Dougherty married Manetta Rowe and they had five children: Eliza L., Harley H., Denovo A., Bruce, and Zeno P. After Manetta's death, Dougherty married a woman named Salina. Dougherty and Manetta are buried at Mill Creek, Oklahoma.

My husband's paternal grandfather, William Hunley Freeman, was born in Gallatin, Texas, and married Frances Cook of Tennessee. William's father was Richard Bennett Freeman, an officer in the U. S. Navy.

Any information on these families will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Charles E. Freeman, 8424 South Newlin Avenue, Whittier, California 90602

"I always wondered what the handles were for!"

Cyrus E. Pierce

I am interested in contacting the descendants of C. E. Pierce (Peirce) who was born in Penfield, New York, October 15, 1845, and died at Gove City, Kansas, February 2, 1911. He served in the Civil War and lived in McPherson and Newton, Kansas. He served as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue and U. S. Marshall and later Register of Deeds and was a former mayor of McPherson. He was a Shriner and an Odd Fellow. His wife died in Topeka, Kansas, in 1919 and at the time there were two living children, Mrs. John F. Jones of Topeka and Mr. Louie G. Peirce of Raymond, Washington. The Pierces operated a hardware store in Gove City and Mrs. Pierce later was postmistress. I am interested in contacting heirs as to biographical information and pictures.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill, McPherson, Kansas 67460

Alfred M. Stanley and Sons

Alfred M. Stanley and his sons, Oliver H., Laffeyette Ozias, Christopher, Lemuel H., and Alfred Newton, settled in Oregon in 1870 and 1880s. In 1885, Oliver was accused of being a horse thief and was ordered to leave the state. He was preparing to obey when he was shot. He died three days later in his son-in-law Charles Finch's home.

Christopher moved to Lake County, California, and died there in 1926. Alfred Newton Stanley died in Lakeview, Oregon. I have no information about Laffeyette Ozias.

Alfred M. Stanley was born in North Carolina in 1808. In the 1830s he was living in Tennessee. After two years in Alabama, he moved to Mercer County, Missouri, in 1842. His first wife was Margaret Heath (Heather) of Kentucky, his second Mrs. Rebecca Williams of Kentucky. Any information about this family would be greatly appreciated.—M. L. Lander, P. O. Box 641, Red Bluff, California 96080

Levicy Rea

Levicy Rea was married to Jesse Calvert on October 15, 1810, in Culpepper County, Virginia. They had five children: Robert W., Matthew, Oscar, Francis Margaret, and Nimrod. Any information about Levicy or the last four children will be appreciated.—Mrs. Jim Wuehler, 11101 Fairview Avenue, Boise, Idaho 83702

Nathan Broyhill

I'm searching for the records of my great-great-grandfather, Nathan Broyhill. He migrated from Tennessee to North Carolina, and I learned he was in Ashe County, North Carolina, in 1830. His wife, Mary Parsons Broyhill, and family moved to Benton County, Arkansas, and were listed in the 1860 census. I would appreciate information on my grandfather, Alonzo Stewart, who died in Hennessey, Oklahoma, April 25, 1893, in Kingfisher County, and my great-grandmother, Lydia A. Stewart. She died about 1901 in Blaine County, Oklahoma.—Mrs. Elsie Stewart, 252 Buena Vista Street, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

(Continued on page 59)

The Man Who "Took" Wells Fargo

(Continued from page 33)

Charles Banks decided to steal—to steal as much money as he could from Wells Fargo and escape from the country.

He disposed of his scientific library, gave his wife some money and sent her to New York for a shopping spree, and rented a room on Post Street in one of the areas where he was unlikely to be known, giving his name as Scard. Finally he booked a passage to Australia on the *Star of Papeete*, again giving his name as Scard.

On Monday, November 1, 1886 he failed to turn up for work. At midday it was assumed that he would not be coming in and that the deputy chief accountant should open the safe. He did so and found that Charles Banks had picked it clean.

Wells Fargo was horrified. It was immediately decided that the theft must be kept secret. Certainly it would damage the company's reputation. Chief of Detectives Jim Hume was called in and told to find Banks—and the money.

James Bunyan Hume had a fine record as a manhunter. He had been a fighting sheriff, a prison warden and a private detective in his own right before he joined Wells Fargo. His men were skilled in the latest detection methods of the day and Hume knew that if Banks were still in San Francisco it was only a matter of time before he would be found. He put his top operatives on the job and went himself to hunt down the man who had shaken an empire.

Two days later Hume presented his chiefs with a report which made their eyes stand out like organ stops.

For Charles Wells Banks—the highly respected chief accountant, the darling of San Francisco society, the pillar of the best clubs in the city—had led a Jekyll-and-Hyde life which left them breathless.

HUME REPORTED that Banks, who turned to the best brains in the city for his intellectual stimulus, turned to the lowest brothels in the dock area to satisfy his physical desires. There was nothing earth-shaking in the fact that he went to brothels. Many of the top men in San Francisco did. It was Charles' choice of the whorehouses which shocked his chiefs. Hume's operatives found that the toughest and most disreputable dockside madames knew Charlie Banks—and knew him very well indeed. Hume also reported that Banks had maintained first one mistress, then two and then three. And that when he tired of them he had formed a partnership with four other well-to-do San Francisco gentlemen and had set up seven girls in a harem-type establishment in an apartment in the staid Nevada Bank Building on Pine and Montgomery Streets, a stone's throw from his office.

Hume was certain that Charles Banks was not in San Francisco. The bird and the money had flown. Wells Fargo knew that the story of their cashier's defection could not be kept secret forever. Even now people were beginning to talk. Banks had been missed from his usual haunts and there was a lot of speculation. The company decided to admit its loss.

On November 8, 1886, a week after Banks' defection, Jim Hume issued a reward poster. "Wells, Fargo and Company will pay $1,000 Reward for the arrest and delivery to me, at any jail, in any of the States or Territories of the United States, of Charles W. Banks," the poster said. "In addition to above reward of $1,000, 25 per cent will be paid of all monies recovered from said Banks and turned over to said Express Company."

Hume, on instructions from his bosses, carefully skirted the question of exactly how much Banks had stolen. He admitted that it was "a sum exceeding $20,000."

The poster went on to give some biographical details about Banks and gave a physical description of the wanted man: "AGE, 47; HEIGHT, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches; WEIGHT, about 145 lbs; HAIR, black, slightly grey, thick and curly; EYES, small, cold grey, glance quick and comprehensive, reads with glasses; NOSE, flat at the nostrils, nostrils large and distended, end of nose decidedly turned up; BEARD, usually worn full, but had it removed before leaving."

Hume's poster generously admitted that Banks was "a first class accountant; quick at counting coin and notes."

San Francisco society was aghast when the posters went up on the police notice boards. That Charlie Banks should have absconded with so much money! And because Wells Fargo was only prepared to say that it was "in excess of $20,000" the rumor went around that the actual figure had been nearer $100,000.

Months passed and there was no news of Banks. Hume was still sure that he had skipped the country and his suspicions were proved when the *Star of Papeete* docked in San Francisco once more. An operative casually showed the wanted poster to the captain who immediately identified "Mr. Scard."

HUME HAD CREATED a legend among lawbreakers that "Wells Fargo never forgets" and he was not going to let Charles Banks be the one man to tarnish his shining record as a law enforcement officer.

Three agents were dispatched to Australia to get a line on the defaulter. The company was prepared to spare no expense to bring its errant cashier, to

Omar Barker, and Noel Loomis. A bargain.

A FIRST FOR DOOLIN

Strangely enough, until now there has been no book-length biography of the "King of Oklahoma Outlaws." *Bill Doolin, Outlaw O. T.* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.95) is by Colonel Bailey C. Hanes, son of a pioneer Oklahoma Territory peace officer and fills the void. It is Volume 41 in The Western Frontier Library and is truly a first edition. Our old compadre Ramon F. Adams wrote the informative introduction for this matter-of-fact account of outlaw life. Doolin was a good cowboy and he worked for most of the big ranches in

that the fugitive was a delightful host who always enjoyed a long talk with a visitor.

In April 1887, the Wells Fargo operatives took a ship to Rarotonga, glad that at last they had located Banks and eagerly looking forward to splitting the reward money for his arrest. But when they arrived on the island they found things far from their expectations.

Charles Banks, dressed in a neat suit of white tropical duck, entertained the three operatives right royally and introduced them to the beautiful island princess who was his wife. He had been expecting them of course, he said. He knew that Jim Hume would not give up until he located the man who "took" Wells Fargo. And that, he explained with a smile, was precisely why he had chosen a place such as Rarotonga, a place which had no extradition treaty with the United States. He added that while the island kingdom enjoyed British protection it was also autonomous and that Queen Matea was unlikely to look favorably on the prospect of losing her son-in-law.

Charles' arguments were absolutely unassailable and when the schooner sailed, the Wells Fargo operatives were on board. Jim Hume, they knew, would be far from pleased with the news they had for him.

But the chief detective just smiled when they told him that his quarry was likely to escape justice. He knew that a man of Banks' tastes could not live forever on Rarotonga. And Hume made sure that the police in New Zealand and Australia were alerted so that when the defaulting cashier finally tired of his island paradise he would be arrested immediately upon stepping ashore in either British possession.

Banks' friends among the schooner captains soon told him that detectives had been making the rounds of the island traders informing them that Banks was a wanted man and that there was a worthwhile reward out for him if he ever could be arrested in British territory. Jim Hume had outfoxed him—his island paradise had become his island prison.

CHARLES BANKS' money began to run out. He realized that he had spent too much of it in Australia and New Zealand. He had to cancel his subscription to *The Times*. Then he cancelled his orders for liquor and eventually for cigars. He did not need much for actual living expenses, but was unable to support himself in the manner to which he had become accustomed. To Charles Banks this was intolerable.

In April, 1894, a Captain McCoy arrived in San Francisco from the Pitcairn Islands and Rarotonga. The *Chronicle* sent a reporter down to the docks for an interview and he came back with the latest on Charles Banks. The paper told all and reminded its readers of the former social prominence of the swindler.

"Banks was once the gayest of the gay, a brilliant figure in social gatherings, a connoisseur of wines and the good things of life," the paper reported. "He was

LETTER RIP!

Gentlemen:

Jaw Bone Railroad (Fall 1968 OLD WEST) clangs a resounding bell for me! I helped build that prairie railroad back in 1903 by carrying water for the cook for the construction gang. My pay was a piece of pie—a rare treat as the pickings were very slim on those barren plains.

I lived on the Olsen Ranch near Moore, operated by a Mr. Christopherson, from 1901 to 1903, working for board and keep as my widowed mother in Chicago didn't have the few dollars to get me back home. I had gone out with my father who had tuberculosis, and he died shortly after.

I left Moore on the first cattle train in 1903, but when we got to Lombard the agent of the railroad refused to let me continue with the train as I was only twelve years old.

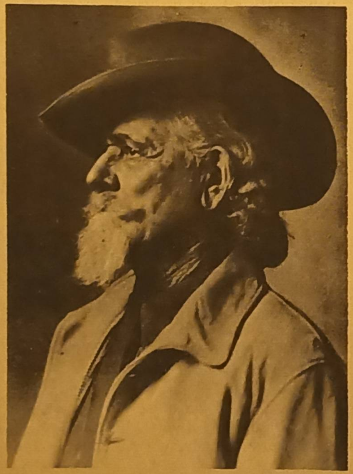
I had a dog, Shep, who would bring the five milch cows from the herd. He would also single out a calf and drive it to an area I pointed to over the hills, so they would be away from the open gates through which we drove our hay wagons. The whole herd, of course, would run after Shep and the calf. What a dog!

When my son, now an attorney with General American Oil Company, Dallas, Texas was fifteen years old I took him by car to Montana to show him that TV's Marshal Dillon and a few other Westerners had nothing on his old man. But I made one mistake: when we left Waukegan I promised him he could drive when we came to a long stretch in the road. SO—when I would point to a spot where stagecoaches changed horses, where a freight wagon had toppled over the side of a cliff, where a prairie fire, after having started from hot cinders from the Jaw Bone Railroad, had swept miles of pasture land, or where a horse-thief had been hanged, I would get, "Gee, that's interesting, Dad, now can I drive?" I was living in the past and he was living today!—Casper Apeland, 345 Douglas Avenue, Waukegan, Illinois 60085

Dear Sir:

William O'Nan, born in 1856 in Palmyra, Missouri, used to tell me about the James gang visiting his home when he was a boy. He married Anna Walton in 1879 and they went to Newkirk, Oklahoma, then Canadian County, Oklahoma, drawing a claim southwest of El Reno. Seven years later he moved to El Reno and worked in the Rock Island shops there. His wife died in 1928 and he died in 1940. He was sometimes mistaken for and known to many of his friends as "Buffalo Bill."

It was quite an experience to have a grandfather like him. I remember we kids would sit and listen to his long but never uninteresting stories about the West. He was indeed a true pioneer! —Nelson O'Nan, 105 S. E. 51st Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73129



William O'Nan, William Cody's look-alike.

Gentlemen:

Whenever a new issue of OLD WEST arrives I burn the midnight oil to read it from cover to cover. Then I look forward to the arrival of another issue.

Many of the stories are very familiar, for when I was a boy of five in 1892, my parents came to Shawnee, Oklahoma Territory. Having been born in Coldwater, Kansas, the famous and notorious names are well known to me either by having heard the tall stories of them told over and over or having actually made the acquaintance of some of them firsthand. My dad introduced me to Buffalo Bill Cody when I was a very small child. Therefore, it is not with criticism that I call your attention to a typographical error but to correct the record for the future.

In the story "Rustling the Rustlers"—page 27 of the Winter 1968 OLD WEST—the date of the Oklahoma Run should be 1889 and not 1899. The rustlers story has also been a very familiar one most of my life.—Carl C. Phelps, Star Route, Box 644, Marysville, Washington 98270

Dear Editor:

The story of "Uncle Dan" Drumheller in the Fall 1968 OLD WEST was one of the best you've ever published and is equally as good as the ones on "Mickey Free," "Arizona in the 50's," and others of that fine caliber. I believe Uncle Dan Drumheller still has ancestors here in Washington State, as I used to know a Tom Drumheller in the 1930s and 1940s who I believe lived in Spokane or else in the Yakima or Walla Walla area and owned thousands of sheep.

Every spring he'd ship trainloads of sheep from winter range near Yakima or Walla Walla to the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. Then in the fall he'd bring them out and take what he didn't sell back to the winter range. For many years it was an unusual sight when a band of several thousand sheep was driven across the top of the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River. In later years he hauled them by truck but still hauled them that route. Tom wasn't a big man, (about 5' 10") but sort of stocky, mild-mannered, and a shrewd businessman who became wealthy in the sheep business. He's probably deceased now, but I'm sure some of his children are living in or near Spokane, Yakima and Walla Walla.

I've also read about some of the outlaws whom "Uncle Dan" helped catch, and I've crossed Hangman Creek near Spokane many times. It got this name from a necktie party that took place there in the frontier days of Washington Territory. I never had much use for woolies, but it's each man to his own choice and I did help load sheep into railroad stock cars while I worked for the "Big G!"

The last ones I helped load had been driven several miles with no chance to rest before they were loaded, and loading tired sheep is like loading dead ones! They don't want to move and I think I carried or booted and throwed 50% of them up into the stock car. They couldn't understand the language I was using, 'cause if they *could have*, they'd have flown into the cars. I was sure glad when they were loaded and on the way and that's the last time I ever loaded any stinkin' woolies!

It seems that Drumheller would have come in contact with Ben Snipes while he was in the cattle business in the Northwest as Snipes drove cattle into the Frazer River country of Canada and the Caribou mines and also to West Coast points, over into Idaho and Montana and one or two drives to Wichita or Kansas City. Ben Snipes' ranch was between Yakima and Sunnyside. My old friend, the late Ed Young of Wenatchee, Washington, worked on this ranch and used to tell me of his experiences while working for Snipes. Your magazines are like home brew—the older they get, the better they get!—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Dear Sirs:

I enjoy your magazines very much, not only since I've started doing our family genealogy but also to add understanding and interest to history.

I am in need of some help in locating some facts on Fremont County, Colorado.

I am very interested to know if anyone can help me in the following: location and history of the towns and area of Fremont County from its beginning to the present; information on cemeteries and burial grounds of that area and/or information from these grounds especially the Union Highland Cemetery; names of families, their history, etc. in the area; the story about the coal mines in the area and their families; and information on the Lowbacks (may be spelled wrong) and their ranch.

My father's family who came to the area as coal miners, are from the Fremont County area, Coal Creek, and Florence. Most of the family is buried in Florence's Union Highland Cemetery. The family surnames are Crane, Morris, Morgan, Houston, O'Brien, John, Easton and Davis. My great grandmother, Mrs. William (Sarah Jane Morgan) Morris, ran a boarding house in Coal Creek (after her husband's death) after 1885 and raised at least two daughters there. Coal Creek is almost a ghost town now. There are still a few people living there but the mines are closed. However, there is evidence of them still standing. I was a young girl the last time I saw it.

My grandmother told me a story about my great-grandmother whose family, the Lowbacks, along with Kit Carson, fought off Indians at the Lowback Ranch although I have been unable so far to prove this true.

I might mention we are living in our country's last frontier—our 50th state, Alaska, and love it.— Mrs. E. N. Griffiths Jr., 7801 Peck Avenue, Anchorage, Alaska 99504

Gentlemen:

We have been reading your magazines for several years and enjoy them very much. I must confess that when I saw your magazine for the first time, I thought "Oh dear, Daddy's getting old at last. He's starting to read pulp westerns." I read the magazine with a critical eye at first, but now I read it because I think it is excellent. Both my father and I are very fond of Western history and feel that in your magazines some very fine articles are giving the Old West the attention and treatment it deserves.

Several years ago, in a frontier and American literature class at college, my professor stated that although we have had really great works in non-fiction relating to the West, no comparable level has ever been reached in Western fiction. Other countries have national epics and sagas which deal with their heroic ages and periods of expansion. What happened to us? Where is our "Martin Fierro?" Where is anything comparable to the Norse sagas? Where is our Illiad or Odyssey? Many of these works (except for Argentina's) were written two or three hundred years after the event. Do we have to wait that long for the Great Western Novel? Our history is every bit as interesting and heroic as theirs. What do you think? I would like to see some pro and con on this. Please pardon the length of my letter, but I am a librarian and can't seem to turn loose any talk about books and literature.—Miss Carlie Meyer, 509 J Avenue, National City, California 92050

Dear Sirs:

When your very interesting magazine comes, my son gets to himself someplace and, if it takes all night, he stays until he reads the last word.

His grandfather on his father's side was a freighter between Oregon City, close by here, and Lewiston, Idaho years ago when this country was still unsettled and the Idaho Nez Percé Indians went on the warpath. Grandfather was never seen alive after he disappeared while on a freighting trip. Nearly two years later his wrecked wagon and horse skeletons were found, but he never was located. The old Nez Percé chief died not too long ago, an old man.—Mabel E. Burnett, 6733 S. W. 13th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97219

Dear Sirs:

I am museum chairman for the Truckee-Donner Historical Society. In the early days Truckee burned down at least eight times and, as a consequence, much of its early history was destroyed. We need help from anyone who has knowledge of the early days in the area of Truckee, Donner, Boca, Hershdale, Squaw Valley, Soda Springs or North Lake Tahoe.

Old relics such as books, pictures, old clothing, Indian artifacts, old furniture, scrapbooks—in fact any item relating to this area that we could use in the projected museum—will be greatly appreciated. Many people have things from an earlier day, without realizing their historical value. It was just a short time ago that my brother-in-law disposed of a corn broom-making machine with which brooms were made until 1930. I was just sick over its loss.

This type of thing we hope to find, along with stories or information about the old stage lines, Ice Palace, early moving picture making, dog races, Indians, lumbermills and their owners, the railroads, and interesting people. Monetary donations for the museum fund will be most gratefully received.—Dorothy Mae Fordham, Truckee-Donner Historical Society, Box 893, Truckee, California 95734

horses in the barn lot. When the owner and his son ran out to stop him, he shot them dead. He had, as he told Sandoval, decided to kill a Texan for every stripe on his body.

Using the stolen horses as a change-off he streaked north. He didn't know anyone in the several small towns he entered but didn't care. In one settlement he shot two men who dared ask about bills of sale for the extra horses wearing Texas brands. In another town *Tejanos* refused to let him drink at the bar near them. Three of them soon lay on the floor dying.

Six men who knew something about Navajo Frank and his story declared hat on his vengeance run through west Texas he ruthlessly slew between fifteen nd twenty Americans. While that is large number even for a killer gone had, one who attested to this figure was

Dear Sir:

The tale of the robbery of the Hazelton, B. C. bank interested me no end. I had a ringside seat at another of their operations which took place at Granite Falls about a month prior to the episode described in the last issue of OLD WEST.

I had been visiting with some friends a few blocks from the Granite Falls bank and decided to go downtown. The street over which I would have to travel was only partially graded and in a few places large Douglas fir logs lay in the street.

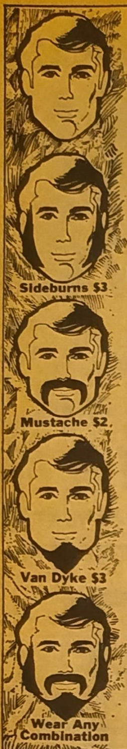
I had got to within about two blocks of the bank when I heard rifle shots and saw a man standing by the door of the bank, shooting up and down the street I was on. Two more were doing the same thing on the main street. All at once I heard the sharp zing of a bullet as it sped past me. No further urging was needed to send me diving for the safety offered by one of these logs.

There was a hole under the log where I lit, through which I could watch the proceedings. The town marshal was behind the corner of a building across the street from the bank but he was unable to do much without exposing himself to the fire of the three or four who were successfully keeping people pinned down.

There were two elderly people, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn, in the bank when the robbery started. They were made to stand by while the loot was being taken. When the gang left they walked up the side street, forcing the Osborns to walk behind them. It was only about three blocks to the woods, and upon reaching that, they disappeared.

About two weeks later another bank north of Granite Falls was the object of their attention and sometime later the Hazelton bank was subjected to their activities as described in OLD WEST.

It has been told to me that two of the Hazelton bandits made their way to Seattle where after prohibition they ran a beer joint. One died shortly after their opening but the other ran the place until he too passed on. It is reported that the policeman on that beat knew of their former activities but kept quiet until both were dead and gone.— V. G. Wood, Route, 1, Box 151, Granite Falls, Washington 98252



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Otero. He wrote about it in his autobiography and was present when Jennie Laurence was killed. Otero had known Frank since the middle 1870s and was a good friend of Polacco. It is likely that he knew the facts.

The last known killing in Texas on this wild run was that of a man and his two sons near Tascosa on the Canadian River. When the mother of the family ran towards the bodies, he shot her too.

Back in Las Vegas, he shot and wounded a woman who refused him entrance to her bordello, after which he rode far south to White Oaks where he was unknown. Frank turned his hand to meat hunting, supplying local markets and several mines towards Silver City. The meat he sold was deer, antelope and bear. Very shortly he added "slow elk" to the list for special customers until he became—solely—a despised beefer.

Cowmen grew suspicious and soon lawmen were keeping an eye on him. Before they had collected enough evidence he went on a two-day rampage in town. He cleaned out a saloon without killing anybody, but a town officer concluded to gun him down. In hardly the bat of an eye the man was the victim, lying prone in the dusty street.

In January 1882 Navajo Frank showed up in the village of Sapello after spending a month in hiding at Canoncito. Hearing that burros were in great demand in Colorado, he turned wandering trader again.

Posing as such he once more stole horses at night. On his first trip to Trinidad, Colorado he sold a hundred burros at top prices and twenty good horses for more. Under guise of this business he continued making trips to various Colorado towns and mining camps.

His money lasted no time at all. The last dollar went for drinking bouts. If crossed when drunk he became violent instantly. All that he had suffered at men's hands boiled in him. He could whip any number, doing so in great delight. If someone resorted to gun play he killed quickly and remorselessly.

In Sapello he added another woman to his list of slain. In Elizabethtown two outlaws fell victim to his gun.

HE KILLED his last man there. Which brings up the question, how many human lives did his gun take? Although Navajo Frank did relate specific incidents to Sandoval and Polacco he never mentioned a total. It is likely the desperado himself couldn't remember exactly. The legend that Billy the Kid killed one man for every year of his life is a joke by comparison with Navajo Frank's record. The latter was twenty-three when hanged and he had killed far more men than that. Various authorities who knew most about him gave the number as anywhere from thirty to fifty. Old stories of wanton killers being what they are, probably a figure of twenty-five to thirty would be most nearly correct.

Navajo Frank returned to Polacco's ranch on June 25, 1882. After sundown he rode into Las Vegas. From the accounts of witnesses and reports in the *Daily Optic*, that night and the next day, Saturday, he appears to have behaved without giving offense to anyone.

Navajo Frank enjoyed himself, avoiding trouble in his unimpressive silent way, and didn't really get drunk until sunset. As the sun fell behind the Sangre de Cristos, and having to ride back to the Sapello River, he loaded himself for the trail.

On leaving Church Street, he crossed east into the better part of town. Walking up Main Street he turned off into Eighth to the liverybarn where his horse had been left. Paying the feed bill and saddling, he led out. For some reason he did not start to mount until he was around the corner on Main.

His half wild horse turned suddenly skittish. Cursing, Frank slapped the fractious animal around. During the confusion the horse got both hind legs onto the wooden sidewalk. Most likely Navajo Frank didn't see the two people through the dust cloud being raised by the horse's hoofs.

Out for a stroll in the balmy June evening were R. H. Hunter and his wife. About sixty, the Hunters had arrived from Topeka, Kansas, eighteen months before, making their home on Sixth Street. When the horse kicked violently onto the narrow walk, Hunter jumped around. What he had intended as a protective move instead exposed his wife to slashing hoofs. However, as the horse moved sideways, she escaped unharmed although badly frightened.

Discovering their presence then, Navajo Frank jerked the horse from the walk and away from them. But Hunter raised a heavy walking stick in a threatening manner.

"You dastardly ruffian!" he shouted. "I'll cane you half to death!"

Hunter had never seen Navajo Frank before and had no idea who he was. Bringing the stick up he swung it into the Indian's face. On the instant the killer's whiskey and blood mixed into the usual fatal combination.

As the Hunters resumed their walk down Main Street, Navajo Frank lifted into the saddle and took down his coiled lariat. Loosening the noose, he spurred forward to overtake the Hunters. The old man turned, raising his walking stick just as the rope dropped down over his head with a swish, knocking his hat off. In an instant the noose tightened. Hunter was jerked off his feet as spurs were again rammed into the horse. Landing in the street, Hunter was pulled along by the rope fastened hard to the saddle horn.

That particular block was paved with cobblestones, and Mrs. Hunter began screaming at the top of her voice. It attracted a man standing near an unspanned freight wagon and trailer. He looked up as Navajo Frank dashed by dragging his victim. Blinking his eyes a couple of times, he drew his six-gun and commenced firing at the rider whom he did not know. Surprisingly, Navajo Frank either cut the rope or cast it quickly off the saddle horn, and having released Hunter, rode on out of town at a gallop.

Witnesses to the affair removed the noose from Hunter and carried him home. A doctor was summoned, who found the old man not critically injured. The worst damage was a broken nose, minor scalp lacerations and rope burns around his neck.

The Hunters were well liked by the more prominent citizens and as the news spread over town quickly, the elite began to gather. They demanded that the culprit be arrested and jailed forthwith. Posses were organized and left town in different directions to search for the as-yet-unidentified villain.

Colonel E. G. Lockhart and town officer Harry Franklin having seen Navajo Frank leave the saloon drunk, surmised him to be the wanted man. They also knew that he lived on Polacco's ranch.

Taking Leonard H. Blythe, Joseph Silks and Dick Rankin along, they hurriedly hit the trail. Polacco wasn't home, but on inquiry members of the household pointed to a *jacal* on the river. They said it was occupied by Navajo Frank. Going there quietly, the possemen found him lying blotto on a mat and overpowered him easily.

Taken back to Las Vegas, Navajo Frank was first lodged in the east side jail. Then he was removed to the west side jail across the river in Mexican adobe town. On the far banks of the Gallinas mob rule would be far less conspicuous. Bringing Navajo Frank to trial in a court of justice wasn't even considered.

By demands and prearrangement citizens paved the way with guardians of the law and hanged Navajo Frank after beating him until he no longer had strength to resist.

In his autobiography, *My Life on the Frontier*, Otero wrote that Navajo Frank was "a pure product of the frontier." Certainly no one can quarrel with that statement.

Horseless Carriage Contest

(Continued from page 41)

of speed up Broadway to the Boulevard, and along the Boulevard to Kings Bridge on the Harlem River, the Park Commissioners having refused permission for the horseless carriages to pass through Central Park, the route originally selected.

At Kings Bridge all the carriages were halted until the arrival of the judges, who had followed in carriages. They were then started under the direction of Dr. John S. White, keeper of the official record. Immediately upon their departure the judges took a special train provided by Vice-President Webb, and were carried over the New York Central at a speed of seventy miles an hour to the station of the Ardsley Country Club. Nearly a thousand guests from New York and the country places along the Hudson were gathered at the Club to welcome the first horseless carriage. And notwithstanding the fact that the road from Kings Bridge through Yonkers contained many steep hills and that the judges had made their railway trip of some fourteen miles in less than that number of minutes, the carriages were not long after the judges in arriving.

The course from Kings Bridge required the horseless carriages to proceed to The Cosmopolitan Building at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, turn there, and come back to the Ardsley Country Club. The distance, estimated at sixteen and one-half miles, was made by the first carriage in one hour and five minutes. This carriage climbed the steepest hills without assistance or delay; and the turn at The Cosmopolitan Building was made up a stiff grade with perfect ease.

Unfortunately for the contestants, the entrance road at the Country Club had been newly covered with a layer of heavy rock, preparatory to a covering of fine crushed bluestone. The conditions were most unfavorable to movement, but Carriage Number One, the entry of The Duryea Motor Wagon Company, to which the judges finally awarded the prize, gave a most satisfactory exhibition.

Groups of spectators stood everywhere. Through and around these, Carriage Number One was guided with quickness, ease and sureness of motion, exciting the admiration of all present. Subsequently, the start for the return was made over a newly-ploughed golf ground. This proved so heavy that the occupants of the carriages were compelled to dismount and assist the motors in their work, creating an unfavorable impression in the minds of the onlookers. The return trip of Carriage Number One was made in even shorter time than the up journey.

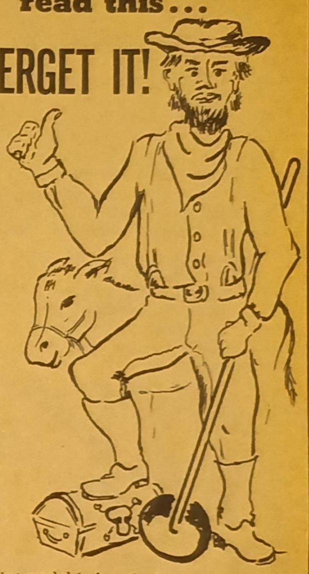
"Do the tests made under the auspices of *The Cosmopolitan* show the horseless carriage in shape for practical, everyday use?" is the question which the reader will ask.

"Yes," and "no," must be the reply. To the person already familiar with machinery, and capable of exercising proper intelligence and care, the horseless carriage stands ready to his hand.

That it is already the complete motor carriage, prepared to meet all the various requirements demanded by the public, must be doubted. That it is making the most rapid strides toward such perfected condition we cannot doubt. That horseless carriages will soon be on the market, of qualities and prices suitable for general use, we must believe.

Going from the realm of fact to that of imagination, the views advanced some months ago in *The Cosmopolitan* can not be materially modified. The horseless carriage promises, by its cheapness of operation, to give a vehicle which can be brought to the curb line of the street to receive its passengers at a fare not exceeding five cents. It thus promises to do away with the jerky, overcrowded cable and electric cars, and to substitute a noiseless, smooth and agreeable carriage over asphalt streets at the same cost, with the element of danger reduced to a minimum. Its general introduction will probably result in a three-cent carfare, as the first result of competition, and an increase of speed on elevated roads.

IF YA CAN'T read this... FERGET IT!



I jest crawled in from the desert an' I got my own troubles My throat's a mite dry an' them gol-dern snakes was all over out thar. So I figger I best get me a swig o' thet snake-bite medson afore I'm dun in, an' can't talk at ya about my side-kick, the FJ-5TR metal detector.

. . . Aah . . . Thunderation, thet sure do cure snake-bite! Any-how, this hyar detector kinda reminds me o' this ole mule I once had. He wouldn't answer to no name 'ceptin "Stubborn." He couldn't find gold or old coins and relics, but he'd find somethin' nearly as good. He'd let out a squeal an' start a-diggin' with his hoof . . . an' sure enuff, after a while . . . thar it was a-sparklin' in the sand . . . water! Thar's no tellin' how many times ole "Stubborn" sav'd my bones from bleachin'.

The FJ-5TR has 5 transistors an' feeds on a 9-volt battery (feedin' time every 40 operatin' hours), adjustable 6-inch search coil, an' a built-in speaker thet squeals like ole "Stubborn." 'Stead o' it carryin' you, you carry it . . . only weighs 2½ lbs. It'll find gold, silver, old guns, old coins, relics and snake-bite medson if it has a metal cap. I'll send ya more infermation by the U.S. Mail. But if ya got the fever fer one o' these "critters" now, I'll send ya one, cause I know thet fever real well.

I ain't askin' no fancy high price . . . don't believe in spendin' a fortune to find a fortune. Only askin' $77.00 post paid, or $35.00 an' agree to pay balance C.O.D. This detector is guaranteed and it'll earn its keep more than once. You kin call tha FJ-5TR any name. I call mine ole "Stubborn" 'cause it's always findin' somethin' good. Much oblige fer listenin' to me.
Yores Fer More Findin's
Snake-Bit Bob

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Bars Instead of Bullets

(Continued from page 23)

Til's prisoner confessed to being the same person. He had escaped the penitentiary forty-five years earlier!

IN JULY, 1920, Til learned that two men had committed a holdup near Pendleton. The report warned that they were desperate characters—very dangerous. He and his deputies found them near Reith. A deputy captured one bandit who went under the name of Neil Hart. Til went after the other one. This desperado, who called himself Jim Owens, was much larger than Til and nearly his equal in nerve, strength, cunning, and speed.

It was a running battle on a rock-strewn hillside. Both men dashed, crouched, shot, and dodged, playing one another. By clever maneuvering, Til gained on his quarry until they were close together.

Owens fired a final shot from behind a rock. His gun was empty. He was out of ammunition. With a curse he dropped the gun and charged like a mad bull, eyes wild, hair flying. Til stepped from behind his rock and leveled his gun at the charging madman.

"Stop or I'll shoot!"

Owens didn't stop. Til didn't shoot. He waited until the outlaw was close, then sidestepped. Grabbing Owens with one hand, he shoved the gun into the outlaw's ribs.

With fantastic speed Owens grabbed Til's gun hand and tried to wrest the gun from him. Still Til didn't squeeze the trigger. After a brief struggle, Owens saw that he was bested by the smaller man. He gave up and Til took him to jail.

July 25, 1920 was a sleepy Sunday in Pendleton. Most people were at a ball game. The streets were virtually deserted. A careless deputy—wearing his gun—entered the jail to feed the prisoners. Suddenly a prisoner named Rathie struck him from behind with a heavy stick of firewood. The deputy fell, reaching for his gun. Neil Hart, who had been captured with Owens near Reith, grabbed for the weapon. Again Rathie struck the deputy on the head, knocking him out. Soon the deputy was locked in a cell.

Five prisoners—Owens, Hart and Rathie were joined by two prisoners named Lindgren and Patterson—began to ransack the sheriff's office for guns and ammunition. Owens, the largest, meanest, and most desperate was leading the pack.

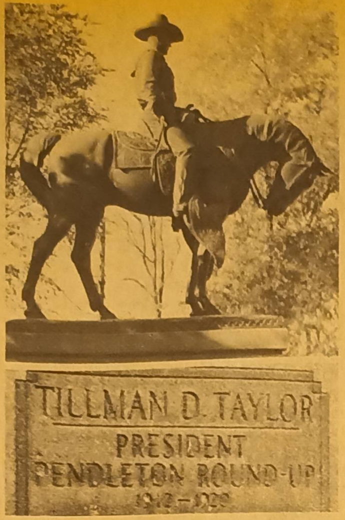
Sheriff Taylor and a friend, Guy Wyrick, walked in unexpectedly. There was no time for Til to draw his gun. He grabbed Owens. Wyrick tackled Hart. Again Rathie wielded the heavy club and Wyrick fell.

As Til and Owens wrestled to the floor, Til's gun fell from its holster. Hart jumped and grabbed it from the floor. Til and Owens struggled to their feet, still fighting.

"Kill him!" Owens shouted.

Hart raised the gun.

With lightning speed Til released one hand from Owens and grabbed Hart's gun hand. The shot went into the floor.



Til Taylor monument erected by friends in Pendleton, Oregon. Below, portion of monument plaque.

Hart jerked away.

"Shoot him!" screamed Owens.

Hart fired. The bullet entered Til's chest below his throat.

"Let's go!" shouted Owens.

The five prisoners, armed with loaded guns and led by madman Jim Owens, began to run.

Word spread that there had been a jailbreak, and Sheriff Til Taylor had been shot. The baseball game was forgotten. Men ran for horses, automobiles, and guns. Hardware stores were unlocked and possemen admitted.

"Help yourselves," storekeepers insisted, indicating guns and ammunition.

Before dark more than a hundred grim, determined men were searching the hills. Some had tears in their eyes. None of those grief-stricken men was more eager to meet Til's murderers face-to-face than George Fletcher. Six days later all five had been captured. Hart and Owens were caught in a sheep camp. They were starved, exhausted, their feet blistered.

W. R. "JINKS" TAYLOR was appointed to take his late brother's place as sheriff. Rathie had been returned immediately to Pendleton. Jinks Taylor journeyed over to La Grande, where Owens and Hart had been jailed, and there gave Sheriff Lee Warnack a receipt for the "live bodies" of Jim Owens and Neil Hart, who then were taken back to Pendleton.

Angry mobs roamed the streets of Pendleton. Lindgren and Patterson, who had broken jail but had not taken part in the killing, begged not to be placed in the same jail with the trio, but their request was ignored.

Hart and Owens were smuggled into the jail through a back door. When word got out that the murderers were in Pendleton jail, the irate citizens gathered on the courthouse lawn.

"Lynch them!"

"Hang them!"

"Let's get them!"

Jinks Taylor, accompanied by an armed guard, appeared on the courthouse steps. His eyes were moist.

"Boys, Til believed in the law," he said. "He fought for it. Died for it. If he were here he would ask you to go home and let the law take its course. I ask you to do it for Til."

The mob dispersed. The law took its course and justice was done. Rathie, Hart and Owens were taken to Salem and hanged.

Til Taylor's greatness is measured not by his fabulous exploits as sheriff but by his dedication to preserving law and order without killing. He believed that every man must pay for his wrongdoing, but that every man should have a second chance. Dead men get no second chance. Mention of his name to any old-timer in Pendleton will bring a husky reply, often a tear.

After his death a campaign was started for a Taylor Memorial Fund. Many of the contributors were men Til had jailed. From the memorial fund a statue was erected to this great but little-publicized sheriff. It stands in a small park in Pendleton for all to see.

Higher Than the Fish Can Go

(Continued from page 35)

Since the deer had started to feed, the old man tied his horse to a tree and continued on foot. After only a few yards, he spotted a small buck. When his rifle spoke, the buck leaped into the air and folded up.

Jubilant over his success, the man hog-dressed the deer and started back for his horse. Recrossing the little meadow, he stumbled over a rock. It was round, and yellow in color. When he examined the dry creekbed, he found layers of the same kind of rocks. Excited now, the old man loaded the buck on his horse and headed for camp, where his empty belly was filled with juicy deer liver and all was right with the world.

With meat in camp, and the weather holding nice and clear, the prospector eagerly headed for the meadow with pick, shovel, and goldpan. He sank several holes to bedrock and carried samples to a spring fifty yards away where he panned them. There were some colors in the pan, but not what he had hoped to find. Rather discouraged, he returned to camp the first day.

The next day as he worked, his hopes began to rise when the colors became coarse and more plentiful. By noon, when he panned the last sample, he felt sure that he had found what he sought so long. At dusk he staked a claim and headed for camp.

Tired as he was, the old man found it hard to sleep and, lying awake, made plans to come back the next spring with a partner. They would whipsaw some lumber for sluiceboxes, and start mining while the melting snow could provide water for the project. The next day the prospector loaded his camp gear and meat on the pack mule and started on the long trail toward Boise and civilization.

The bleak winter passed and spring returned to White Hawk Basin, but not so the loner who had left with such high hopes.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS went by. Where hundreds of men had worked before, only a few remained. A placer miner by the name of John Reeves was one of those who stayed.

One spring day, a stranger rode up to John's cabin, asking if John could tell him the way to White Hawk Basin. John could and, after feeding the stranger, sent him on his way.

A month passed, and one evening the same stranger returned. Since it was late, John invited him to stay for the night. After a good supper, the fellow told his story:

"Twenty-five years ago this fall, my uncle prospected in Deadwood and, on his way out, camped in White Hawk Basin. He had given up hope of finding anything and had gone hunting for deer when he stumbled onto some good placer gold. The strike was in a small meadow on a branch of White Hawk Creek, flowing into the basin 'higher than the fish could go,' as he put it.

"He was unable to go back because of illness and died about twenty years ago. Before he passed away, he told Dad about his strike and gave him the gold he had panned out. Here it is."

With that the stranger produced a small bottle which contained coarse gold. John examined the bottle's contents and found that some pieces had quartz sticking to them, indicating that the gold had not traveled too far from its source.

"I have hunted for that gold all I am going to," the stranger continued. "My uncle must have got mixed up on the creeks somehow, since he was honest and didn't believe in fooling anybody."

After the fellow had left the next morning, John decided to go looking for the lost claim. And look he did, but without results. White Hawk Basin takes in a lot of territory, and John followed every fork of the creek "higher than the fish could go."

Years rolled by and the story about the lost "mine" was told many times. Quite a few people tried to find it.

When I arrived in Deadwood in 1928, along with my older brother Andy, we heard about the lost mine, and joined the search. Together with Barney Parks who later became my trapping partner, we prospected White Hawk Basin.

It was during July and the weather was hot and sultry. The always-hungry mosquitoes were fierce. One man had to stand and swing a spruce bough over the other while he was panning to keep him from being eaten alive. After two weeks of that kind of misery, we gave up the project and turned our attention to more pleasant places to seek gold.

In the next few years, times really got hard. There was no work to be found and many men, like ourselves, took to the hills to look over the old placer

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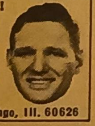

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diggings. By mining in the springtime and trapping during the winter months, we made a living and were happy.

In the late autumn of 1938 Barney and I were between our cabin on Nine-Mile Creek and White Hawk Basin when we stopped to rest in a small meadow about two miles from our destination. As we sat there talking, a big buck walked out on a knoll across the meadow and Barney shot it. After dressing out the buck, we went down to the almost dry creek bed to wash our hands, and saw what looked like an old prospect hole. Our curiosity aroused, we continued down the creek and found two more.

The creek turned sharply to the left and the ground rose abruptly in front of us. Small spruce and jackpine grew quite close together making it hard to see very far ahead. As we topped the rise, I almost stepped over a precipice thirty feet high. Barney caught me just in time.

To our left we could see the creek as it disappeared over the brink. Barney looked at me and said, "What fools we have been all these past years. Do you know what I am thinking?"

"Yes," I replied, "*higher than the fish can go and on a small fork of White Hawk Creek.* We have found the lost mine at last!"

And so we had. All that remained now was to prospect it and find the gold. With the ground frozen and our traps out and a storm on its way, we decided to leave things as they were for the time being.

THE SNOW fell deep that winter and was late melting the next spring. It was August before we returned with the necessary tools—pick and shovel, bar and buckets and, of course, the gold pan. We decided to clean out the old holes since there was less dirt to move there. But it proved very difficult. The water was still high and gravel kept caving in on us.

Eventually, after much bailing and hard work, we were down five feet and on bedrock, where we took our first sample. The decomposed bedrock mixed with heavy chunks of iron and stained with fluorin was a sight for any prospector to behold. What puzzled us most was that there was not much gold.

After digging and bailing water all day without finding enough gold to get excited about, we decided to give it up until the water level was not so high. We cached our digging tools, with the exception of the gold pan, under an overhanging rock surrounded by spruce, and headed for home.

During the next few months we were busy building another cabin for the coming winter and prospecting had to wait. Shortly after, Deadwood Mine went into production and we both went to work there.

World War II came and went. Barney lived on in the hills as he always had, only now he drew a small pension from the government. I got married and settled down in Emmett Valley, where I still live.

For many years I did not have time for prospecting. I went to work for the Bureau of Reclamation. My family grew. During the summer months, we often went to visit Barney in Deadwood. While visiting him in the late '50s just before his death, Barney added a new note to the story of the lost mine.

"A few days ago," he said, "I visited the little meadow where our gold strike was made. Some friends of mine were here and we drove in to White Hawk Basin in a jeep and camped there two days. While they went hunting in a different direction, I quietly hiked over to the place. Everything is as we left it. The tools are all there. I found another prospect hole farther up the creek and, in a small draw leading to the meadow, a badger had been digging for ground squirrels. The dirt he had dug out looked nice and red so I got the old shovel and sank a hole to bedrock which was only about two feet. I have the sample that I took, wrapped up in my bandana. Let's go and pan it out."

This time there was no doubt about the claim's being good. The colors were coarse and very rough and one piece had some quartz sticking to it.

Ten years have gone by since Barney died, and much has happened to me in that time. My second son lost a leg in a hunting accident in 1962. I have lost an eye, and two years ago I was forced into retirement by a bad hip which makes it hard for me to get around as I used to. With my two oldest boys in college, it isn't easy to make ends meet. As an old friend used to say, "I am caught between a rock and a hard place," and the little meadow back in the hills with its gold looks better each day. This summer I hope to go there with two of the boys and start digging.

I am not kidding myself into thinking that I will find a fortune, but perhaps we can make expenses during the short summer. The prospectors whom I have known followed very much the same pattern. Restless and usually broke, even though they had made a strike at some time or another, most of them died poor. Yet to the majority of them, the future always looked bright. Always the hope of striking it rich kept them going from one day to the next until the very end.

Perhaps my favorite poet, Robert W. Service, has portrayed them best of all in his poem entitled "The Prospector":

You will find a tethered tent pole
with a ragged robe below it,
You will find a rusted goldpan on the sod.
You will find the claim I'm seeking
with my bones as stakes to show it,
I sought my last recorder, and He's God."

The old prospector's expression, "higher than the fish can go," describes the place without doubt, since it is the only branch of White Hawk which tumbles over a cliff so high that the fish cannot go any farther. The fact that the creek flows into the stream perhaps a mile below the basin had been overlooked by the old man since he was short on time and in a hurry to get out before the snow could catch him.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 46)

William Daniel Stephens

William Daniel Stephens was born in Kentucky in 1806, and died at Enterprise, Kansas, in 1889. He married Sarah Elizabeth Padgett of Terre Haute, Indiana. As far as I know, their children Vincent C., William Nelson, and Harriett were born in Indiana. Two other children died as babies. Later a boy named George, a girl named Amanda, and my grandmother, Martha Ellen, were added to the family. My grandmother was born in Franklin, Iowa, in 1857, but I don't have any information about her parents.—Mrs. Lambert Koch, 8935 S.E. Stanley Place, Portland, Oregon 97206

Boatwright or Boatright

I would appreciate any help from our readers if they should know the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. Boatwright (or Boatright). They have two sons, Cleao and Virgil, and a daughter, Rosybell. She is about 61 or 62, the brothers are younger. They were last seen at Brushy Mound, Oklahoma and they have a fellowship every year there now for oldtimers. I would like to get in contact with them, if possible. They are very close to all of us.—Jordan L. Gilcrease, 921 San Clemente, N.W., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107

Charles R. Taylor

I am trying to locate information about my grandfather, Charles R. Taylor. According to his death certificate he was born in Alabama, but no town or parentage was mentioned. All I know is that he met my grandmother, Anne Mae Wilson, in Bell County, Texas, and they were married in Snyder, Texas in 1909. He belonged to the Snyder Masonic Lodge at that time. He died in 1915 at Dallas, Texas. He did have one relative living in Texas, a cousin or uncle, by the name of Luther Taylor who wrote several gospel songs. I realize this is not much information but it seems someone somewhere must have known him. I remember hearing once that he was an actor or in some kind of traveling show but I do not know how true that is. I would appreciate any kind of information.—Mrs. Dee Sanders, 1125 Burger Street, Abilene, Texas 79603

Clarence Earles

I would like to get in touch with any relatives or friends who knew my father, Clarence Earles, who was killed in a coal mine accident when I was a small child. He lived near Centerville, Iowa for a time and is thought to have several relatives there. He was married to my mother and had two sons by that marriage, Raymond and Oval Earles, who now reside in Des Moines, Iowa. He then married Golda Olive Van Der Haaf, who was my mother. He was reportedly one-half Cherokee and one-half French. I know little about the family history of my father and will gladly answer letters from anyone who can tell me more.—Mrs. Florence Earles Marsh, 2150 S. First Street, #17, San Jose, California 95112

Thomas Clark

I am seeking information on descendants of Thomas Clark who was from Kentucky and married a girl from Tennessee. He joined the Texas Rangers and was killed out of state, presumably Arizona, in 1888 while his company was coming back from San Francisco. He was the son of Richard Clark and Nancy Jones Clark—C. R. Clark, Box 12814, Tucson, Arizona 85711

Ozona, Texas Family

I wonder if anyone is left of the Coates family, Fred and Goober Coates, whom I knew near Ozona, Texas where they had a sheep ranch. We had a cattle ranch next to them in 1914. I think I am the only one left of my group who included Charles and Jesse Donovan, brothers; their sister, Mrs. Ellison (Donovan) Carrol (Carroll); her husband, Ellison Carrol; Mrs. Donovan, the mother of Charles, Jesse, and Mrs. Carrol; and myself, the wife of Jesse. We were from Oklahoma. If any of the Coateses are still around, I would like to hear from them.—Mrs. Nona Fleming, 5035 Alpha Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida 32205

Byrd Kinfolks

I am trying to locate or get some information on my half-brother and half-sister whom I have never seen. My father, James Edward Lee Byrd, had been married once before he met and married my mother in Pawnee, Oklahoma. I do not know his first wife's name but have been told only she was a red-haired woman. They were divorced before 1922 when their two children were under five years of age, the son being the elder of the two. I believe they lived in Texas. My father was born in Texas in 1900 or 1901 and lived in Texas most of his young life. Later he worked in the Oklahoma oil fields. I believe he has a sister still living in Texas.—Maxine L. Bryd Smith, Route 1, Box 450, Mt. Shasta, California 96094

George Washington Hopkins

I'm hoping someone may have information on the military record of my grandfather, George Washington "Wash" Hopkins, Texas Ranger and army scout, who apparently served first on the Confederate side and then the Union side in the Civil War. "Wash" Hopkins was born near what is now McKenzie, Carrol County, Tennessee in 1834. He was on the 1850 census of his stepfather, A. Bullock, in Weakley County, Tennessee. It appears that three brothers, James F. Hopkins, George W. "Wash" Hopkins, and Green Hopkins, were conscripted into the Confederate forces, in either Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas or Texas. Does anyone know? The three, said to be Union sympathizers, made a break for the Northern side and Green Hopkins was killed.

James F. and "Wash" Hopkins apparently enlisted on the Union side, in which state I am unable to discover. As an army scout, Wash was captured by Quanah Parker, last chief of the Comanches, and escaped. His companion scout elected not to try and was not heard of again. After the war, Wash rode his horse from Texas to Union County, Illinois where two brothers and his mother lived. I would like to know in which state Civil War enlistments took place so I can trace the background of these people. I'm also interested in Texas Ranger enlistment.—George O. Hopkins 2119 Hargill Drive, Orlando, Florida 32806

Chidester or Chichester

I would like to hear from the descendants of Samuel and Milla Chidester (or Chichester) who were my great-great-great-grandfather and grandmother. Samuel died in Greene County, New York and left a number of descendants in this state but a number headed west in later years. They all had fairly large families and surely must have kept records on their families. If anyone has any information on the Chidesters or Chichesters, would they kindly send it to me.—Arthur M. Smith, Box 65, West Coxsackie, New York 12192

Clancy Family of Dakota

Mrs. Edna Clancy would like to hear from anyone who may remember her or her parents or who lived in the same part of South Dakota (Dakota Territory) in those days. Her parents were Harvey Howe and Helen Felt Howe. They came to South Dakota about 1883 (I think) where they homesteaded about thirty miles north of Pierre, and, in Mrs. Clancy's words, "About one day's journey west of the Missouri." About 1889 they moved to Riverside, California.

Mrs. Clancy also would like to hear from anyone who has information about the whereabouts of her mother's family Bible. Mrs. Clancy's friends will be happy to hear she celebrated her 84th birthday on July 30th and is still bright and alert. She would like to hear from her old friends and will gladly answer any letters.—Mrs. Sandra Jung for Mrs. Edna Clancy, 472 Arletta Avenue, San Jose, California 75128

Colonel C. E. Cooley

I would appreciate information on Col. Corydon E. Cooley, a government scout in 1872-3. He settled in northern Arizona in the vicinity of Show Low and later in a poker game won a ranch now known as Show Low. He was associated with Gen. George Crook and was married to "Mollie," Apache Chief Pedro's daughter. He died on an Apache reservation March 18, 1917.—Corydon E. Crooks, Box 864, Winterhaven, California 92283

Ernie Acree

I would like to correspond with anyone knowing the whereabouts of Ernie Acree who is of Cree Indian descent. Somewhere along the line the letter A was added to the name of Cree. I would like any information that is possible to get on the Cree Indians. Ernie Acree is my father. If there is anyone who knows anything at all about him, please let me hear from you.—Mrs. Edward C. Corley, 423 E. Park Avenue, Fairmont, West Virginia 26554

"Indian" John Nelson

(Continued from page 27)

this Indian trait which was regarded as the highest of virtues. To the Sioux, generosity was a sign of great character and their lives revolved around generous acts.

After the great gold rush to California in 1849, a steady flow of wagontrains wound their way across the plains and mountains. Contact with the white man meant nothing but grief to the Indians, however. To the red man, civilization was synonymous with whiskey, wars, disease and reservations, and Nelson watched helplessly as the wild, free life of the Sioux evolved into a desperate contest for survival.

With the steady influx of settlers and travelers into the western country, John came more and more into contact with his own people. He guided wagontrains, drove cattle and became an expert teamster and bullwhacker. With a twenty-foot bull whip he could reportedly cut the head from a sunflower or pick off the petals one by one. A contemporary noted that Nelson could "snuff the ashes from a cigar while a man held it in his mouth . . . or knock a fly from an ox's ear without injuring the animal."

BEING a bullwhacker and muleskinner requires a vocabulary to match and Nelson was accorded the distinction of being the most profane man on the Plains. A musician at Fort McPherson once commented that John could run the scale with cusswords and do it artistically.

Nelson once demonstrated his way with animals to a startled preacher who was traveling west in a caravan. The preacher's eight yoke of oxen were mired in the mud of a creek and despite every entreaty by the churchman, the animals couldn't or wouldn't pull themselves free. When John noticed the bogged-down wagon, he told the preacher to walk ahead and he would get the animals moving.

"No, Mr. Nelson, I want to see how you work. I've used all the beautiful language in the Bible and even offered a little prayer for assistance and still the animals won't budge. I want to see how you make these oxen pull for you."

John started at the wheelers and worked his way up to the leaders, telling each of the animals stories which only bulls and mules understand. He continued down on the other side of the team making the air turn blue with his gentle coaxing, then turned and came back, punching holes in the atmosphere. By the time he worked his way back to the wheelers, every animal had his head and ears up ready to start pulling.

"Now get the hell out of here you blankety-blank sons of billy goats," and he punctuated his command with an explosion from his bull whip.

Without further urging, those oxen hauled the wagon out of the mire at a dead run. The startled preacher could only shake his head and comment that as a bullwhacker, his education had been "sadly neglected."

Another incident recalled a time when Nelson was guiding a party of Mormons across the plains. The group had spent all day fording a boggy stream and John had been kept busy doubling and tripling the teams to get the wagons through the mud. The last yoke of oxen lay down in the mud and refused to move despite beatings, tail-twistings and even the building of fires by the inexperienced drivers. Finally Nelson came up and surveyed the situation. He stood off to one side of the wagon and began popping his whip near the ears of each of the oxen, this presumably to get their attention. Then he began a rhythmic swearing with an occasional "Ho Buck" sandwiched between cuss words. This was something new to the tired animals and they soon began to move. In a few minutes the wagon had been dragged from the muck, and Nelson again took up his place at the head of the column.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Depot at North Platte, Nebraska in the 1870s when Nelson often visited that town for supplies.

John had "loved and lost" several more Indian wives over the years, but about 1864 he acquired his final Indian mate. He christened her Jenny. She was the widow of a halfbreed named Draper, who had "taken the rough edges off her," as Nelson put it. Jenny was a good wife and had all the qualities which were lacking in his previous brides. John thought so much of her that in later years they were married in a church. Jenny was a daughter of an Ogalala chief and was a close relative of old Red Cloud himself. In times of conflict, Jenny went home to her people while John worked as scout and interpreter for the army.

Nelson was living with the Sioux when the first conflicts with white men took place, but his Indian friends never expected him to fight against his own kind. He was associated with the army for many years, beginning with the Mormon troubles in the late 1850s. John's favorite country was the Medicine Creek area of Nebraska and he guided army units out of Fort McPherson all through the 1860s.

It was at Fort McPherson that he came into contact with many of the men who were to gain lasting fame in western frontier history. Lieutenant Belden, Buffalo Bill Cody, Bill Reid, the North Brothers, Captain J. H. Cook, Wild Bill Hickok and many of the noted army officers of the time were acquainted with Nelson and recognized his abilities in dealing with the Indians.

NELSON enjoyed telling stories of the early days, especially when under the influence, and he easily acquired the reputation of taking liberties with the truth. Cody, in an early autobiography, noted that "John is a good fellow, though as a liar he has but few equals and no superiors." W. F. Carver, who hunted and trapped with Nelson early in the 1870s, was just as blunt when he recalled that John had the reputation of being "the biggest liar on the Overland Trail." But if his stories were taken with a grain of salt, his abilities as a scout were not, and when the army needed a guide he was frequently used, as is testified to by the post records of Fort McPherson.

Being a wanderer and vagrant by nature, Nelson's record with the army is rather sketchy. Some of his activities can be pinned down, however, and it is known that he was retained as scout for an expedition out of Fort McPherson in September 1869. Nelson and Buffalo Bill Cody guided units of the Second and Fifth Cavalry, together with Major North's Pawnee Scouts, in pursuit of a hostile band of Cheyennes and Sioux under Pawnee Killer, Little Bull and Whistler.

On the morning after the first day's march, Cody was challenged to a friendly rifle match by General Duncan, who was in command. The intrepid scout, who was just beginning to achieve fame as a frontiersman, had, of all things, left his rifle behind at the fort. It seems that the night before leaving he had engaged in a drinking bout with some army friends and the next morning, in the throes of a mighty hangover, had left his weapon behind. Nelson must have chuckled to himself when Cody asked to borrow his rifle and then subsequently lost the match.

The expedition did a lot of hunting to augment rations and had one brief skirmish with a band of Indians on September 20. Two days later the command came upon an abandoned old squaw who had been left behind by the fleeing Indians. Nelson recognized her as a relative of his wife and the mother of Pawnee Killer whose band had lately wiped out the members of a surveying party. The pursuit was continued until late in October when snow and a shortage of food compelled a return to Fort McPherson.

This expedition is well documented in the records of the Fifth Cavalry, Cody's autobiography and the diaries of Major Frank North. Nelson's account of the campaign was given to his biographer who published a book on Nelson's life in 1889. His story agrees substantially with the other records, but adds some interesting sidelights. When the expedition was getting ready to leave, General Duncan called Nelson to his headquarters and asked that he accompany them as interpreter.

"I can't, General," replied John, "I've got a valuable herd of stock I've got to take up to the reservation and I must look after them."

"I need a good interpreter, Nelson, and your stock will just have to wait."

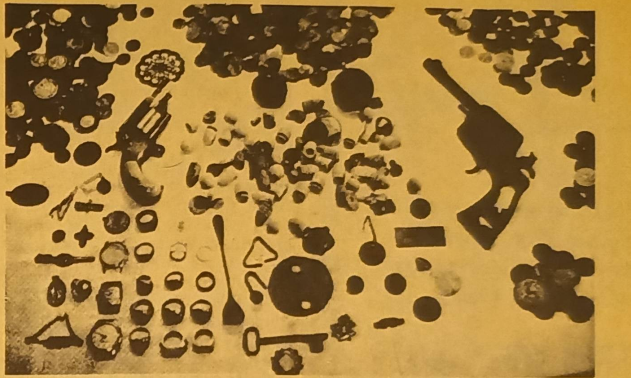
The two men argued back and forth, but when the general insisted upon his going, Nelson adamantly refused and subsequently found himself in the post guardhouse. General Duncan continued his pleas and when the safety of his stock was guaranteed, Nelson finally consented to go. Upon return of the expedition, however, John found that his herd had been stolen and he bitterly commented that he never received any compensation for his loss from either Duncan or the government.

IN THE early 1870s Nelson took up a claim along Medicine Creek with a view toward settling down. For a time he lived with his family in a tepee, but eventually he built a log cabin from which he trapped, traded and raised some stock. Other early settlers of the area were Hank and Monte Clifford, Arthur Roff, Jim Lauderdale, Doc Carver and W. H. Miles.

Doc Carver who was later to become a showman and world-renowned rifle marksman, knew Nelson at this time and often hunted and trapped with him. One day while on a trapping expedition the two men had just made camp with their small wagon when Nelson discovered a skunk under the wagon tongue. He was wearing a new buckskin suit which Jenny had made for him, and before he could retreat the skunk had given him the full treatment. Nelson flew into a towering rage, and while Carver was laughing himself hoarse, literally stomped the offending skunk into the ground. Turning the air blue with his cussing, Nelson threw the skunk at the gleeful Carver and narrowly missed hitting him in the face. That night when they rolled up in their blankets, John threatened to shoot his partner as soon as Carver fell asleep.

Nelson had a great many friends among the Sioux and these Indians were constantly visiting him or the Clifford brothers. Some time after the skunk episode, John and Carver devised a scheme to entertain the Indians and scare up a little excitement at the same time. Measuring off a one-hundred-yard stretch of ground extending to the creek bank, the two plainsmen proposed horse races in which the rider whose pony hoofs came closest to the edge of the bluff would be the winner. A ten-foot drop off the bluff and into the water loomed for any rider whose timing was faulty. The Indians were enthusiastic about the venture and naturally a good deal of betting took place.

The first Indian who made the run went over the bank and into the water, while the following rider pulled up about twenty feet from the edge. Nelson was the last to ride and won the first contest. Since he and Carver had been betting together, the two men won quite a



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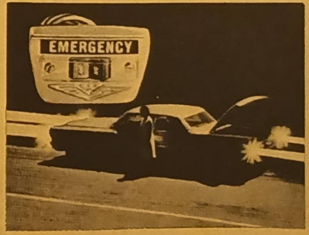

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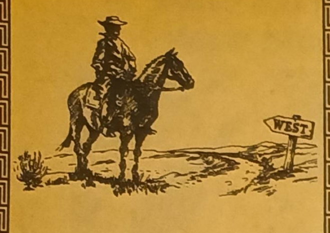

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pile of Indian trinkets.

For the next month the racing and betting went on each Sunday, with the red men getting more enthusiastic with each successive contest. If a horse and rider went over the bluff and into the water a chorus of war-whoops went up which shook the ground. During the first week Carver trained a cow-cutting horse until it could "turn on a dime and leave a nickel change." The two partners cleaned up on the following race days even though the Indians also had trained their horses.

On the fourth Sunday the Indians showed up for the races as usual and Hank Clifford's squaw set up a tepee. John told Doc that the squaws had brought along a lot of beadwork which they wanted to wager, and he told Carver to go into the tepee and have a look. While Carver looked through the Indian items, Nelson stayed outside, ostensibly to arrange the betting.

Before long John called Carver out with the news that everything was ready for the race. Carver was startled to find that Nelson had piled everything both men owned on the ground and was betting it all on one race.

"The Injuns want to bet everything at once, Doc," explained Nelson, and since Carver was confident of the ability of his cow-horse, he didn't put up any objection.

The contestants drew lots as usual and Carver won the last ride. When all the riders had made their marks, Doc climbed into the saddle with a satisfied grin on his face.

Instead of taking off at a run, the horse bounded into the air and began bucking his way toward the creek, the rider having all he could do to hang on. Bucking all the way, the horse plunged out toward the bluff and over into the water and mud below. It was some minutes before Carver and his pony straggled from the stream and by then the Indians and Nelson were riding away laughing so hard they could hardly stay on their mounts.

Doc was perplexed about the whole matter, but he was so mad at his horse and at losing his possessions that he couldn't think straight. When he pulled off the saddle and blanket, underneath he discovered a bunch of tacks and prickly pears and then he really got mad. Doc walked down to where Nelson had camped, fuming that he would kill every Indian in sight, including John Nelson, but the Indians had vanished.

Two weeks later Carver got up one morning to find a tepee pitched in front of the doorway to his cabin. Inside was all the property he had lost in the races and a note from Nelson. "Doc," it read, "we will be up for dinner with you next Sunday. You had your laugh and I've had mine, so everything's squared." It was signed simply, "Skunk."

NELSON'S HOME on Medicine Creek was incorporated into Frontier County, Nebraska, in January 1872. The county was organized at the tepee of Hank Clifford, and John Nelson was appointed county surveyor. When the group of new officials received the commissions to sign, it was discovered that there was no pen and ink among any of the men. With pioneer ingenuity, sticks were used as pens, soot scraped from the lodge poles did duty as ink, and the men were duly commissioned. Nelson and one deputy surveyed the new county in the following months, although for four years there was no money with which to pay salaries.

Before long Nelson was on the move again. For a time he stayed at the Pine Ridge Indian Agency where he engaged in trading. During the gold rush to the Black Hills he was in Deadwood and various other settlements, and for a short time worked as peace officer at Sidney, Nebraska. Always on the move, his roving nature shaped by the wanderings of his Indian boyhood, Nelson was a frontier vagabond who saw nearly every aspect of the pioneer American West.

In the late 1870s, Nelson traveled for a time with his old friend, Buffalo Bill Cody, as interpreter for the latter's stage shows. He was also on hand when Cody staged his first outdoor Wild West Show at Omaha in 1883. For over ten years John was a feature of the show, being billed as one who "by general honesty and energy has gained fame and respect among whites and Indians." Nelson took his wife and children with him and together they saw most of the country and a good part of Europe. In England in 1887, a special performance was scheduled for the Prince of Wales and his royal party. Cody reported later that the "royal party cottoned greatly to John Nelson's half-breed papoose" and old John must have swelled with pride at the attention.

In Cleveland, Ohio, along in the 1880s, Nelson ran across a veteran of the Kansas Indian campaigns. Sigmund Shlesinger had been a member of Forsyth's scouts and had fought at the memorable Battle of Beecher's Island in 1868. At this time he was a Cleveland cigar store owner and when Cody's show hit town, he decided to see if he could locate any old frontier comrades. Wandering through the show grounds, Shlesinger bumped into Nelson and asked if he had known any of Forsyth's scouts.

"Yes," replied Nelson, "I was at Forsyth's rescue."

After exchanging information on old acquaintances, John invited Shlesinger to the Indian encampment and introduced him to his wife. Nelson spoke to Jenny in Sioux and she jumped up and grabbed Shlesinger's hands.

"She is glad to see you," said Nelson, "for she was on the north hill watching your fight with her people."

Shlesinger invited them to visit his shop the next day and John and his family created quite a sensation. While in the shop, Jenny and John had an animated conversation, after which Nelson asked Shlesinger to do him a favor.

"Do you remember the three dead Indians you people scalped on the edge of the island? One of them was a relative of my wife, and a man wearing a buckskin shirt was seen to shoot and kill him. All these years my wife and her people have been under the impression that I was with you during the fight and accuse me because I happened to be there with the rescue party; and because I usually wore a buckskin shirt it was conclusive evidence to them that I was the guilty one. It would please me much if you would testify to my innocence."

Shlesinger was able to recall that Jack Stillwell, one of the scouts in the command, had worn a buckskin shirt and so was able to smooth over an old rift.

Besides being interpreter for the show, John drove or rode on the famous Deadwood stagecoach and threw up glass balls for Cody to shoot. His biography, dictated to an English writer in 1888, makes no mention of his show years, which must have seemed colorless indeed compared to his earlier life.

In the middle 1890s, John left the show and again traveled around the fast disappearing western country which he knew so well. Several of his five surviving children stayed in show business, notably Mrs. Rose Ecoffey known professionally as Princess Blue Waters.

In his old age John had second thoughts about the life he had led, but in the end he was still more Indian than white. His last years were spent on the Pine Ridge, South Dakota, Indian reservation where he died on January 6, 1903. He was buried there in the Episcopal cemetery.

Cha-sha-sha-opoggeo has long since gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds of his adopted people, the Sioux. He was a famous and widely known character in his day, but he was a man who was bypassed by history. If he was something of a legend in his own time, still he wasn't a man to whom lasting fame could cling to. In nineteenth century America, squawmen could make history but were not always perpetuated in its annals.

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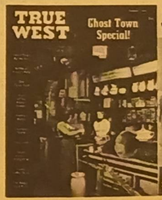

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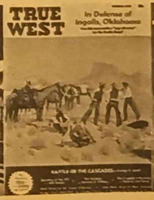

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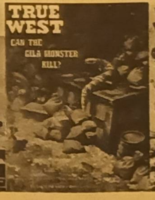

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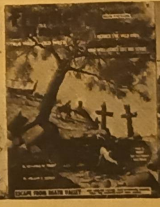

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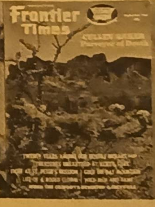

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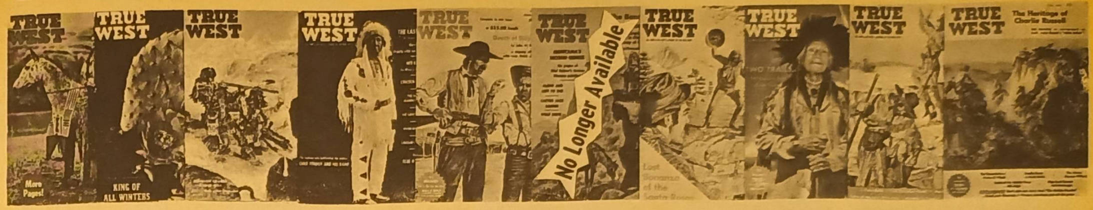

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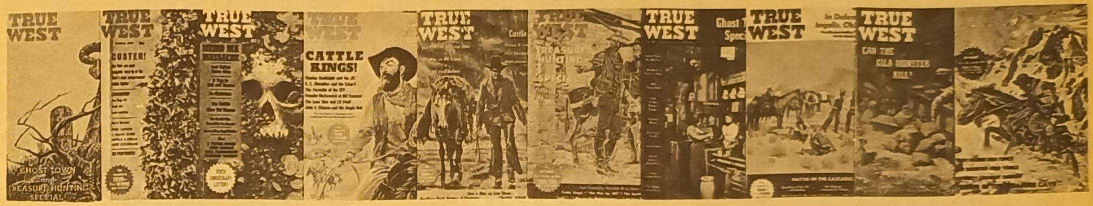
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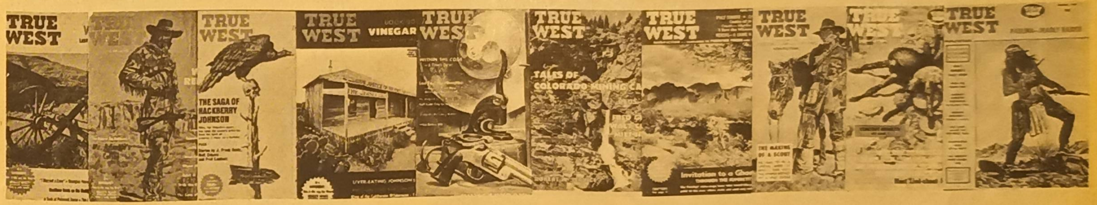
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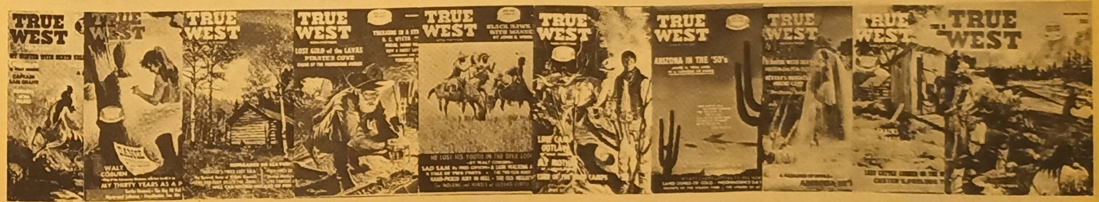
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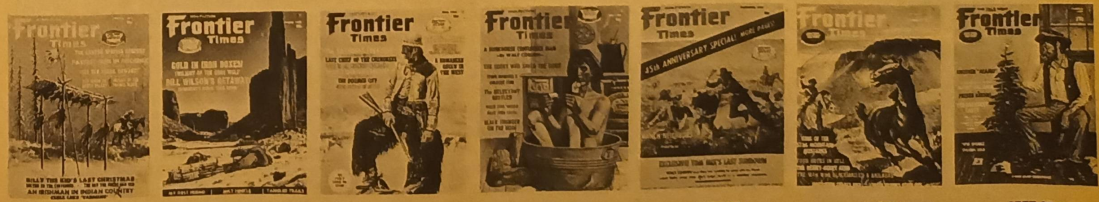
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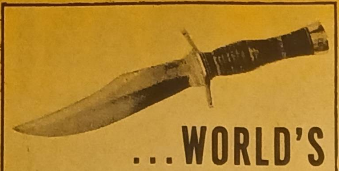

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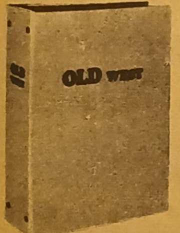

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Eagle Tail Won't Talk

(Continued from page 21)

ment of Mount Capulin. In the valley to the east, between us and Folsom, some neat ranch buildings nestled in a grove of trees.

I broke out my metal locator and buckled on my old army belt on which I keep canteen, hunting knife, flashlight, nylon rope and a folding shovel.

I said, "Let's go get it."

We walked to the edge of the rimrock. "It is somewhere between here and the point of the rimrock as it goes down into the canyon," Fred told me.

I asked what it was we were looking for and he laughed. "The marker to the spot where ten, twenty or thirty thousand dollars is buried!"

I said, "Make it thirty if you can."

HE DIDN'T KNOW which amount it was, as there were three fellows in on the robbery and they could have split it. It was very possible that only one part was buried here. The marker was a star, but Fred didn't recall how many points were on it. He did remember it had a straight line out from it like a fairy wand. Fred saw it in his late teens and it was so fresh looking he thought it had just been cut into the rock. As we walked and looked and cleaned dirt off surface rocks, the following is what Fred told me.

"I was herding my dad's turkeys at the time and coyotes were getting a few of them. I had my rifle with me and it was early fall. The day was rather cool and I had climbed this rimrock to a point just below where we are now. I was hunkered down out of the wind where I could still see the turkeys.

"Sure enough an old lanky coyote came slinking along the edge of the flock getting ready to make his run into them. I pulled down on him, and we had one less coyote to worry about. However, as the echo of the shot rang back from the canyon walls I had another and closer worry. A rattlesnake was directly behind me. I crawled above him so my bullet would not ricochet toward me and sent him to a hotter place.

"The turkeys started scattering when the coyote showed up. As I was almost on top of this rimrock, I decided to climb on up here and walk around to the point of the canyon which would put me in front of them.

"When I climbed over the top I had taken only one or two steps before I saw this freshly cut star on the rock. I remember wondering, 'Who would have been on a picnic up here and taken the time to cut a design like that on an old hard rock?' However, the coyote and the snake had given me something else to think about and I went on to round up the turkeys.

"About two or three years ago I learned that a part or all of a $30,000 robbery was buried near where I had seen that fresh-cut mark. That's when I decided the star could have been put there for a purpose. Now if we can find it again—"

We didn't find Fred's star, and I decided to check out his story to see if he were trying to pull my leg. He was not. The only difference I came up with concerned the amount. Instead of $30,000, it was actually $34,000. This is what happened as near as I can trace it down. (If any OLD WEST readers have any better leads, let's get together because Fred and I sure can use our part of $34,000!)

SIX MILES NORTH of present-day Springer, New Mexico on Highway 85 is a turn-off, Highway 58 left to Cimarron, New Mexico. It is referred to as French Corners by the people of the area. About twenty miles east of Cimarron, at the end of a short road which turns right off Highway 85 a mile or so north of the 85-58 junction, is a small station called French where the Canadian and Vermejo Rivers meet. In the early 1900s it was the north end of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad. Here this line connected with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. The "town" of French at that time was two tents boarded up. One was operated as a restaurant and the other served as sleeping quarters. The EP&SW Railroad had two section houses for the section foreman and five section hands and also for a gentleman named Stevens who operated the tents.

At 4:30 p.m. on Thursday afternoon May 14, 1908 three men pulled one of the slickest robberies of the West and escaped with $34,000, which as far as I know has never been recovered.

The EP&SW was owned by Phelps Dodge Corporation, and the line ran from Tucson, Arizona to their Dawson, New Mexico coal mines. The coal was sold commercially as well as for the railroad engines and the coke went to the Phelps Dodge smelters in Arizona and Mexico. The operating company was known as the Stag Canon Fuel Company and the sales company was Dawson Fuel Sales Company. Later the operating company was called Phelps Dodge Corporation Stag Canon Branch. Sometime in the 1920s Phelps Dodge Corporation sold the railroad to the Southern Pacific.

The payroll of the Dawson Fuel Company was usually in the neighborhood of $60,000 and its being the dull season of the year was the only thing that kept the robbers from securing a larger sum. It is very probable that the robbers were afraid to wait longer because company procedure had been altered. Payroll money which had originally come from Raton was now being sent from Albuquerque. Evidently the robbers had been casing the job for a long time as they knew of the change and had selected French as the best point on the road to secure the money. French was the station where the payroll was transferred from the AT&SF to the EP&SW for delivery to Dawson (now virtually a ghost town) about twenty miles northwest up Van Bremmer Canyon near the Vermejo River.

The company had a regular Friday payday for its miners at Dawson. I have never been able to find out how the miners celebrated that particular Friday night after their payroll was highjacked on Thursday afternoon. No doubt they gathered in small groups to discuss how three men had pulled the boldest daylight robbery since the days of "Black Jack" Ketchum. Black Jack met his waterloo not far from French at the little town of Folsom on August 16, 1899 when he tried a lone holdup of a train and was shot by the conductor, Frank Harrington. It was the same train and in the same spot that Black Jack and his gang had successfully struck twice before. The conductor's shot did not kill Black Jack, but he was captured the next day and was hanged in 1901 in Clayton, New Mexico.

On arrival of the Santa Fe train at French, the safe containing the payroll was placed on an express truck with other express and baggage to be transferred to the EP&SW train due after the departure of the Santa Fe train. The railroad agent and express guard proceeded with the truck into the baggage room.

Suddenly two men appeared in the baggage room of the depot. They were armed with rifles and their heads and shoulders were covered with blankets. They disarmed the agent and guard and ordered the several passengers in the waiting room to go across a dirt road and into a tent just off the railroad right-of-way. After the passengers were removed, the bandits hung some dynamite in the door leading from the baggage room to the office and exploded it.

Upon hearing the explosion Jake Taylor and Roy Clouthier, who had delivered some horses near French, started to the railroad station to investigate the cause. While approaching the station they were halted by a rifle shot, evidently from a lookout of the robbers, and were ordered into the tent where the passengers were.

One man, however, Henry Farr, was instructed to go to the loading platform where underneath he would find a sledge hammer and a chisel. These were used to open the safe, Farr being on the end of the hammer. Apparently the holdup men were familiar with the kind of safe the money was being carried in (it was not the usual dial lock safe), as they seemed to know just what tools were necessary. After extracting the money, Farr and the guard were ordered to take it a short distance from the station where another man was holding three horses. After the explosion he and three horses had appeared, stopping in the middle of the river. No doubt the blast was a signal for him to bring the horses from their camp near French.

The money was placed in saddle bags, and the guard's sawed-off shotgun was thrown into the river. When the robbers left the scene one of the men was thrown from his horse but quickly remounted, and the three of them hit a high lope in the direction of Eagle Tail Mountain. While this was going on, the passengers came back to the station and watched until the bandits were out of sight, at which time the agent started notifying the railroad officials.

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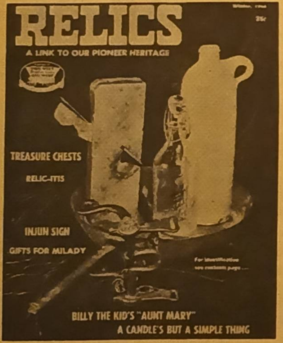
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Santa Fe, Sheriff Jay Gale and a posse of picked men left Las Vegas for the site of the robbery. A special from Raton brought in another large posse. All towns and cities in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado were notified to be on the lookout for the robbers. It seemed impossible that the men could escape capture for in the posses were several fellows who knew every foot of the wild region into which the bandits had disappeared.

Wells Fargo sent out descriptions of the men, stating the trio wore blue jumpers and overalls. One rode a roan horse and the other two mounts were grays. Two of the men were of medium size and one was tall. One of the "medium" men had two teeth missing. All wore slouch hats.

The posse from Raton had already had one hectic ride by the time it reached French. It had been made up in a hurry at Raton with Engineer James Wright, one of the most daring employes of the Santa Fe in the West, at the throttle. The posse members were old-timers and cowpunchers used to riding about anything with hair on it. Some of them said Engineer Wright had them pulling leather or anything they could hook a spur under from the time he highballed out of Raton.

But in spite of all the manhunters, that roan and those grays did their work well, because their riders never were captured, and old Eagle Tail Mountain won't talk.

No one ever was convicted nor was the money recovered. Two men were later picked up and tried but were not convicted.

Both holdup men had blankets over their heads and shoulders. The blanket of one of the shorter men slipped and exposed a scar on his face and the railroad agent's wife thought she recognized him, but her evidence wasn't conclusive.

Taylor and Clouthier were summoned several times after the robbery to report their version of the holdup. They journeyed once to Las Vegas, New Mexico at the request of the AT&SF officials and the express company, and they also attended the trial at Raton, New Mexico. They joked about doing some scouting to find the big loot, until through the grapevine they received word it would be advisable to lay off their snooping.

Frank Pfeiffer, Raton *Range* editor, is well informed on this robbery. Another old friend, John A. Krannawitter, was the railroad agent on the EP&SW at Taylor just south of French at the time of the holdup.

A lot of "ifs" hinge on the finding of this buried treasure. If old Eagle Tail could talk! If Fred could find the mark on the rock! If we can read it correctly when he does find it! Many of the rocks in the area have been used in filling holes in the rimrock to keep horses and cattle from going out on top. Ten, twenty—maybe even thirty thousand dollars —is still missing. There are ten, twenty, thirty thousand rocks and trees that have not been turned over, dug around or scooped with a metal locator. If we live ten, twenty, thirty thousand years . . . if, if, if!

Badmen As I Knew Them

(Continued from page 37)

about everything that was considered wrong and unlawful by the lawmakers of the Lone Star State. And this man's unlawful deeds and subsequent incarcerations from various sentences, being common knowledge, had been recounted to me by my mother, who had grown up in the same geographical environment.

AMONG THE MOST discussed characteristics of the man was the fact that he'd been tried in so many courts that he'd become overly acquainted with the laws of the state and disdained any support from appointed defense attorneys. He fought his own legal battles and finally had won his freedom and was still roaming at large.

I had camped on the banks of the Llano River and proceeded next morning minus my breakfast into the small town of Junction, Texas where I hoped to improve my affairs by locating a wage-earning job on some cow outfit. As I was saddling along down the middle of the town's one ungraded thoroughfare, a huge man bearing a town marshal's badge on his shirt front and an ivory-handled Colt on his hip stepped off the boardwalk and hailed me. And as I pulled up, he confronted me with questions as to my identity and destination. When my answers verified his surmise that I was not some representative of the law, he ordered me off my horse with the information that I was under arrest for bearing arms in his town.

I unbuckled my gunbelt, removed it from my hips, rebuckled and hung the looped belt over the fork of my saddle, and stepped off my horse in front of the big officer and a gathering of the town's usual hangers-on who seemed to be coming from every direction to observe their watchdog take in a violator. But as I stepped off in their presence, I heard a sort of dry cackling voice raised in laughter and perceived a small old wrinkled-faced man approaching the marshal and demanding his attention.

"*Now* what yuh goin' to charge him with, Marshal?" he asked, and laughed again.

The marshal turned and looked at him. "What do you mean by that remark?" he wanted to know.

"I mean just what should be plain to any halfwit, Suh," the old man replied. "You charged this youngun with carryin' a gun in your bailiwick. But he ain't. The gun is on his hoss, and the hoss is his mode of transportation. Texas law gives any man the right to so transport weapons for his own defense, and so long as he don't go wanderin' around town with it on his person, it's still his private property, and if you want to learn about it the hard way, why just go ahead and pinch him."

To my amazement, the marshal grunted his disgust and, turning on his heel, walked off with the crowd drifting in his wake. When I thanked the stranger for interfering in my behalf and expressed my desire for a job, he replied, "You're welcome, and you've got a job. I've bought up a bunch of hosses for the army, and you can help me drive 'em to a railroad and ship 'em. And," he held out a gnarled sunburned hand, "my name's Potter, Suh, Andy Potter. I'm the miscreant son of the fightin' parson that's wrote up in the history books."

The herd of horses brought up by Potter was shipped to San Antonio from Kerrville, Texas. We drove them cross country from the Llano River, swam the Johnson Fork of the Llano during bad rains and high water, and did the same on the Johnson Fork of the Guadalupe River below the divide.

IF I EVER had any notions of being a badman, they were walloped out of me before I growed up sufficient to fill a man's britches. Of course I knew all about the manly stand-ups and shoot-outs in our primitive Texas cowtowns, or so I thought. But a person takes *so much* for granted. What I had to learn was that some of that stuff called *guts* is involved in the process.

On one occasion, all I knew about my assailant was that he was a big man. I mean physically. I had been doing some work for him and was ready to leave for home when we got into a fight because he wouldn't pay me. He might have killed me if another man hadn't pulled him off. I'll always feel grateful to that other man. I was unarmed.

My boss's parting words were that he'd settle with me personally when we met in Sonora, and that he hoped he'd accommodate me in just a few days. For the first time in my life I was up against that shoot-out on the streets that I'd heard and read about so often. Only now it just plumb didn't seem so interesting.

I cleaned and oiled my gun and started patrolling the town's one dirt street. I lost my appetite and found it difficult even to drink water. Of course I could have used my alternative. The roads were still open. But where would I go? To have taken that course would have been inviting a reputation never to be shaken anywhere.

My enemy was shrewd enough to wear me out with suspense. I walked up and down that two-block length of street for a whole week. My legs were turning to rubber, and I often wondered if I'd have the strength to lift my Colt from its leather. And I made confession to myself that this gallant stuff was for the weak-minded.

Then suddenly there he was. We each stepped off our respective boardwalk on opposite sides of the street and angled across toward each other. When some five short steps separated us, I stopped and managed to say, "That's far enough, Sam!" but wondered at the sound of my own voice, for my mouth was dry as a powder keg.

To my amazement, after staring at me a second, he said, "Look, Rodgers, let's forget this. Come on over to the bank and I'll settle up with you." He turned on his heel and I followed. There were no tricks, and he paid me every cent he

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owed me. So I learned the hard way. But I shall never forget how good it felt to know I was no longer facing a gunfight.

I RECALL one occasion, at a small cavalry outpost on Holland's Ranch, ten miles south of Valentine in Presidio County, Texas, when I felt equally good over another man's victory. Fifty packers, of which I was one, all quartered in one barrack, were lounging on our bunks one late evening, waiting for the call to supper.

Like most gatherings of that size, especially among rough outdoorsmen, ours had a troublemaker—the typical badman. He was surly and ill tempered and that evening, with very slight provocation from a fun-loving kid, grabbed his .30-30 carbine from its scabbard, jacked a cartridge into its chamber, and with a nervous finger twitching at the trigger, waved it back and forth covering the entire house and threatening in a loud cursing voice to shoot any man that moved.

A small sandy-haired man whom we knew only as "Mexico" was speaking in a low even voice before anyone was aware of a dissenting spirit. This badman with the carbine was known to us as Tom. And suddenly Tom's ego went down with his temper and his chin, leaving his mouth hanging open in astonishment. For he was looking right down the muzzle of Mexico's .45 Colt. Mexico's gun-hand rested on his knee, and the heel of his left hand lay across the frame in position to fan the high hammer fast.

Tom was in command while he thought his was the only gun with a man behind it. Then Tom suddenly became a very lowly subordinate and almost eagerly obeyed Mexico's soft advice to "lay the gun down, and walk outside."

When Tom came back in that evening he stayed only long enough to pack his warbag and sack up his saddle. He rode out that night on an army escort wagon that was scheduled for the railroad depot.

I caught my private mount and rode away from a roundup one time to prevent being called into a gun argument with the fastest pistoleer I ever saw. He was watching his back trail, and got the notion that I might just be his long-looked-for Nemesis. The boss had asked me to leave my gun in the chuckwagon, since he was suspecting my hand would be called. Instead, I rode out.

Later, a Texas Ranger friend of mine rode into my camp and informed me that a county sheriff had out-guessed this badman in a little shipping point across the Pecos River and handed me a newspaper bearing the full account of the shooting. It's plumb pitiful when it takes the information about some man's demise to help you breathe deeper. But badmen have that effect on me.

THEN THERE WAS this young fast-draw enthusiast who had kidded himself into thinking that being good with a gun would qualify him to be mean. While serving as a conservation officer for the State of New Mexico, I had occasion to check four hunters in one group in Chaves County, some forty miles east of Roswell in the Mescalero Sands.

There was a slight technical violation, and while I was writing it up, this youngster kept strutting back and forth mouthing insults, and letting the tips of his fingers brush the handle of his Colt which dangled low in a typical Hollywood corset rig.

I was hoping some of our outfit would show up, but no such luck. Our range was too large to police each hunt with an officer behind every bush. I would have to face this would-be badman, and had no doubts about his being *fast*. But I did mentally question his reactions to the unknown quantity. So ignoring him, I took time and checked the license and bag limit of every one of his buddies. Then with my back to him, I shifted my check-record book to my hip pocket, my pencil to my left hand, and with my right thumb hooked in my gunbelt, I whirled sudden, jammed my pencil under his nose and said, "Now I want to see *your* license."

Both his chin and his carefully built-up resentment against the Game Department collapsed at the same time, and with trembling fingers he produced his license for my examination and proved to be a very cooperative young hunter.

I always feel sorry for any man who is throwing his weight around, with the evident notion that he's a bad *hombre*. For I know that sooner or later some little dried-up runt will take the chip off his shoulder and make him eat it without benefit of salt or pepper.

Elsner's Dark Fortune

(Continued from page 13)

JOHN ELSNER was born in Vienna, son of the eminent physician Leopold Elsner who joined the revolutionist Lajos Kossuth, the latter of whom led 2,000 students against Hungary in 1849. When the revolution failed, Leopold Elsner fled to Italy with his small son and then to the United States, settling in Syracuse, New York. John Elsner, after graduating from Syracuse University, won his medical degree at Bellevue Hospital Medical School in New York City, having also studied medicine in Europe.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Doctor Elsner joined the army and was appointed to the U. S. Sanitary Commission. The year 1866 found Elsner in Denver in charge of a medical detachment. The city was to his liking and he decided to enter private practice there.

Elsner married Miss Lena Zalinger and in 1881 purchased the spacious mansion at 1391 Curtis which became his lifetime home and one of the most glittering social centers in the city.

He built his office facing Fourteenth Street in the rear of his residence. From there, he managed his private hospital for treatment of pulmonary diseases, treated his patients, and dispensed charity. No call for help ever went unheeded.

The celebrated physician whose services were in demand all over the West died of a heart attack April 1, 1922. His wife and daughter Rose continued to reside in the mansion until it was torn down in 1928; they then occupied what had once served as the doctor's office. Mrs. Elsner passed away in November, 1929.

Elsner had left an estate of $100,000 of which $50,000 went to his wife and an adopted son, and $50,000 to his daughter Rose. Shortly after her husband's death Mrs. Elsner had Rose declared mentally incompetent. She cited as evidence of her daughter's mental unbalance the fact that Rose bathed in Denver's public bath house at Twentieth and Curtis Streets in the belief that she could not afford to pay for the use of water in her home. The mother also stated that her daughter subsisted largely on breakfast cereal, feeling that other foods were beyond her financial means. Rose Elsner was confined to a psychopathic hospital for a short while but ultimately was released, being judged as merely eccentric and not truly insane.

ROSE, after the death of her mother, lived on in her father's old office, having turned the property where the fabulous mansion once stood into a parking lot. The doctor's former office still contained many mementoes of the brave, busy, brilliant days when Denver was young—an invitation to Doctor and Mrs. Elsner to a ball given in January 1872 in honor of Grand Duke Alexis of Russia at American House, a leading Denver hostelry of the era; autographed pictures of famous men and women who had been friends of the physician; and dried, brittle roses worn as corsages when Rose Elsner's heart was young and gay.

As the years rolled by, her eccentricities became more pronounced. As often as not, when a person wanted to pay for parking on the lot, Rose Elsner would lower a bucket on a rope from an upstairs window for the motorist to put his money in.

Rose habitually clad herself in shabby, outmoded clothing of another day and sometimes shuffled aimlessly up and down Curtis Street for hours on end. People who lived or worked in the immediate vicinity dubbed her "Apple Mary" but it was more out of pity than contempt.

Occasionally, Rose Elsner would enter a restaurant near her home, invariably asking the proprietor if his food were poisoned. The unfortunate woman apparently suffered delusions of persecution. Toward the end, Rose subsisted on a few slices of dry bread for breakfast, lunch, and dinner—a starvation diet which undoubtedly hastened her death.

This pathetic figure, who had once been one of the reigning society beauties of Denver and who played the role of hostess at numerous scintillating social affairs given at her father's mansion, passed away in October, 1943, a lonely old woman, bringing to an ignoble end the once honored and illustrious name of Elsner.

Following Rose's death, her father's former office was razed, and with it the last vestige from the face of the earth of one of Denver's early showplaces and the home of a real humanitarian.

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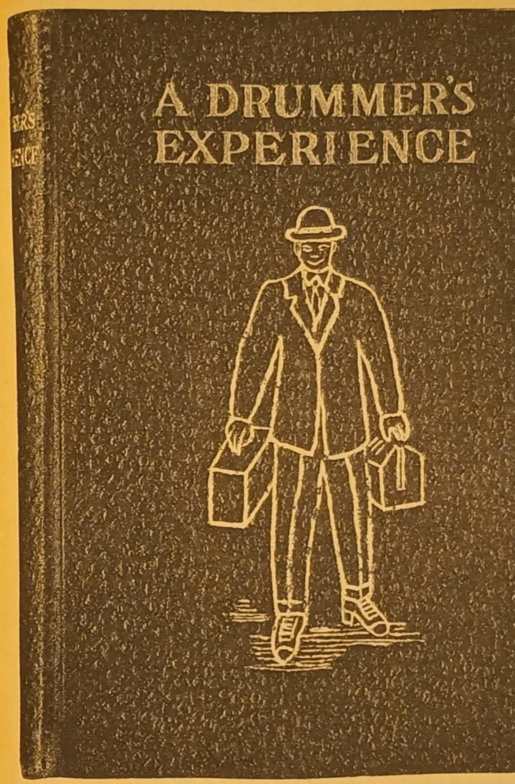

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I have information that is likely to throw light on the subject, and may place him in the class with the ostrich or pelican. I know of cases where they have swallowed three sandwiches, four doughnuts, two eggs and all the pie in sight inside of five minutes, and had a ten-cent cigar half smoked before the train started. As regards the sandwiches, I do not think they will hurt him, as there was not enough meat in them to bait a mouse trap. The bread used in these sandwiches has been passed on by the Medical Board; there are strict orders that none of the bread shall be less than five days old. As for the doughnuts, the only thing that will hurt you is the hole—the little ring around the outside is harmless; it is made of water and some flour. The case the eggs came out of was marked "Special." I do not know what that meant unless it was *special* for lunch counters, and as for pie, yes, all drummers like pie, nice fresh apple pie, but not the cold storage variety. I like almost any kind of pie except the kind that has buttons and hairpins for flavoring.

A drummer's life is like the month of April, when you have seven different kinds of weather in twenty-four hours. Sometimes business is good; competition keeps his mouth shut and the trains are on time; but at others the wind is always in your face when you have to make a drive. Then the horses balk, or the auto sticks in the mud a half mile from town just as the train is whistling for your station. All young men who think of taking up the profession of selling goods on the road should take lessons from some corrrespondence school as to the best method of coiling up in a chair or on a bench in a railroad station to get some sleep.

Once in Idaho, a couple of years ago, myself and *two more tramps* were waiting to catch a train at eleven p.m.; we called up the railroad and asked about the train. "On time!" was the answer. We got our household goods together and put them in our moving van (which we use for a pillow on the train) and proceeded to the depot. We rushed around, got our baggage checked, and looked for the headlight; could not see it with a field glass; waited a half hour, asked agent about train, said it was reported a little late. Waited two hours, asked again, said it should be here any minute. At three a.m. asked him if train was still coming, said he could not hear from it. At four-thirty a.m. it roused us out of our dreams of the Mexican War. We got to the next town a little too late for breakfast, but we ate some oatmeal, Saratoga chips and a Ben Davis apple to accommodate the landlord.

Well, we went out to get an order or two. The wind was blowing and the dust was in the air. The first man I struck looked like he had lost all of his friends and his rent was overdue. I approached him in as cheerful a manner as possible, but had that green taste in my mouth from an overindulgence of sleep the preceeding night. I introduced myself and offered to shake hands; he looked at me like I was a confidence man and said, "I do not want to buy anything this morning."

I said, "That is all right brother. I could not write an order anyway, I have lost my pencil."

I asked him for a cigar and, after I

had paid for it, I had to *beg him* for a match. He was as cross as a bear with a sore head. I tried to draw him out on all the subjects that I thought would fit his case; at last I mentioned something about business. He went off like an alarm clock, "Oh, don't talk to me about business! If steamboats were selling for fifty cents apiece, I could not buy a gangplank. My corn is burned up; my hay is not stacked; the pigs are out of the pen; the children have the measles; and my wife has run off with the hired man." Well that was one day I was glad when the horn blew for dinner.

The old fellow that ran this hotel ought to take out a patent, or draw a pension for his modern ideas, and sense of justice. He did not believe in seating a drummer and a farmer at the same table—the farmer eating four times as much as the traveling man and only paying half the price—so he conceived the idea of making two dining rooms by drawing a rope across one end of the room and stretching a sheet on it; and by using paper napkins on the private table, otherwise the same. Well we went under the rope and got our feed, but it is a question in my mind yet whether he charged twenty-five cents extra for that napkin, or whether it was to apply on the idea of stretching the line. The most truthful landlord I ever saw was one who had up a sign, "Special prices to Drummers." We found it out. He had one of the fifty-nine varieties of breakfast foods, and something that the bill of fare called home-made sausage. I will not dispute it, because *anything* makes sausage, and for dessert we had an orange, and he gave all of this for seventy-five cents. There is one of two things the matter, he either owes a bill and has got to pay it, or he is going to leave the country. I hope it is the latter. But what is the use, anything is good enough for a drummer.

It is said that if you give a dog a bad name you had just as well kill him. Well the drummer has the name all right; and the lunch counter and the ninth class hotels have taken the job of execution; and the lord high executioner has passed the word down the line to make it "torture": soup (Maud's mixture), and steak off the neck is too good for him. Put him on a cot and cover him with a horse blanket. Traveling men have bought more houses than anybody; they pay on the installment plan, two dollars per, but never get a deed.

I OBJECT to the classification of the race. In Albuquerque there are a great many Mexicans and Negroes. A Negro hotel porter went to the depot to meet the train but brought no suckers (drummers) back with him. The landlord said, "What is the matter Bob, no customers?"

"Dare was only two *white men* and one drummer got off dat train."

Down in Alabama two Knights of the Grip got off at a small town one Sunday p.m., and were lugging their "satchels" up town. An old darky and her two-year-old daughter were out under the shade of the willow; the girl spied the two gentlemen of leisure walking toward them and says: "Law, mammy, yonder comes two gentlemen."

The old colored woman adjusted her glasses and looked at the men, then in disgust said, "You fool, dem ain't gentlemen, dem's drummers."

We will admit that this specimen of humanity *is* a little different from most people. The wind may blow and the grasshoppers and Populists take the country but he never kicks; *business is always good*; he is an optimist first, last and all the time. If you will get a few of the boys on your executive board of the Chamber of Commerce, the people will know that your town is on the map. He may be a *brick*, but he is not a *fossil*, and he is jolly as a *busted sailor*. He makes three blades of grass grow where one did formerly; he is always on hand when a melon is to be cut, and is willing to take his chances with men and events and sometimes the chances are pretty great. I call to mind a few.

One Sunday afternoon going from Durango to Silverton, Colorado, our train stopped suddenly on a bridge over the Las Animas River. On investigation we found that the track had spread. The engineer saw it in time to stop just as the wheels of the engine dropped down on the ties. It looked as though the bridge was about to wash out; we could go neither forward nor backwards; the river was a mighty torrent. Something must be done at once so we got out and crawled along the ends of the cross ties till we got across the bridge; then waited three hours, like Nannie's lamb, for a relief train. At another time we had just passed over the track near Ophir Loop when a snow slide came down and demolished the station house, sweeping box cars, track and everything in its course. "A miss is as good as a mile."

On my way from Denver to Billings, Montana, the baggage car caught fire and was uncoupled and left on a side track to its fate. The next morning I had checks in my pocket, but they were no more than counterfeit money to a hungry tramp. I was in Fernie, British Columbia, with washout and landslides on each end of the road, was "busted" and could get no money from my firm, and only three thousand miles from home.

Was on the Santa Fe when she took a header below Lamar, Colorado. It was about one a.m. and, running about fifty miles an hour, we struck a washout. After the jerks and jolts were over, I went to the door; it was jammed tight but by the gentle persuasion of an axe we got it open. I was first out, jumping from the high side of the chair car as she was tipped over and afterwards held by rope. It was a *hot night* but I jumped into *ice a foot deep*. When I struck the ground I thought I had struck a new world. There had been a cloudburst and a terrific hailstorm. The hail had washed upon the right of way. It was like jumping from a frying pan into an ice box, but in all this wreckage there were very few hurt. I have not spoken about the frightened ones, and I guess I will not as there were too many to count.

Leaving Kansas City one night some five years ago on a train bound for Pueblo, we ran square into a freight train that was standing across our tracks. It was in a low cut, and when we struck the freight cars we knocked them onto the steep banks of the cut. They rolled back on us as we were plowing through the wreck. The breaking of windows and the scraping of the sides of the coaches sounded worse than a family quarrel. Nobody was hurt. I know of one man who didn't grow any more after that.

On board a caboose backing into the switch yard in Atlanta, Georgia, myself and the conductor were talking politics when we struck a train load of lumber that was not in the clear. It tore off the side of our caboose. I do not remember that anybody told us to jump, but when I came to my senses I was on the ground. The conductor may have helped me out of the caboose but I do not think so.

A small town in North Dakota found that they had increased their population one evening by a drummer stepping off the passenger [train]. After getting through with my business I was told that I could catch a freight out of town about 10 p.m. I got my three grips, weighing one hundred seventy pounds, down the track to about the place where the caboose should stop. I guessed right and, when the wheels stopped rolling, I crawled in. Conductor and brakeman were absent and the train pulled out in a few minutes.

When we were about a mile from town the conductor showed up. I guess he had indigestion or his liver was not working right; he could not accept money, ticket or cigars. I protested that it was dark and I could not find my way back; he said the rear of the railroad led to the town, and that as bright a countenance as mine should give me light on some subjects. I protested that I had lung trouble and that my muscles were weak. He said I did not have to go back to town and, as he slowed down and shoved me and my baggage off the train, he said he would not turn me out in the cold world and offered me some matches to build a fire. Well I will admit that I was a little mad, but I got over it in a *week or so.*

In British Columbia myself and two other boys took a hack to a town forty miles inland. After staying there a day we caught another hack coming out, but after having gone about five miles the driver discovered he had too much load. He had about ten people and their baggage. He stopped and, through some pretext of examining the springs, he took off the baggage of the three drummers while we helped him to adjust the difficulty. When all was fixed, he got on the box, cracked his whip and left us and our baggage in the road. Yes, we said something to him as he drove away, *but I do not remember what it was.*

I have a vivid recollection of a "tricycle" ride on a railroad in western Nebraska among the hills. I wanted to make the next town down the road and, as there were no trains that would stop at my town for twenty hours, I employed a section foreman to take me to the next town on his railroad tricycle. It was one of the kind that worked by hand; he acted as engineer, brakeman and conductor. The moon was very bright, just getting up—was not yet above the sand hills; it was about seven p.m., one of those ideal nights. We had not gone far when he told me that the fast express going west was overdue and we were likely to meet it any moment. I asked him to take a side track and wait till she passed. He said no, we could see it in time to get off the track. I got a little nervous and I think he was too; we were making good time, sometimes pulling up a short grade and sometimes coasting.

We rounded quite a hill and the moon was not shedding any light on us, and all at once like a flash there was a ball of fire staring us in the face. Quick as a cat the foreman grabbed the arm that controlled the small wheel of the tricycle, and yanked us over in a pile. We were lying in a mudhole and the tricycle on top of us, waiting to hear the train go thundering by. After lying there a couple of minutes, the foreman raised up and said, "I will be darned if that light was not the *moon*!" This was a good lesson to me. I learned that most of our trouble and fears is a "man-in-the-moon."

Wreck on the Santa Fe, Arkansas Valley.

A Boy's Trouble

AT THE OPENING of the Civil War (in speaking of it, please use the soft pedal on the word *Civil*) I was about five years old, being born in the South in 1856. My people lived on the battleground. We had "Rebs" for lunch and "Yanks" for dinner, and sometimes both at once; then we had a little scrap or a running match. Well, between the two armies it was hard to know whether you would have anything to eat the next morning or not. They, in turn, foraged on us so often that the *pigs never got ripe, and a hen was a stranger at our house for four years.* The old one-eared, club-footed mule was all we had left in the way of saddle stock, and we rode him bareback. The soldiers convinced us that we did not need a saddle, at least they needed it worse than we did (they thought). Cows? Well, yes; there was one in our neighborhood but she had been trained to run everytime she saw a blue coat. There was an old man in our neighborhood who had a mule. He was so afraid the Union soldiers would get his mule that he used to put on a blue coat and a Yankee cap, then get a brush and thrash the mule for half an hour; he would then turn him loose and run after him with his blue coat on. The mule soon got so wise that a regiment of soldiers could not corral him. The old Reb figured right; this procedure saved the mule.

The brass buttons on the soldiers' coats did not look so good to my untrained eye as they do to the sixteen-year-old girls of today. I was just about big enough to be scared within an inch of my life everytime the soldiers appeared upon the scene, and when they got to shooting around the house I would go under the trundle bed with the cats. In the fall of 1862, the Federals were passing our house and the General saw our pen of fat hogs; it did not take him long to decide that it was a good place to camp. Well, the next morning all we had left of the hogs was the hair and toe nails. Did they pay for them? Well, not yet! But that was only *fifty-one* years ago. Perhaps Uncle Sam may have an enlargement of the heart yet.

Our friend, Post, of Battle Creek lived in the wrong day. He now has to advertise to induce people to buy Postum; if he had been doing business in the South in the sixties, his stock of drinks would have been bankrupt in a week. In those days there were old women in the South who would have knitted a pair of wool socks for a drink of coffee.

There was one bad thing about the war; it destroyed our sense of taste. For four years we could not distinguish the difference between sugar and salt. But all of our friends did not desert us. We had an old neighbor who could pass through the federal lines. He went to Nashville, Tennessee and brought us some coffee and salt. He did not advertise cut rates, but stood pat—five dollars a pound for coffee, and fifty dollars a barrel for salt. He sold out his stock the first night, and the next morning the soldiers could not have found a pound of either article with a search warrant.

We became more expert in hiding things than a chipmunk. Barrels of molasses, loads of corn, cows and horses all disappeared; as for a ham of meat, if we got hold of one it vanished as quickly as if a magician was manipulating it. I give you these incidents to show you that we needed no moving picture show to amuse us. And now you ask why the South does not vote the Republican ticket?

WITH ALL these pleasant memories still lingering in my mind, I decided to see some of the world while I was still quite young. I went to Florida and here fell in with a gentleman from Manchester, New Hampshire. We conceived the idea of collecting mockingbirds and taking them to the northern market. We were successful in getting a great many young birds. Here is where I took my first lesson in raising a family; we drew straws to see who would be cook and who would be nurse. I got the short straw and the babies. I have often heard women pitied when they had to take care of twin babies, but I had no sympathetic tears shed for me when I had to nurse four hundred young mockingbirds and they had more different kinds of complaints than an old maid. When begging for food they could make more noise than forty parrots and eat more than a drove of ostrich. For sixteen hours a day I would feed four hundred gaping mouths, making the rounds about every two hours and feeding every patient by hand. At last the time came to ship.

We took a train to Savannah, Georgia, and from here a boat for Boston. Now for an experience. The old man with me had asthma and could not help me much but that did not make a great deal of difference after two hours. I did not care whether the birds died or not. I had troubles of my own and I was not the only one; three of my comrades and myself spent considerable time at the rear of the boat feeding the porpoise.

But to get back to my bird family, I found them with all sorts of troubles. So serious were the troubles that the funeral processions were too close together to be observed with courtesy. We decided toward the last not to strap them to a board and tie a rock to their feet.

Well, we got to Manchester, New Hampshire, with a few birds and, of course, they were all *males and good singers*. We advertised that we were going out of business, but this was hardly necessary; another week would have closed us out anyway as our birds had contracted vermin on board the vessel. We doped them with grease and sulphur, but arsenic or strychnine would have been better, at any rate more humane.

This was a good start for a boy on his first venture; I had learned how to nurse babies but not how to doctor them. After disposing of my crop of Jenny Linds, I was asked to take in a soldiers' reunion at North Weare, New Hampshire. I took the matter under consideration for a couple of days. I had not seen any blue coats for ten years, and I could hardly make up my mind to renew their acquaintance. I had a vivid recollection of how they broke up my gray hen's nest and took all the apples and peaches before they got ripe. But at last I decided to bury the hatchet and be a good Indian.

When I got off the train at North Weare I went up by the kitchen tent, where I spied a pot of pork and beans and caught the delicious and appetizing odor. (I had never seen nor inhaled the odor of baked beans before, but thought I could learn to love them without much trouble.) But about this time I caught sight of the blue coats. It was a question in my mind whether I should stay and eat the pork and beans or hike for the hills to save my scalp. After taking a second look, the men and the coats did not look as tough as the ones I had seen in the South, so I decided to stay and eat brown bread and beans and drink real coffee, not the kind we drank during the war (*burned wheat*) and so it came about that I got on speaking terms with the "Yanks" and finally made up.

I found them to be real men, men who had a heart and soul. I decided that their little pranks in the South were only the legitimate spoils of war; but still I could not help wondering why the soldier took my *little red socks in 1863*. I had a notion to ask one of them if he did not have a boy about my age that liked red socks.

While at the reunion I contracted the mumps, but did not know it for a few days. In the meantime, I had gotten acquainted with a nice little Yankee lassie. She wanted to show the Southern "Kid" what a nice blueberry patch they had. I had been boasting as to how I could eat blueberries and, to make my assertions good, I took about half a pint in my mouth and proceeded to make a wine press of myself. I did not do it but once. I found out that mumps and blueberries would not mix. I did not want my girl to think that I was a tenderfoot or a "piker" so I told her that those were not the kind of blueberries I liked. There was plenty of persuasion brought to bear, that blueberries were good for a young man, but all this flowery talk was of no avail. I cut my acquaintance and "hiked" for the doctor ship.

LEAVING New Hampshire and the berry fields, I drifted down to Boston where the people speak broken English and you have to employ a private detective to take you around town, and he has to carry a Rand-McNally map so he can bring you back to the place where you started. I thought the town was awful nice; but I did not like to start for a walk and meet myself coming back. The people have the reputation of being energetic. I suppose this is right but my observation is that a man has to be a good guesser, also—he surely has to guess whether he is coming or going. Lord Cornwallis' pigs must have had the blind staggers when they were employed to survey out the streets in this town.

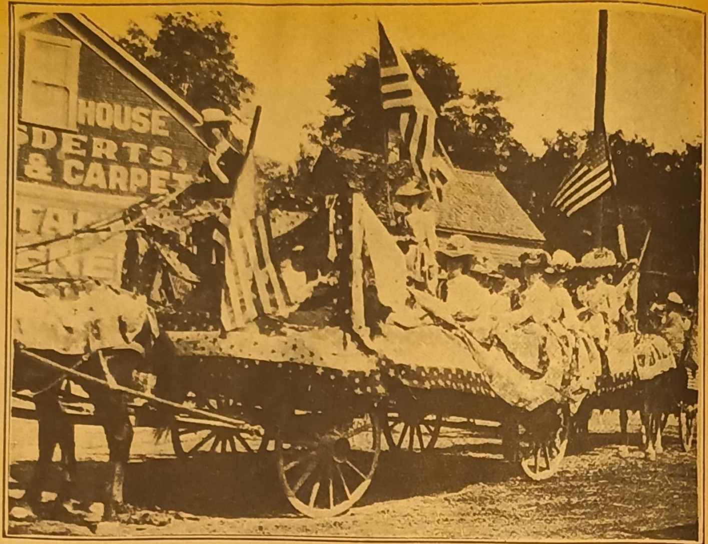
I like the snap and vinegar of the Bostonian; *he sleeps on his arms* (if he sleeps at all). He has reduced his routine of business to a system; he can tell you to a penny what it will cost to manufacture an article and to put it on the market. He is an expert at figuring imports and discounts and is posted on the markets of the world. He will take up a small thing and make it a big one by his snap and perseverance. He also has a taste for the beautiful. There are some elegant parks and statuary in this city that would be a credit to any nation.

From Boston I headed for the sunny South, and stopped off at Yorktown, Virginia, and took in the centennial celebrating the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Here I made my first acquaintance with a gentleman of the road (I mean the light-fingered gentlemen). I was attending a show; he borrowed my watch when I was not looking and did not take my address; therefore did not return it. Here, too, I learned the beauties of sleeping in the open air.

There was no hotel in town, and the people who lived there did not care to form our acquaintance, so we introduced ourselves to the fodder stack. Is it all right? I guess so, beats a feather bed, but makes more noise when you turn over than a two dollar spring mattress; but this is all compensated for when the farmer routs you out in the morning. You do not have to dress yourself, but it is well enough to look out for the bulldog.

We got enough of Yorktown in twenty-four hours, and a lot of us young fellows pulled out for the South. We checked up when we got to Welden, North Carolina. There was a county fair going on here so we loaded up on red lemonade and peanuts, and started out to have a good time. I guess we had it, for the whole bunch was "pinched." Fortunately for us, the jail had been burned a few days before and we were sent to the courthouse with a deputy sheriff as guard. Well, that night was the time of our lives; we were all good Indians until the deputy sheriff fell asleep, sitting on the floor with his back to the door, then we proceeded to steal his gun and hide it. Before we woke him up we had ascertained that our room had been used for band practice, and the instruments of "persecution" were still at hand. Our deputy informed us that he was the trombone man.

Well, we selected about a dozen of our party who had good lungs—not much musical talent, *but they were willing to learn.* So we proceeded to render some of the popular airs. I guess we did fairly well, but there was no one to throw bouquets; it was a little *too early in the morning*, being about four a.m. In about an hour the high sheriff showed up and found that we had *captured the outpost.* He took in the situation, formed our acquaintance, treated us to breakfast and interceded in our behalf so we could go on our way rejoicing.


Straw Day in Walla Walla, Washington.

Odd Customs

WHAT SEEMS perfectly natural in one section of the country often seems very odd in another. In Walla Walla, Washington the town and county have what is known as "Straw Day." This is a day of festivity. Everybody dresses up and comes to town on a load of wheat-straw, young people, old people, and the dogs. They fill up on red lemonade, have parades and a general good time. In the afternoon these loads of straw are hauled into the suburbs of the city and into the country and deposited in the roads. This is done in order to keep down the dust. The soil is very light and rich and the dust becomes so deep in the roads that it is very disagreeable unless the straw is spread.

Salmon fishing on the Frazer and Columbia Rivers is very interesting (and sounds like a fish tale). Fish by the millions go up the streams in the spring to spawn. They often go to the headwaters of these mountain streams where they will be safe from the depredations of larger fish. When the run starts in the spring it is usually very sudden. Today you may see no fish, and tomorrow the river may be alive with them. They literally choke the stream some years. There is a vast difference in the run, and they are getting scarcer each year. There are two varieties: the hunch-back, and the sock-eye. The latter is considerably the finer grade of fish. Its meat is of a reddish yellow. During the fishing season you can see hundreds of boats at one sight. All seem to be the same size, and rigged the same. These boats are under strict governmental regulation. There is an officer in the fishing field to see that the law is carried out to the letter. There are very large packing houses all along the shore of the two rivers, where the fish are packed in cans as you buy them from your grocer.

Halibut fishing is also very interesting. The halibut is a deep-water fish and is caught in the Pacific near Seattle, Washington and northwest of Vancouver, British Columbia. There is a ship which is known as the *New Englander*, that leaves Vancouver every Sunday night for a voyage up the coast returning Saturday night loaded with halibut. That is what I said, *loaded.* On Saturday night and Sunday these are dressed and packed in ice and made ready to feed the hungry Yankee of Boston.

Hop raising is the principal industry along the valleys of the coast in Washington and Oregon. It is an interesting sight and very different from other kinds of horticulture. The first time I saw a hop-field I was "up in the *air*" (I was on the Cascade Mountains). I did not know what I had found. It looked something like a vineyard, but more like an old house that was being wrecked. I was like the Irishman when he saw his first railway train. "Be Gorry," says Pat, "and I tho't 'twas a stame-boat runnin' for water."

Well, I thought that I had seen the biggest pile of *kindling* that I had ever struck. There is an enormous amount of frame-work for the hops to run on. When looking down on this tangle of sticks and supports, it looks like a mammoth spider web spread over the entire field. Hop-raising at one time was very profitable until the brewers of America got wise and learned to make beer so that it would taste all right, and make the *drunk* come without the hop-man's assistance. There are still some hops used, but the leavening qualities are now assisted by foreign means. Never mind what it is, that's not your business, *anything* makes hash.

To a man in the rural districts of the North or South, it would seem very strange to see a huge tank being hauled along the road with a sprinkler attached, spewing and spurting oil on the ground. He would think that you were very extravagant to be throwing away such good molasses, for the oil resembles New Orleans "black-strap." This oil makes a fine road for light vehicles or auto driving, though it is hard to pull over with a heavy load as the wheels sink into the dirt and oil. This, of course, means a small hill in front of the wheels all the time, which has to be overcome. This system is now used extensively in Southern California, and in some towns in Colorado. The oil used is of a very cheap grade, costing only a few cents a barrel. This coating will last about a year, then you have to waste some more oil, like the man did the water out of a sprinkling cart in the city. A countryman came to town. He had never seen a street-sprinkler. He was sympathetic and accommodating. When he saw the water flying in all directions, he ran up by the side of the cart and cried, "Say, Mister, you are losing all your water."

This process of stacking hay is a novelty to a great many people, and as we are trying to instruct all people, we will tell you something of the process of stacking alfalfa. First the farmer uses an ordinary mower, then the sulky rake to put the hay into windrows. Here it is allowed to cure about twenty-four hours, then comes what is known to dealers as the "bullrake." This is mounted on three, and sometimes, four wheels. It has very long wooden teeth projecting out in front. These teeth catch under the hay in the windrow and push it along until there is an enormous pile that looks like a fourth of a wagon load on the teeth. The driver then raises the teeth, and the hay is carried along on these teeth just above the ground to the stack. Here it is deposited on the teeth of the stacker. Now one horse with a windlass sweep stacker carries this load on top of the stack. This is a very fast way to handle hay. Two men and a boy can put up twenty tons a day by this process.

There is a combination harvester and separator now built that requires the strength of about twenty-four horses to pull. This wonderful machine cuts, threshes and sacks the wheat. The sacks are dropped off on the ground, as fast as filled. This machine is practical only in dry climate and when there is no danger of severe winds, as the grain must stand in the field until thoroughly ripe before starting the harvest. There are very few of these machines in use, not being considered practical.

The state laws are now very rigid in the West about compelling the dipping of sheep and cattle before they can be shipped from one state to another, unless they are going direct to the slaughter pens. The dipping is enforced to prevent contamination and it has proven to be very beneficial to the stock so dipped, relieving the sheep from scab and the cattle from ticks. The concoction used for the dip varies a great deal, but it is usually a composition of coal-tar and sulphur. The coal-tar is used for cattle and hogs and the sulphur for sheep.

The operation of dipping consists first in building a deep cement vat which is filled two-thirds full of water and the medicine, then thoroughly mixed. The stock are now driven through a very narrow lane; only one at a time can get through and this one cannot turn back. He is forced to jump into the vat and is submerged. In the case of cattle and hogs the sport is royal. They sometimes seriously object to this mode of procedure. The method resorted to by hogs to keep out of the vat is often very amusing.

When it comes to dehorning cattle the excitement reaches fever heat. You must have a very strong chute to hold them. If not, they are the officers of the day. Some of the most amusing things I have ever seen happened around a branding and dehorning chute. You may imagine that a bony old range cow has no activity or life, but when you confine her in a branding chute and begin to practice your art of surgery on her anatomy, she takes on new life. She will let you know that she was born "in the land of the free and the home of the brave." A few years ago I had occasion to dehorn some meek-looking range cows. Our chute was not of the best; after securing one of the most humble looking of the breed, a big Kentuckian who had been accustomed to handling the domestic bossies of his home state volunteered to hold her head by putting his fingers in her nose. Everything being in readiness, we proceeded to disarm her of her weapons. One jerk of her head and our Kentucky friend—Oh! Where was he? Ask of the winds and fragments that strewed the plains. When he got up we offered him a compass so that he could get his bearings. We tried to argue with him that he had stumbled over a stone or that he had been drinking some of Robinson County's best, but it was no use. We asked him to get a new hold—he declined. He said he would wait until his hair got as long as Samson's before he undertook the job again.

On one occasion we were much in need of milk and as the prairie was dotted with young calves and their mothers, we saw no reason why we should be thirsty. Though I suggested to my Kentucky friend the advisability of consulting Webster's dictionary "before attempting to milk one of these 'OUTLAWS'," he only asked for a rope and a good man to assist him. He selected an old cow that had been known as "Grannie" for several years. She was driven into the chute and an inch and a half rope was thrown around her neck. As she was a muley (had no horns) our friend felt brave and confident. When she was let out of the chute, Grannie made for the "Kanetuck," head down and bawling. Did he run? Well, rather. He ran against time. "The Empire State Express" was not in it with him. You could play marbles on his coat-tail. Well, we finally got Grannie snubbed up to the feeding-rack and called for volunteers to milk her. Every man had *important business elsewhere.*

At last a son of Erin was persuaded that there was no danger in a captive. A tin bucket was secured; the "Brave" adjusted his hip pants and took up his "Gee-string," pulled off his "sombrero" and said, "Saw, Grannie." I do not know how it occurred but I think that it was all because Grannie did not understand English. When we untangled him from the tin and the barbed-wire fence we had to call a tailor to repair the pants, and apply the camphor bottle to revive his drooping spirits.

A short time after this we had a public sale of range cows. The cattle were being sold in bunches—25 to 50 in a lot. A couple of Russians approached me and asked if I would not put up two certain cows and sell them separately as they would like to bid on them. I told them in English as best I could that the cows had never been taught the *beauties* of civilization. They said, "We tie him and feed him slop." I informed them that this variety of cow preferred cactus and mountain scenery. It was no use, they would have a cow for a pet.

The auctioneer at last cried out, "Old Speck sold to the Russian with the big blouse." I offered to drive Old Speck and her sister on horseback to the Russians' camp.

"No," they said, "we tame him now."

We knew there was something coming. We could smell it in the air. We drove Old Speck into the branding chute. Here a rope was put around her neck and the Russians' wagon driven nearby. The other end of the rope was tied to the wagon. When the bars were pulled Old Speck came out like she was shot from a gun. The boss Russian hollered to "take up the slack." The men on the rope endeavored to "heave to," and it looked for a second as if we would have a tug-of-war, but when Speck got to the end of the rope the piling up of the chariots in the Ben-Hur Chariot Race looked mild. Cow, wagon and Russians all in a pile. I don't remember anyone having to tell the Russians to get up and run. They scattered like a bomb had been dropped in their midst. We tried to encourage them and tell them the worst was over, but we could see from their expressions that they would rather face a regiment of Japs than to engage further in a cow taming business. They were like the boy that caught the wild-cat—they wanted someone to help turn her loose.

Pipe Dreams

THERE IS a considerable difference between air castles and pipe dreams. Air castles are things we propose to do; pipe dreams are things we imagine we do. I suppose you have heard of the man who told a lie so often that he got so after awhile he believed it himself. Old people are addicted to this mode of telling stories. I guess I will be a past master in a few years *myself*. I know of a remarkable instance in Colorado Springs. A street car conductor was strolling up Cascade Avenue; he met up with a man from the East, became engaged in conversation and soon grew familiar and confidential. Presently the conductor began telling of his ups and downs in life, and he wound up by pointing out a large, fine, stone house worth about seventy-five thousand dollars and said to his companion, "There is a house I was about to close a deal for a few *nights* ago, but it all vanished by the time you could snap your finger."

"Oh, is that so, what happened?"

"Well, I will confess," said the conductor. "THE ALARM WENT OFF."

We often meet men who have some great fantastic idea that is bound to revolutionize the world. Patentees are often found in this list. They get up some insignificant idea and have it patented, then they are excited beyond control. They think the world is at their feet and that they will be millionaires in a short time.

Then there are the political cranks; they are still worse. They get some *revelation*, as they think, that is a *saviour* of the business and social world, and if you cannot see their way you are a demagogue and a hireling of the trusts. In their estimation you are a robber and an enemy to society. Their scheme has never been tried, but of course it will work, it is so simple, and usually it is as simple as the man who got it up. If you could buy this man for what he is worth and sell him for what he thinks he is worth, you could make a fortune.

Then again you find the optimistic man who is going to get rich all at once. He is about to turn a deal that will make him a fortune, but when he fails it is always the other fellow's fault. But never mind, that same man will have up another scheme before the moon changes and the last one will be better than the first. I would not mind soaring in the aerial regions like this man if it were not for taking chances on coming down on his parachute when his balloon explodes. The trouble with this man is, he is like the party who has been painting the town red—he sees double. He is A-1 in multiplication and has graduated in addition, but strange to say he never saw the *subtraction* table.

Did you ever stop to consider what a glorious thing it is that all people are not created alike? If we all had the same ideas, the same disposition, the same tastes, the same likes and dislikes, we would be in a worse mixup than was ever experienced at the Tower of Babel. Think what a predicament you would be in if we should all want the same horse or the same auto, the same house and the same wife. I beg to be excused!

We often hear remarks like the following:

"I don't know why they ever did such a thing."

"I don't understand what he was thinking about."

"I wouldn't do it if I were in your place."

We think it strange because other people do not see things as we do. We call them cranks and they call us fools and the honors are even. We are both right from our individual standpoints, but always remember that the other fellow has as good a right to his views as you have. You wear green glasses and he wears blue; consequently, objects do not look the same.

But there would be some good features and a great deal of satisfaction if this idea of seeing things alike should prevail. You and the meter man would both read the same figures; 2,000 pounds of coal would be a ton; when the doctor made a mistake and killed you he would at least pay for the burial; 16 ounces would be a pound and 36 inches a yard; the public officials would handle our cash like it was their own; the penitentiaries would have doors with *locks* on them—at present it is no more trouble to *get out than to get in.*

Speaking of justice, that reminds me—what is justice? As commonly applied, it is *self-interest taking advantage of circumstances.* If your judgment is imposed upon, and circumstances taken advantage of, you are beat out of, say, a thousand dollars in the deal. You then go to the guilty party for amends. He will at once proceed to prove to you that he is the most honest and conscientious man in the country. My observation is, the best time to rectify a mistake is *before it is made.*

People often deceive themselves about their honesty. Some imagine they are honest because they pay their debts. This is a very poor criterion. You have to pay your debts so as to keep your credit good; in other words, you are not a "dead beat." A man who will not lie, use deception or impose upon you through influence, is honest. Here is a good opening for a correspondence school if you can get the people to practice what you teach.

My ideas of justice do not always coincide with other people's. I want to put down a sidewalk; the city engineer says it must be six feet wide and on a certain grade. I want to burn trash in my backyard; the policeman says no. I have a lot I want to build a house on to cost $2,000; the building inspector says I will have to borrow $1,000 more and put up a $3,000 house. There is a dog that kills my chickens and I would like to shoot him but I dare not. I am a carpenter and I want to paint my house; the painters' union says no.

After thinking the matter over, I have decided not to criticise the man who married a red-headed woman, keeps a yellow dog and lives in the sod shanty on the prairie. He is twenty-one years old and has the right to vote the Democratic ticket. But one thing is sure, I am not going to try to beat him out of his job. He has too much liberty, which is just about as bad as not enough. He has the liberty of driving seventeen miles for a load of cottonwood and he has the privilege of sending his children seven miles to school. He has more of the free air of America than he needs—the wind by actual count blows eleven months and twenty-two days in a year. When he goes to bed at night he is soothed to sleep by free music furnished by the coyote band. His corn was a little yellow, and his oats were not the best; the skunks caught his chickens and the coyotes had eaten his lambs; but still he had a look of cheerfulness and defiance.

I asked him if he had always lived on the ranch.

"Oh, no. I had a home in town. I moved out here last year."

"Did you sell your home in town?"

"No; I just left it to be divided between the tax collector and the plumber. My only consolation is that it will not pay both of them."

"So you like the ranch, then?"

"Yes. I am far enough away so my neighbors do not know everything about my business; it is too far out for the collector to call very often; I do not have to read the stale news faked up by some reporter in the daily papers. I, however, take the weekly paper. But I notice here of late that all the telegraphic news and principal events happen the day the paper goes to press. I think this is a mistake of the *office boy.* Another advantage out here is that, if any of the children get sick, instead of 'phoning for the doctor I go and read last year's almanac all about the wonderful cures wrought by some medicine. This does no one any harm, since I cannot get to the drugstore to buy the dope. The next morning the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the children are well and I have my $2.50 in my pocket.

"I had a telephone line out here until about a month ago, but the news got so badly tangled up on the barb wire fences and the prairie wind that it sounded like cats fighting and you could put no more confidence in it than in neighborhood gossip. So I took the darn thing down. I have no telegraph or telephone now. All I can do is to tell my woman, and her "wave system" is not understood by our neighbors. Safe? I guess I am!"

I TOOK a liking to this old fellow and decided to stop with him awhile, drink some real buttermilk (not the kind the milkman sells) and eat yellow-legged chickens. I also found out something about turkeys. It costs $4 to raise a turkey that you can sell for $2.50, unless the grasshopper crop is long and your neighbor has a wheat-field near by. And as to ducks! I experimented on one a little and found that by feeding him every twenty minutes, and giving him water every hour, he could eat his weight in corn in two days without the need of any dyspepsia tablets.

I got on good terms with the lady of the house. She showed me how she made butter to sell. I found out that it was not always carelessness that caused the farmers' wives to leave so much water in the butter, nor was it an accident that gave it such a salty taste. She finally got so confidential that she told me water and salt were cheaper than butter fat! I did not know at first whether this was correct or not, but I went off behind the house and figured it out. She is right.

The billy goat and the farmer both wear chin whiskers, but I do not consider this any sign of relationship. The only similar characteristics I could discover was that they both inclined to butt in. I was consulting the market report in the *Farmers' Rural Visitor*, when he asked me which brought the highest price—a city dude or a Rocky Mountain canary.

Well, we patched up our difficulty and I promised to assist him to build an addition to his sod shanty. Lumber was a little scarce but we got hold of an old drygoods box and made a door. A few fence posts made excellent jambs. For walls we took a plow and turned over the sod about three inches thick, then with a spade cut it into bricks about fourteen inches long. These we piled one upon the other, leaving a hole 14x18 for a real glass window. It was easy to build but when it was completed it looked like the house that Jack built, and we had to keep the cows away from it until the grass dried up and blew away.

We were both green at this kind of house building, and we decided to leave off the plastering, especially as we had nothing but adobe to plaster with, and we forgot to wire it for electricity. The floor was the best thing about it. This was made of pure, unadulterated dirt, and instead of using a planer to level down the bumps we used a hoe.

A few days after this we were asked to a house-raising by a neighbor fifteen miles to the south. No, this was not his nearest neighbor. He had one only twelve miles to the east from whom he borrowed coffee.

Well, we got up the next morning before the coyotes went to bed. We roused old Billy and Maud from their dreams, threw the harness on, and were on our way before daylight. When we arrived at the neighbor's home, all the mechanics were there ready to sling mud. They sized me up as a tenderfoot and put up a job on me. They said the easiest work was carrying the hod and as I was not accustomed to hard work I had better take it. I bit. I swallowed the bait, hook and all.

The first attempt was a flat failure. I filled the hod with the "doby" and started to the house, but I had the hod wrong end to, and the thin mud slid out of the open end, over my shirt and into my trousers. The whole crowd then laughed boisterously at my predicament. This goes to show how little respect some people have for their fellow-men. It took me quite a while to see where the fun came in. I was like the Englishman who listened to one of Mark Twain's capital stories. When Mark was through with his yarn everybody laughed and applauded except the Englishman, who looked at the story-teller in amazement.

Ten days afterwards they met again. The Englishman came up smiling. "Mr. Clemens," he said, "have this cigar. I just thought how ridiculously funny that story was that you told *ten days ago!*"

Well the work progressed fine. We made the adobe into bricks and laid them in the sun to dry. This brick is about five inches broad and ten inches long when dry, and is good and hard. The walls are made of these bricks and plastered inside and out. Big beams run through the house at the eaves and the roof is covered with slabs. On top of these slabs dirt is shoveled to a depth of about eight inches. When it is finished, you have a house that is warm in winter and cool in summer, a regular adobe palace, the kind you find in New Mexico and Arizona.

We stayed all night with the neighbor and early next morning saddled up the best steeds on the ranch for a coyote chase. With twenty greyhounds at our heels, we had not gone far when they jumped a coyote out of a dry creek bed. Now for the sport! At the risk of your life, but no time to think of that, you dig your spurs into your horse—exercise your lungs—and are off in pursuit. A man who can't halloo has no business going on a coyote hunt. I yelled so hard I scared myself.

I was riding a little gray horse that could jump gullies, ravines and small creeks, faster than you could count them. It was said by the cowboys that this horse could turn on a spot the size of a saddle blanket. We went pell-mell for three miles, then our friend, the coyote, got in an old creek bed and the dogs lost him for a time. At last he was chased out by two greyhound pups about nine months old. Well of all the barking and yelping I ever heard, these pups did it when they saw the prey.

Now for the home stretch. Level ground and a fair field, Sue in the lead and Buck a good second, with only a nose over old Ben. When the quarter is reached all three dogs are abreast, coyote twenty feet in the lead—dogs no time to bark—men no time to holler. All you could do was to put spurs to steed and lean forward. Ah! There! Buck grabs a ham. Now for a short and decisive fight. The dogs at both ends string him like a tug-o-war. A few yelps and he is gone to the happy hunting ground.

Cow Punching or Cattle Raising

I PROMISED to give you a sketch of the cattle business and cowboy. Well the Devil is not as black as he is painted in some of our ten-cent novels. The writers would have you believe that the cowboys did nothing but ride bucking horses and kill Indians. This you will find is a mistake if you ever undertake to follow one of these Knights of the Saddle. The cowboy is a hard worker and undergoes many hardships. He braves all sorts of weather, rides through rain and snow, over hills and rocks all day and comes back to the ranch house at dark to find the corral broken, saddle horses gone, and the steers mixed with the yearlings. He has to cook his own supper and lie down to sleep on a bed that has not been made for a week; gets up in the morning and performs the duties of cook and chambermaid without soap, dishrag or broom; yet with all this he is good-natured and free of care.

The cowboy of the West no longer carries his six-shooter. He is sometimes a little noisy when he gets into town and is "tanked up," but that is because he has been tied down to his task of rounding up "dogies" and isolated from society. A cowboy or man is an unknown quantity. You can see him in his village or on the range in his *chaps* and spurs and you could not tell whether he is working for sixty dollars a month, or whether he owns the one thousand steers he is rounding up. And if you see him in the city, it will not take you long to find out that he is free hearted and has some dignity. You will find him registered at the best hotel, and in every respect he has the bearing of a gentleman. In fact, he can afford to be, for the last five years the profits in cattle-raising have been great.

Farming in the West.

A good four-year-old steer is worth as much as a horse. The only thing that worries the cowman is range and water; the range is being badly cut up by the settler and the hoe is more to be feared than the six-shooter. The cattleman now has to fence his pasture to keep his stock off the farmer, whereas formerly they ran at large, with a brand on them as big as a saddle blanket.

There is another thing about the cattle business, the long-horned steer is rapidly passing and the roan and buckskin is a thing of the past. The steer that is put on the market now is nearly twice as heavy as his former brother was, and he has discarded his mottled face for a white one, and has almost entirely lost his "snort" and fighting propensities.

The average American takes great pride in his dignity and the social position he occupies. This is true as far as humanity is concerned. But before he swells up too much let him examine the progress made by the western steer. Here is a gentleman without royal blood which has with one grand leap landed in the most select circles—a full fledged autocrat disdaining to associate with the common herd of mankind. If you have any business to transact with him, you will have to make an appointment to meet him at the festive board of the rich.

Is Honesty the Best Policy?

HONESTY is not the best policy—honesty is the *only* policy. To accomplish and enjoy is the aim of life. You cannot enjoy unless your actions and purposes are honorable. It is for your own advancement and standing. To be honest is the height of self-respect. Honesty gives you position and prestige. With position and prestige you can accomplish wonders. Without honesty you can take petty advantages and secure your aims and desires for a time, but it will reflect on you and do you ten dollars worth of damage where it did you five dollars worth of good.

You may find it hard to be honorable in all your dealings. First look over the pending deal, into the future. You can use the present parties' influence to turn a better deal later on. This is what is called business policy and is what gives our businessmen standing, and the nation credit.

I have little faith in the man who is honest for fear the Devil will get him; he is liable to take chances on the Devil being asleep, then you'll get a skinning that you won't forget in a hurry.

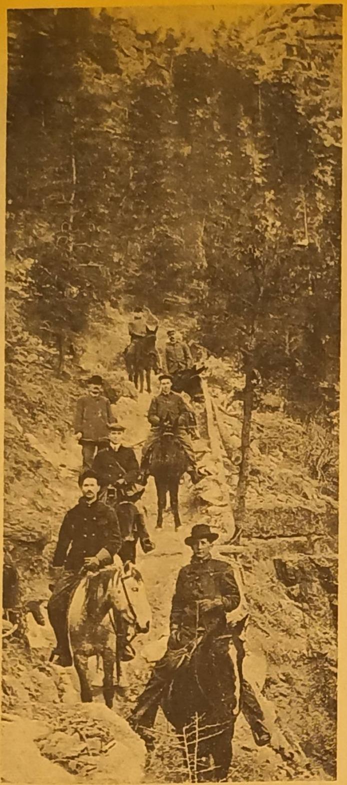
Dishonesty is like insanity; you cannot leave the decision to the party perpetrating the act. The man who is insane claims to be the smartest man in the county, and oftentimes he is very cunning in some things. So the most dishonest man in your neighborhood defends his acts, and often makes a good argument in his own behalf. You frequently see people take stands that to you are perfectly ridiculous. They contend that they are right, and we are compelled to admit that they appear to be honest in their arguments and convictions. Now who shall be judge of the situation, yourself or they? Two men have a lawsuit. Why? Because each thinks he is right; but when the court hands down the decision we find they are both wrong. What, then, is equity? It is the decision as rendered by law or the general public and not by individuals. An interested individual is not in a position to judge as to the acts or intentions of his opponent. If people would only consider that it is possible for them to make a mistake as readily as their opponents, then we would have less bickering.

The only way you can judge people, or yourself, is by established customs or laws. Here is where people make the fatal mistake. In judging their own actions they are governed by opportunities and inclinations; they are controlled by the animal within them, and not by equity as established by law of precedence. This dishonest principle in children is called (by their mothers) selfishness; but when the child gets to be a man and steals a horse, he is called a thief. When a child tells an untruth it is called a "story." When he does the same thing thirty years later, he is a liar. When a child deceives you, the parents say it is "cute." When he is grown to manhood and forges a check—what is it then? When a servant girl takes a stickpin or ring from her employer it is theft. When the lady of the house goes down to one of the big stores and shoves a silk waist into her shoplifting bag, it is kleptomania. Now where are you going to draw the line? *There is no distinction;* it is all the same principle, from the cradle to the grave, in the hovel, or in the palace; it is nothing less than thievery and deception born in the man—in your child—and can only be eradicated by education and proper training. Teach the child to think and show him the consequences of misdeeds. It does no good to tell your boy not to do a thing because it is wrong. What does he care whether it is right or wrong; these words have no *meaning to him.* Teach him by *object lessons* to respect the rights of other people. Take him to the jail and show him the criminals, and explain to him the cause of their troubles. You may not think that *your boy* needs such forcible examples, but remember you are the parent, and cannot see the extent of his faults.

Men who are always taking advantage of circumstances to deceive and rob their fellowmen do so because they think they can "get away with the goods," and when they succeed a time or two, they grow more daring and take greater chances. If you would stop to think that others just as smart as they are have tried the same games and been caught, they possibly would not be so reckless. The rat may steal the bait once, and he may not even succeed the first time, but there is one thing *dead sure,* if he keeps it up the trap will win. You may deceive the man you are dealing with once, but not the second time. You have to advertise for a new "sucker," and that is expensive. If the thieves in our jails had worked for $1.00 a day while in prison, they could have bought more goods than they have ever stolen. A man holding a public trust may deceive the people once or twice, but he will not get the chance again. A merchant may sell a pair of trousers by deception, but he will not be able to sell the coat and vest to match. The monkey stole the bull-pup's dinner once—only once!

The Far West

DID YOU EVER stop to think of the vast difference in the size of eastern and western states? Someday when you are looking at a map it will be very interesting to do some figuring—see how many eastern states you can put inside of Montana, Wyoming or Colorado. A traveler going to Frisco from Boston has just started west when he gets to Chicago. This trip would be very monotonous if it was not for the change in scenery—corn-cribs in Nebraska, five hundred feet long; the thousands of sheep in Wyoming; the vast herds of cattle in Nevada; the blooming fruit trees in Colorado constantly keeps the tourist pulling the shade back to drink in the sights. It is money well spent to take a trip to the Far West. It is a great education, better than a post graduate course and will make you broader minded, enthusiastic and patriotic.



Descent into the Grand Canyon.

To a traveler who has made a business of investigating conditions, the West appeals very strongly. The resources are so vast in every branch of industry, and to see the vigor with which the people take hold of these industries and enterprises, if you have a meritorious proposition it is no trouble to get money to carry it to completion.

There is a broad-gauge principle of doing business in the West. You ask why this is so. Simple, the people who had the nerve to brave the hardships and privations of the West fifty years ago were people who had unlimited courage, were broad minded and optimistic. These people while rough in their manners were the bone and sinew of the American people. The fearful, the timid, and the tenderfoot stayed back at home. The offspring of these first pioneers are the men and women of the present population.

If we have a house to sell, a ranch to sell, a train of cattle to sell, we approach a prospective buyer and say, "Hello, Bill, I want to sell you my cattle."

Bill will not say, "Well, I guess I am not in the market."

No, you will hear him say, "What do you want for them, spit it out."

He does not have to take it under advisement and ask all of his kinfolks if he should buy them. I have known deals where strangers have met and within one hour have traded or sold real estate amounting to $100,000. Nearly everybody has confidence in his own judgment and is willing to take chances on an investment on short notice. There is an ease and freedom in the West that is found nowhere else; people are more sociable; there are not so many dividing lines and hair splitting technicalities as in the older parts of the United States. People have respect for overalls in this section of the country because the man inside of them may be worth half a million.

Now as for investments in the West, it is surely the country of possibilities. The land is almost invariably rich; and the products have a ready sale in our cities. At the present there is not enough raised to supply home consumption. The land will improve in fertility from year to year as the soil is fed by loam and volcanic ash every time irrigation water is run over it, no fertilizer ever needed. The country is being opened up very fast. New irrigating schemes are constantly being completed, reclaiming thousands of acres of land.

While we are speaking of irrigated lands, I want to caution you about buying lands under a ditch until you have investigated thoroughly as to the water rights of the ditch owners. I do not want to infer that all canal companies need watching, but some of them do. There are cases where the canal or water company sells too much water, more than they can deliver. There are canal companies who have to depend wholly upon flood water to fill their reservoir. This is not a safe proposition, inasmuch as some years there may be a scarcity of snow in the mountains, and the older ditch companies in time of scarcity of water are entitled to the water first, leaving the new or last ditch company short. There are several government irrigation systems now in operation that are very good for the homesteader. He can homestead the land subject to irrigation and then buy his water from the Government, and get a long time on the deferred payments of his water rights.

Dry ranching offers a grand opportunity to the man who has a few hundred dollars in cash to invest in cattle or sheep. The farmer can plant fifty to one hundred acres in milo maize, sugar cane, kaffir corn or Spanish peanuts; these crops are easily raised and make ample feed for his cattle or sheep in winter. In the summer his stock have free range and it is astonishing how they grow into money.

As for health—well, a doctor has to be a politician or a grafter to live and sometimes he is an expert at all. There is an old maxim that "Health is better than wealth," but it is nice and not very inconvenient to have both. If this climate and water does not bring you health, you had better go to the glue factory and get a bid on yourself. I know a man who came to this country twenty-seven years ago; at that time he only weighed *eight pounds,* now he weighs *one hundred eighty-five.*

A man told me he would not mind living in the West if we were more civilized and did not have such a hard time to make a living. On the point of civilization, I told him he was mistaken, that the college boys wore long hair and played football just the same as in the East, and that we gave the women a chance to vote before he did; if this is not progress, please let us know, we are always open for an argument. And as for making a living, that is no trouble when you know the password. Every man should have learned this in the school of experience. A man is like a piece of steel, the more you hammer him the tougher he gets.

My advice is that, when your children marry, send them far enough away so they cannot hear a pig squeal at your house. Teach every young man to stand alone. He has got to stand before he can walk; give him encouragement, but do not supply him with a go-cart. Too much assistance is worse than none.

This brings to mind the story of "how to make a pup." A boy and his father were training a pup how to be vicious. The boy was holding the pup and the old man was teasing him. At last the pup got loose and grabbed the old man and was chewing on him in great shape. The old man hallooed for the boy to take him off. "Oh, Pop, do not be in a hurry, it is tough on you, but it is the making of the pup."

We welcome all progressive people to the land of sunshine and wild roses, but we do not want the kind that has a swell head and a limber pocketbook; he had better exchange his head for a backbone, and persuade his old man to swap pocketbooks.

We notice that some of the fathers in the East are getting wise. I heard of a case lately that fits the subject and the occasion. A father had a very trifling son. He gave him twenty dollars and told him to go as far west as it would take him. He came to Chicago, and wrote the Governor that he was out of money. His father sent him twenty more and told him to go on west; he came to Denver and wrote back for more money. The old man sent him twenty dollars more and told him to go on west; he came to "Frisco" and wrote for more money, saying that he was dead broke and afoot. The old man did not send him any more, but told him to go on west.

There have been big changes in the West in the last twenty years. The miner has learned the value of money, the western steer has lost his horns, the cowboy has swapped his six-shooter for a diamond stickpin, the ox-team has been sold to the packers to be converted into country sausage and the proceeds have been invested in an auto, the buffalo has gone where all good Indians go, and haystacks grow in his stead. The gentleman with the black mask, who formerly held up banks and stage coaches, has either bit the dust, or made arrangements with the warden of the pen to boss the rock pile, and the yellow-back blood and thunder novel can no longer use the West as a moving picture show.

How to Judge a Man

IN THIS CHAPTER I wish to strike from the shoulder. To be able to read human nature is one of the greatest assets you can possibly possess. It will make you money, enable you to be more agreeable and to accomplish your purpose with ease and to be able to know at a glance where your man stands. What people say, does not *always* indicate their meaning. Action speaks louder than words. There is not one man in a hundred who can hide his thoughts or intentions as to what his purpose is, or the decision he is about to make.

While there is no infallible rule by which to weigh your man or woman, there are rules that are *almost* as sure as two and two making four; the human eye is a window to the soul, and speaks as plainly as a college professor. A man or woman with a quick movement of the eye is quick and impulsive and liable to change their mind; if you want to do business with them do it while they are interested in your proposition; if they have time to reflect they are liable to take another notion.

Do not trust a person who cannot look you squarely in the eye. He is treacherous and deceptive and will lie to you; his word of honor amounts to nothing.

The man with a cold gray eye is all right when you get his confidence. He is careful and suspicious. You cannot impose on him, he is matter of fact, and when he tells you anything it is usually the truth, but he may not tell you the whole truth. You may have to read between the lines. He is usually shrewd and reserved, does not talk much, but is watching every move you make. So be on your guard, do not try to deceive him, you are likely to fail. He is practical and makes a good partner in business, but he will expect you to be on the job and do your part. He makes no bustle in life, and does not try to show off to attract attention. A woman that has this kind of an eye is inclined to be reserved and sometimes a little dull in conversation, but will not talk about her neighbors.

Black eyes are quick to penetrate, and to think. Women of this type are usually fluent conversationalists and attractive, are good dressers, but are pretty high strung. She is willing to do her housework, but needs no boss.

Men with dark or black eyes are deep thinkers and schemers, quick to detect the trend of events, and make good financiers. As a rule they cannot work for wages but want to be free and independent. You had better keep a weather eye open when you are dealing with one, he is liable to show you more than is in the proposition. He is enthusiastic himself, and is apt to get you excited, cause you to invest too deep. This man makes a good salesman and is a success among the ladies. I would not care to trust him at the head of a department with many people under him, he is apt to intimidate his subordinates. He should be in a business of his own.

The person who has a great deal of white in the eye is usually easy to get along with. They are not meddlesome, will do their duty and stay within their bounds, are not very fluent talkers, nor deep thinkers.

The large full eye, one that seems to bulge out, is very fluent if educated, is usually well posted and is a good companion; though they are sometimes more theoretical than practical. They make good college professors and lecturers. If you are posted on your points of argument you can influence them by hard facts; but not by arguments, because they see the point you are attempting to make and have a line of defense framed to counteract your proposition before you can make your point.

The pale blue eye is usually of a bad disposition, domineering and selfish, and I would not care to trust it too far. I would not enter into a co-partnership with it. This is not saying that they are all so inclined. I am speaking of the generality of men, there are exceptions to all rules.

As to the outward actions: Do not trust a man who, when he passes you, keeps throwing his head around to look at you. It is all right for him to take one look, but if he takes more than one, I would want to watch him a little. *Do not trust a man who looks at you under his eyebrows* with his head tucked down; he is treacherous. *Do not trust a man or woman who tries to flatter you and agrees to all you say; they are hypocrites and vipers.*

Do not trust a man who is quick to make promises before he thoroughly investigates your position. He either is not sincere, or is not capable of judging. A man that is too willing to give advice usually has nothing to give. Do not trust men or women who have a lot of secrets to tell you, and who talk about their neighbors or their competitor. The man or woman who tells suggestive stories about their competitors or neighbors needs to be watched; they are trying to get into your confidence and make you believe they are a model. They are a model of *mischief* and *deceit.*

If I want advice on any point, I will go to a man who is not prone to talking his business or about his competitor. Above all beware of a man who boasts of his honesty; he will not rob your hen house, but he will deceive you and has no conscience if he gets the advantage of you.

The hypocrite, above all men, is the most despicable; he is worse than the coyote. He tries to get your confidence and then betrays you. All honest men honor a fighter. Candor and honor are the two most adored virtues of the human race. A man or woman without honor never attained to any degree of standing in a neighborhood. They can deceive for a while but it will come out. A dime's worth of sapolio will go a long way toward removing dirt, grease and stains; but a thousand dollars worth of sulphuric acid will not remove *spots from a hypocrite and liar;* the more you rub the worse they shine. I have more respect for a gambler than a hypocrite.

The gambler makes no pretensions to be honest, he merely dares you to play his game. The hypocrite is like the spider after the fly; he invites you into his parlor, but the combination lock fastens with a snap as soon as you cross the threshold. Try to learn him; his manners are usually suave and polite, he is a gentleman in appearance, a thief in disguise; you seldom see him in the pen, he generally keeps within the bounds of the law, though he is often on the brink. He surely gets no comfort out of life, but it is not because his conscience hurts him; it is because he is afraid of being cornered.

If you are introducing *yourself* to a man, or being formally introduced by a friend, and on offering to greet him by shaking hands, he puts out his hand about six inches from his body, and lets it hang in the air like a frost-bitten sunflower; and when you take hold of this paw of knavery it feels like a candidate's "busted" aspirations; I would advise you to cut the acquaintance of this gentleman as soon as possible. You cannot rely on him; his word is as unreliable as his hand. He is suspicious of everybody, *therefore needs watching himself.* The man who grips your hand hard, and holds on while he talks, is not harmful. He is only trying to advertise himself. He is an egotist, and wants to convert you to his cause.

The firm, quick, decisive grasp has character, honor and fellowship. Such wish you success and will not throw chunks in your path.

The Drummer's Wife

CHARLEY BOYD was as fine a specimen of manhood as you would meet in a year. Age about 26, five feet and ten inches in height, a rather dark complexion and weighing somewhere around 180. He had a dignified air, a keen black eye, and was quick and impulsive in action. He seemed to be a favorite with everybody, though very few people knew his last name. He went by the name of Charles Toby. Why this was so, I never knew. He got so accustomed to the name, that he would sometimes register at the hotels under it, for a joke.

Charley was employed by a wholesale grocery firm to travel out of Portland. He had now been on the road some five years and was known by every hack-driver and newsboy on his route; and they would call, "Hello, Toby!" as far as they could see him. Charley's family lived in the State of Washington in a small town about eighty miles from Portland, and he visited them as often as it was possible for him to do. But there were weeks when he could not, and often when it was impossible to get home he would write his wife to meet him with the baby at a certain town, on a certain day. This appointment his wife always tried to keep, as they were much devoted to each other. His wife, after awhile, learned the days on which he would be at certain towns and she would write him there, and he never failed to answer her letters. He was heard to say that he corresponded with the best woman in the state and often met her by appointment. This could have meant that Charley had "a girl on the string," but it did not; it was his way of speaking of the dark-haired little housekeeper who cared for his darling baby boy, which occupied his thoughts more than any other human being. So much did he desire to be at home that he had often determined to quit the road and settle in his home town, in some small business. But it seemed that he could never come to the point of giving up his job, as it was bringing in the necessities of life for his little family.

The last week in August, 1910, found Charley on his long route; it would be impossible to get home that week. But a queer anxiety and dread seemed to come over his wife Grace; it seemed that she had never wanted to see his manly form so badly in all her life. At last she decided that she would meet him at the town of X———. She had heard Charley refer to the hotel he usually stopped at in that town, although she had never before been there herself.

Leaving the baby with a friend, which was a thing she had never done before, she took the train that would put her in X——— about 4 p.m. When she arrived in the town she went straight to the hotel to see if Charley was registered there, but on looking over the register found that he was not. She then asked to see the hotel mail, thinking possibly his house had written to him there. In this, too, she was disappointed, but her feminine quickness of sight had caught the familiar name of "Mr. Toby" on an envelope, and it was in a woman's handwriting and carried a suggestion of dainty refinement.

Do you ask what she did? You should know that! Yes, she took the letter and put it in her pocketbook, registered under a fictitious name, and asked for a room.

It seemed that the elevator would never get to the third floor, and that the porter was an age in unlocking the door. At last she was alone, and wild thoughts flew through her brain like flashes of lightning. Must she tear the envelope open and read the message, then address another envelope to Mr. Toby in a disguised hand? No, that would never do, the letter had a cancelled stamp on it, and was postmarked "Aug. 25th." These she could not replace, nor would she be able to put it through the post-office in time for delivery that day. She would contrive to break the seal.

With a wet towel and a trembling hand she proceeded to dampen the envelope. At last, after what seemed an age, she found the flap beginning to loosen. So eager was she to get it open that she tore the envelope slightly. With fear and trembling she extracted the perfumed note, and her worst fears were realized; some designing woman had become infatuated with her husband. The letter read:

> **"Mr. C. Toby.**
>
> **Dear Sir:**
>
> **You will possibly be surprised to get this note. It is from an old admirer of yours. Have tried to get an introduction to you but failed. I can assure you that I am of good family, and as for my looks, you will have to decide that point for yourself when you see me.**
>
> **At 7:15 Thursday evening I shall pass the big oak tree in the park. Will have an umbrella, and wear a black veil.**
>
> **I am, Honorably yours,**
> **J. T."**

When through reading, Grace dropped the letter in her lap, exhausted, paralyzed. What could she do, what *must* she do! Charles is likely to come at any moment, and may recognize her writing on the hotel register. Though the name is a false one, she fears she was too much excited to effectively disguise her handwriting. Must she destroy the letter, and say nothing to Charles about it? By so doing, she can protect for the time being against the wiles of the adventuress. But would she not cross his path again? A woman who has her eyes on a man for three years would not be so easily discouraged.

Grace finally decided that as she was on the ground, she would protect her own interest, and to try the fidelity of her husband she would not interfere, but would watch proceedings. She replaced the letter in the envelope and sealed it, then called the bellboy, gave him the letter, and told him to put it back in the hotel mail, as she had taken it by mistake.

IT WAS not a minute too soon. As she listened to the boy's steps descending the stairs, she stepped to the window and looked out. The hotel bus had just backed up to the curb and was unloading its passengers. The second man to alight was Charles. He was jollying the porters, and saying hello to everybody. Looking down from the window, half concealed by the lace curtain, Grace thought she had never seen Charles look so manly; but in a moment he passed from sight into the hotel. Now, in her imagination, she could see him grasp the letter and tear it open, but what is that expression that comes over his face? She cannot discern it.

Charles registered, looked over the mail hurriedly, and sat down. He seemed to be ill at ease, nervous, consulted his watch two or three times. At last, jumping up, he took his small sample case and went out through the side door. He was gone until 6:20 o'clock, when he came in and washed in the public lavatory instead of going to his room, which was very unusual for him to do. He said nothing to anyone, but went in to dinner. Coming out later on, he looked at his watch twice in succession; it was 7:05 p.m. He bought a couple of cigars, and strolled leisurely out through the side door, headed for the park.

Grace figured all the afternoon as to how she should proceed. It was not hard for her to decide that she would be on hand at the big oak tree at the appointed time, but how should she act? Could she control herself? Yes; she would be as calm as a sphinx! She thought how lucky it was that she had worn a dress Charley had never seen, and a veil, too, something she had not worn for years. As the hours wore on, she became more restless. She would have given her life, almost, to have seen her husband's face. She felt that if she could get one glance at him, she could detect his motives and judge whether or not he would keep the appointment.

As soon as it began to get dusk, Grace stole down the backstairs, and out through the garden walk. When she arrived at the park she had no difficulty in locating the big oak; and within thirty feet of the tree she found a settee nestling among the lilacs. She had been there but a few minutes when she saw a man coming down the walk toward her, and as he approached, she easily recognized the walk of Charles. She yearned to speak, to warn him of his danger, to remind him of his duty; but no, this would not do, she must play the game. Charles walked within fifteen feet of her, with only a glance in her direction. But Grace felt that she could not look at him, so turned her head and Charles walked on. He proceeded down the main walk until he arrived at the big oak tree. Here the paths forked.

He took the right-hand one, and was gone out of sight for some two minutes, then returned over the same path in the direction of the tree; but just before reaching it his attention was attracted by the appearance of a fine, highpowered automobile, running rather fast, which stopped suddenly near the gate at the end of the walk leading to the tree. The wheels had scarcely stopped turning when a woman dressed in black, and wearing a heavy veil, stepped from the running-board and the car moved off at a good pace. She stopped for a second and looked around, as though not knowing in which direction to proceed, or as if looking for someone.

By this time, Charles had reached the big oak, and turned down the walk toward the woman in black. She immediately came forward to meet him, swinging her parasol. Just as they were about to meet, Charles stopped and seemed to be feeling in his pockets for something. She also came to a stop.

"Good evening, Mr. Toby," she said, with a significant laugh.

"Good evening," answered Charley, at the same time succeeding in locating a match, for which he had been searching through his pockets. He scratched the match and proceeded to light his cigar. In the meantime the woman was talking rather excitedly. When Charles struck the match she made an effort to cover her face, but not until Charley had caught her eye. As the light fell on his face she stepped back with an exclamation:

"Why, this is not Mr. Toby!"

"Yes, that is what I am generally called," said Charles.

Navajo squaw and papoose.

"Did you get a note from a lady this afternoon?"

"No, madam."

"Then how came you here?"

"Taking a walk."

Just at this instant another gentleman arrived and, seeing that Charles had his cigar going, asked for a light; but instead Charley gave him a match. All the while the stranger kept his eye on the woman, and as he struck the match she gave a sign of recognition, at the same time remarking that the two men looked considerably alike. The affable stranger remarked that the resemblance was in some part undoubtedly due to the starlight, at the same time handing Charles his card. Now as this was an evening for striking matches, Charles struck one to examine the card. It read, "J. C. Toby." He passed it to the woman and, as he felt that he might be an intruder, strolled slowly away and out of sight, while the real Mr. Toby and the woman departed in the opposite direction.

GRACE had watched the whole proceeding, *as only a woman can watch,* but the gathering darkness of the evening had prevented her from telling one man from the other. Insane jealousy told her the man with the woman was her husband. She peered into the darkness, clinging desperately to the rustic seat with both hands. She found herself springing to her feet and raising the seat as though she would use it for a weapon to crush the usurper of her home and happiness. Her breath came in gasps, and cold sweat stood upon her forehead; she trembled, not with fear, but an overwhelming rage and anxiety.

Should she follow them? No, she would rely on the fidelity of her husband! He had never proved untrue in the past, and she believed in him now, even with appearances against him. Just then she could see the pair turn into a sheltered cove some three hundred feet away and take a seat on a bench. They had not sat there more than fifteen minutes when a large man, carrying a heavy cane in his hand, entered the scene down a blind pathway. He was walking slowly and seemed to be peering into every nook and corner on both sides of the path. At last he reached the cross-walks and turned in the direction of the man and woman.

The newcomer's strange behavior attracted Grace's attention and she at once grew suspicious of his motives. Who could he be, she wondered. Possibly the father of the woman in black or a lover. Crazed with jealousy and seeking vengeance, she did not have to wait long to learn his mission. In a moment he had spied the couple, half hidden in the bower. He stopped and listened intently. He seemed to crouch like a lion before its spring. Grace's heart stopped beating. What was about to happen? Charley trapped with another man's wife or mistress!

At last the man spoke. His tone was one of anger, sarcasm and defiance, all in one. Instantly the woman in black sprang to her feet and faced about, arms in the air and outstretched toward the approaching man, pleading dumbly for mercy. He repelled her savagely.

"Sit down—you!" he roared, with a threatening gesture. He seemed struggling to control his feelings. His voice was not loud but intense. The woman dropped on her knees at his feet, begging and pleading for her life and her companion's life. She endeavored to shield herself by saying that her escort was an old schoolmate she had not seen for years.

"Ah, is that so? Then you have been separated for a long time!"

The man pulled from his pocket an automatic revolver of latest pattern. "I will give you both a chance to live together in another world," he announced.

The woman's companion up to this point had said nothing. He seemed paralyzed, dumbfounded, petrified. When he was able to talk he tried to explain, but his antagonist would listen to nothing. He vowed vengeance—immediate vengeance—on the woman and her paramour who had wrecked his life. The woman, now grown hysterical, flung herself into her companion's arms and cried to him to intercede for her.

"Save me! Save me!" she begged. Then, as if the idea had just occurred to her—"Offer him money to spare our lives; he will do anything for money! Offer him five thousand dollars! I know him; you can buy him, but you cannot scare him. Act! Act quick, for your life! Nothing can pacify him but money!"

This last appeal came distinctly to Grace's ears. Like a tigress from her lair, she sprang forward to save the honor of her family and to intercede for the life of her husband, who now appeared to her as a martyr to a woman's guile. As she bounded forward, Charles, as she believed it to be, began to talk and beg for leniency. Grace stopped suddenly within ten feet of where the man and woman stood. That was not Charley's voice she heard! She was beside herself. She said nothing, but looked on in wonder.

The aggressor, not daunted in the least, seemed to assume a more defiant air than ever, and said in a sneering voice, "Vengeance is sweet!"

Just then another figure appeared, a stalwart, manly form. With firm tread he entered from the underbrush twenty feet away. As he approached he said: "What are you trying to pull off here?"

The big man with the stick and gun, now in a towering rage, raised the hand holding the gun and shouted: "I propose to protect the honor of my family and the dignity of a gentleman!"

As the man's hand came to a level, Charles struck his wrist with a small cane he carried, then grabbing the gun with his left hand he wrenched it out of the man's grasp. As he did so, he remarked: "You are a bit too nervous, my boy; you might let that go off accidentally, you know."

The big man now turned on Charley.

"Sir, why do you protect a villain like this, who has destroyed my home and honor by robbing me of my wife?"

Charley laid his hand on the man's shoulder and spoke: "Your wife is easily stolen," he said. "Your honor needs mending and your proper home is in the pen. You may now take a walk to the police station." Turning to Mr. J. C. Toby, he continued: "If you have any money to donate you can use it to prosecute a pair of blackmailers."

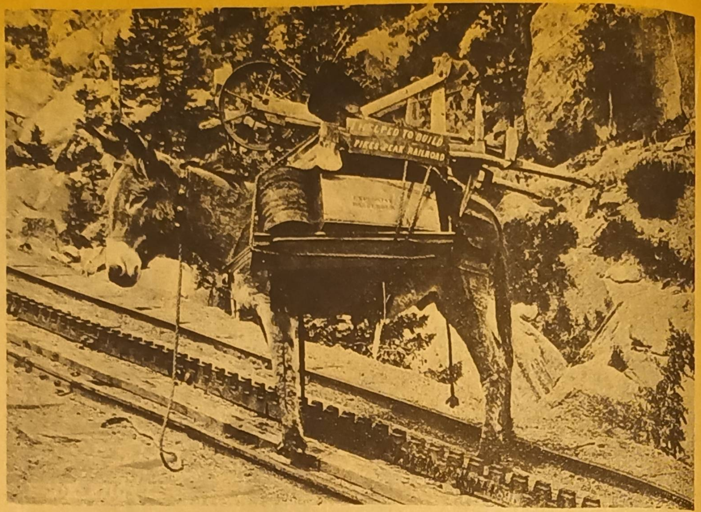
"I will do it, Mr. Boyd! I have the letter in my pocket written by this sorceress."

At this juncture Grace stepped up and pulling aside her veil said, "Charley, you're a brick! There isn't another man like you west of the Rockies!"

Influence

HUMANITY! Humanity! How unfathomable! A freak of nature! Of the billions of people who have lived on the earth no two alike, each having certain characteristics different from all the rest; and to think that most of these peculiarities are inherent; came with us into the world, are a part of our being, therefore are uncontrollable to a great extent.

There are certain characteristics in lower animal life that are common to its kind. Instinct is controlled by certain fixed principles. When you understand how to control or influence the instinct in one lion, you have the subject mastered. You know what will control all other lions. This is not so with man. When you have learned the disposition of one man, you are far from knowing the disposition of other men. If you want to get the good will of a cat, rub it on the back. (Be sure and rub the way the fur lies.) Do not pull his whiskers or twist his tail: In five minutes' time you have made a friend of the cat, and it will follow you anywhere you wish. Pat Rover on the head and give him a piece of meat and he will be your faithful dog. Give the pigeon grain, and he will always come home to roost; but in dealing with your mule, you must employ different tactics. You must let him know that you are boss. Although you only weigh 150 pounds, you must let him know that you can lick a mule that weighs 1,000 pounds. Stand on your dignity, do not get familiar with him, never offer to shake hands with his rear



"I helped to build Pikes Peak!"

extremity. He does not require much petting or attention. I had one that you could not curry with a comb and brush. The only thing I ever used on him was the sharp prongs of a pitchfork. The humane society may understand about dogs, cats, and horses but they have gotten hold of the wrong treatise on muleology.

With man you come into contact with millions of traits of character and disposition, while in the lower animals there is only one trait for each family. In addition, you have to encounter and deal with his reason, which is equal to yours, and ever ready to assert its independence. Here is a test between two Damascus blades. The victory lies trembling in the balance, waiting to be claimed by the most valiant warrior. The game of life is not so much with events, as it is with man. Your influence and standing with man is worth more to you than a house and lot on Broadway.

Influence and prestige will put you in a position to rule the world. Without influence, you are nothing more than a grain of sand on the sea shore, lost in the multitude. Having no individuality means relegation to oblivion, filling space and killing time—*an ideal job for an imbecile.* To be something in the world, to represent a principle, to be honored and loved by our fellow man is the desire of all rational, law abiding people. To attain this influence requires patient study and tact. If you had only one man to deal with, or one class of men, then it would not be so hard; but when you have to come in contact with hundreds and thousands of men, to get the good-will and esteem of all, or even a majority, requires some thought and policy on your part.

When you have pleased one man that is no reason you have pleased his brother. When you understand one woman, that is no reason that you understand her mother. When you can control one man, it is no criterion that you can control a regiment. Some people you can drive with a bull-whip, others you can lead with a string, while some will not stand hitched with a log chain. The only way to work this fellow is to give him plenty of rope and let him tangle himself. Feed him on the hole in the doughnut for a while, and he will follow you like Mary's Little Lamb.

Other people are like the cat, you can control them by petting them; others, like the dog, you can manage by bragging on them and making much of them. Some, like the mule, you must let know you are boss. Others, like the lion, while they have great strength, are keeping quiet, but have an eye on you. You can control these also by making a friend of them and treating them with respect, but do not impose upon their dignity, or reflect upon their strength.

Courtesy, respect and good judgment on your part will win the battle if anything will. If the friendship of a shallow egotist is worth anything to you, it is easy to obtain. All you have to do is to brag on him and agree with his ideas, and he will think you are the nicest fellow in the land. The friendship of the common classes of man can be gained by congeniality, and by showing them that you appreciate their society. People do not like to have their social standing or honor reflected on. More enemies can be made in an hour by haughty carriage and reflection than friends can be made in a year by kindness.

There are two classes of people you do not want the friendship of; one is a liar, the other is a hypocrite. They will both betray you, one leaving you to ridicule, the other poisoning your influence for good. These two classes of people you should make a study of; they are the coyotes of society, a demon in disguise, the offscouring of the earth, the scab of humanity. If I knew a more degrading name to call them, I would surely apply it. They deserve the contempt of all respectable people.

Do not imagine for a moment that you can buy friendship that will ever earn a dividend. Friendship that is for sale is inflated with gas but has no ballast to hold it steady. To be able to influence the world and draw men to you, you must be a magnet; you must keep your batteries charged with a solution of kindness, good-will, cheerfulness and candor; now pack your batteries in a box of firmness; then attach the electric wire of progress to the magneto of consistency, all to be run by the dynamo of energy, and fed by the fuel of equity. This machinery with very little attention should run in foul as well as fair weather, and at all times produce a spark to electrify your circle and attract the admiration of your fellow-men.

City vs. Country

THE CITY MAN is an artist when it comes to figuring. He can use up one lead pencil and half a quire of foolscap paper each week, estimating the great profits he could make if he only had a ranch. He could keep 100 hens, each hen laying an egg per day, 3,000 eggs a month at three cents each, or thirty-six cents a dozen—nobody would kick on that price—$90.00 a month.

He could have five acres in apple trees, each of which would surely bear five boxes of apples, and he is certain he can get $1.00 a box wholesale, because he remembers very distinctly that he paid $2.10 for those Jonathans last winter. Now, to be sure, he will only figure 150 trees to the acre. This would net him $750 an acre, or $3,750 for the five acres. And the labor for picking those apples would amount to scarcely nothing at all. He could haul them to town himself and not work very hard either.

Then he could plant five acres in sugar beets, and at a conservative estimate, raise 18 tons to the acre. He knows this to be correct, because he saw the statement in a prospectus sent out by a land company. The sugar factories pay $5.00 a ton for these beets. He knows that to be so, for a man told him that was what he got. Well, these five acres in sugar beets will bring him $450; and he is sure the sugar beet business would suit him, for he has four boys that are the right age to do the thinning and hoeing.

Then he will plant five acres in Irish potatoes (spuds) and these will yield 450 bushels to the acre. This fact he learned from a folder sent out by a real estate firm, and they would not dare print a statement that was not correct. On the five acres planted to potatoes he gets 2,250 bushels, which are worth $1.00 a bushel or a total of $2,250. That is not so bad!

Now he has only five acres in apples, five in sugar beets, and five in potatoes—why, that is only fifteen acres all told, he and the boys could cultivate that *easy,* and not work over four hours a day. The eggs, apples, sugar beets and potatoes will bring in $7,530 a year. That beats $60 a month and going to work every morning at 8 a.m. Then besides that, he could have strawberries right off the vine, and pure milk and butter from a real Jersey cow; and if the weather is bad or he happens to feel tough, he doesn't have to go to work at all; and no fear of losing his job either. Then there is another thing not figured in—the calf that Bossy would raise. This could be sold for, oh, I don't know just how much. From the price we pay for steak at the butcher-shop, the calf at a year old should bring $45.

Again, on a farm there is another thing that cuts a big figure in a man's living expenses. Clothing amounts to practically nothing on the farm; a pair of overalls and one suspender every six months is all he needs.

You need not talk to him about farmers not making money. It grows on them like moss on a tree. When he gets on that farm he will not be thrown out of work every time the walking delegate wants to boost his salary; and he certainly is getting awful tired of having the boss tell him what to do. He don't see any reason why he cannot be boss of himself for a spell. He knows of a 25-acre farm that he can buy for $75 an acre, and pay for it from the first year's crop, besides having plenty left over to run the family till next season. He knows his calculations are correct because he has gone over them a half dozen times and compared the figures with the prices that eggs, apples and potatoes sell for in town. He is going to give up his job right away and strike for the country, where the air is pure, the wild rose blooms, and the singing birds will cheer him on his way.

THE FARMER has inoculated *himself* with the bacteria just the same, and his fever is 105. Unless a doctor is called pretty soon he will be out of his head. He wants better schools for his children—he has four girls and three boys. He knows the girls would make good school teachers and stenographers and each could earn at least $80 per month. Two of the boys could get positions as bank clerks, and the third would make a good politician—he alone should then be able to keep up the whole family. If he is any good at grafting he could give all the rest of the family jobs under himself. The farmer himself feels pretty sure he could hold down the job as mayor of the town, which does not require much gray matter.

Now, the four girls will earn $320 a month, while he himself and the three boys could earn at least $100 each, making a grand total of $720 a month, or $8,640 a year. No pesky calf to feed, no cow to milk in the rain, no hogs to swill—what do you think of that, Susie, my girl?

"That's right, Dad, and we could buy an auto and have a good time. I and the other girls would help to pay for it out of our salaries. It is awful hard on us girls to have to stay out here and never see anything."

Now here is a good chance for an oculist to get in his work, and fit each family with glasses that have the right focus, and that gives to each man's job a rose color. It may be possible that he will have to call in a physician to diagnose the case and give some powders to reduce the fever. I hate to see a man take a header unless he knows how deep the water is. I saw that farm myself that the city man was thinking of buying. *It may be that I was there at the wrong time of the year*, but I got the tip pretty straight from the farmer's wife, that it was moulting season with the chickens, and so she hadn't got an egg in three months. She had paid $9.00 for feed in that time, and her husband complained that the chickens had destroyed a half acre of wheat by tearing down the shocks. The old man told me on the quiet that a late frost had killed the apple crop in the bloom. He showed me where he had planted some sugar beets in the spring, but the ground baked so hard and the seeds were so poor, he didn't get a good stand. He had plowed them twice, and hoed once, but last week he had decided to turn the pigs in and let them eat what there was of the crop. He said he thought he *would have enough potatoes to do him, if he could keep his neighbor's hogs out of the patch.*

After thinking over the proposition, I have come to the conclusion that the city man was color-blind. He thought he saw roses on this ranch. The nearest thing to roses that I saw was a bunch of *cactus.*

The country man asked me if I had ever lived in town. I answered that I had.

"How do you like it?"

I told him that I did not care to talk about my neighbors and, in fact, that I did not have many, that I only knew three men in our block, and was not at all familiar with them.

He told me he expected to move to town next week, and I asked him to call and see me when he got settled. As I was leaving he asked me if I did not want some eggs. He said the merchant in his village wouldn't pay more than ten cents a dozen for them, which amount he expected you to take out in trade.

Well, my farmer friend did move to town, with all of his brood except the pigs, as he had learned that the city ordinances would not allow a *four-legged hog* in town. I saw my friend after he had been in town four months. He said the girls had learned shorthand and could perform fairly well on that little piano-like instrument that sat on the desk, but only one of them had succeeded in getting a job—at $5.00 a week. He said the boys had answered several advertisements for help wanted. Day before yesterday when Joe went to answer an ad there were forty-one applicants in line, twenty-seven before him and thirteen behind. He figured that at that rate you would have to answer forty-one advertisements before you got a job. The boys are still at it.

I asked the old man what about his job as mayor. He replied that he had been approached on the subject by some of the people in his ward, but he could not understand why they had to have so much money for cigars. He had found out that if he got the help of these men he would have to give *them* the jobs instead of providing places for his *own* family. He said that he had been as saving as possible with the city water, but it had cost him $6 for what he had drunk so far. Now he is wondering which is the cheapest, water or bottled goods. He said he could read the hands on a clock all right, but that the gas and electric light meters kept him guessing. He never could tell whether they were going or coming.

He had bought a second-hand auto and taken the girls out once for a ride; he had run over a dog which cost him $10, and was pulled in for not having a license on his car. He had had a tire blowout and the carburetor wouldn't work. His landlord had told him that if he would have the car fixed up he, the landlord, would take it for a month's rent. He said he went downtown last week to buy a box of apples and the groceryman showed him several kinds. Among the lot was one that had his own name on it. He had packed the box last fall and sold it to the wholesale man for sixty cents; but the retail dealer wanted $1.50 for it now. I think the country man is about in the notion to swap his prospects for a jack-rabbit, and then kill the rabbit.

The man that establishes a trading bureau will make more money than a matrimonial agency. Everybody wants to swap, trade or move. The man in Kansas wants to go to Colorado; the man in Colorado is going to Canada; the man in Canada is going to Alaska. The blacksmith wants to be a carpenter; the carpenter is determined to be a painter; the painter covets the plumber's craft; the laborer wants the foreman's job; and the foreman is thinking of *turning out the boss.* Before trying on the boss' hat, he has never considered that it may be two or three sizes too large for him. If the people ever get settled and learn what they want to do, then get their shoulders to the wheel, there will be something moving.

Alaska and the Northwest

AMONG all the pleasant memories that I have of the past, one seems to haunt me; it flashes upon me when all alone, bringing back scenes and incidents that were very unusual. In 1900 I was in Vancouver, British Columbia, and got a letter from my firm requesting me to go to Alaska. This was Saturday afternoon. I took an inventory of my household goods and worldly belongings which consisted of thirteen dollars, twenty-three handkerchiefs, seven shirts, eleven pairs of socks and a safety razor. I then turned my attention to my anatomy—respiration below normal—fever one hundred—nerve an unknown quantity—headache two days old—temper boiling—finances on the verge of nervous prostration. I went out and got a prescription filled. I do not remember how much now, but I think it was a *quart.*

Everything being ready we set sail on the briny deep Sunday afternoon. Everything went fine till about twelve p.m. when I was awakened in my berth by my next door neighbor making a noise like he was calling hogs. As I had always enjoyed seeing pigs eat, I got up to investigate. When I opened my stateroom door, I found I had made a mistake. My friend, instead of calling hogs, was leaning over the railing and feeding the fish. I proceeded to get familiar with him and attempted to lead him into conversation, but he gave me a vacant stare. Then I tried to console him and tell him he would get well; he answered me by saying, "That is just what I am afraid of." Well every dog has his day, unless he is on board a ship, and then it is likely to come at night.

The same day out we had a little excitement, which brought the *coal heavers from the hole, and the sailors on deck.* It was not a storm of the elements, but the commotion was a hog. We had on board some home-loving swine, that we were taking to Alaska to serve as a relish in a Chinese restaurant. One of the old granny hogs broke out of her crate and decided to take a bath in the briny deep; and, without waiting for towel or soap, she took a header. I do not know how deep she went, but she was wet when she came up, and fighting mad. She espied an island about a mile away and headed for it without a compass. She did not stop to figure whether she would meet any of her congenial swine friends there or not, but she was like Columbus—she would have the right of discovery and *she could colonize it at her leisure.*

The captain and the crew broke into her arrangements; the captain called for Heenan and his brother, a boat was dropped into the surf, a signal was given for the race. Old grannie had the advantage of the start by five hundred feet and at the quarter part she was still in the lead; but odds were offered on the boys and at the half she was overtaken. Now, strategy of man was pitted against the instinct of the hog. They undertook to take grannie in on the larboard side. These sailors learned more about leverage and gravity in this conflict with grannie than they ever knew before. They found that two men and a hog on one side of a boat would tip it at an angle of about eighty degrees. This caused them to *load water faster than it did hog;* shifting one man in the stern, the other in the bow, steady now. One man tries to raise grannie by main strength, but as she comes above water she proves to possess more avoirdupois than the sailor—she wins, he takes a bath.

Third inning, big sailor at bat, little sailor short stop—hog on first—two balls—one strike. One of the passengers suggested getting some corn and toting her in. Fourth inning, one man on each side of the bow; big sailor grabs grannie by the top sail, little sailor by the rudder, one, two, three, landed, but not home. It was a question of who would run the boat, the hog or the men. They called for reinforcements to disarm her or to man the boat, preferably the former. After a series of skillful engineering feats grannie was hoisted on board and put in chains. From now on we had to rely on scenery for amusement, and it was the best—mountains on every hand rising out of the sea, covered with spruce and pine, and the deep bluish green of the water making a perfect image of the reflection. We glided day and night in a hundred fathoms of water between these mountains, rarely ever seeing the open ocean; and it was well enough that we did not see it, as our little ship could *buck like a broncho.*

One morning I was at the breakfast table just as we were entering Dickson's inlet when a wave struck us and sent me sliding back over the floor. I did not know but what it was a trick of the steward to save the fine beefsteak. We stopped at Juneau, where I saw the novelty of a street being paved with boards. The streets were covered from side to side with planks like a bridge; this was done to prevent the wagons and teams from sinking into the mud, for it rained here every day—it did not *mist,* and it seldom ever *missed.*

Douglas Island is only a short distance from Juneau. Here one of the largest stamp mills in the world is in operation, pounding the ore as fine as meal. On nearing the wharf at Skaguay, the first sight that caught my eye was a mammoth watch chain, composed of solid nuggets of gold; this was worn by a man on the dock, as carelessly as a boy would wear an Ingersoll watch. This is the town where the famous pack trains loaded their wares and received as toll a dollar a pound for transporting the goods over the White Pass; but now the iron horse goes over instead. Here, too, the Chinaman practiced his culinary art of serving ham and eggs on a board table covered with oilcloth, and received for his pains a tip of two dollars and fifty cents; as for a bed, a pair of blankets and your shoes for a pillow cost only two dollars. By proper persuasion this Chinaman would wash your shirt for 50¢.

Our next stop was Sitka. Here you find the totem poles in perfection. They are often painted, but always gruesome looking. The characters carved upon them represent human beings and animals: each character represents a heathen god but, in reality, looks more like the characters of Dante's Inferno. They usually stand about twenty to sixty feet high.

Alaska would not be complete without glaciers. One of the finest is Mewer Glacier near Sitka. It is hard to conceive what a glacier looks like from description. Imagine millions of tons of ice and snow compressed and wedged together by slipping off the mountainsides and coming in avalanches, one upon the other, piling up hundreds of feet deep. The pressure and the weight keeps moving this down, and the lower end is being melted all the time, often causing perpendicular ice cliffs that are very beautiful.

We came back on a steamer known as the *City of Seattle.* She was a nice little craft but she must have been shy on ballast, for the waves played with her like a cat tossing a ball. You did not have to walk the deck to give you exercise; you got plenty trying to hold yourself in bed. The captain of this boat surely made plenty of money; he never had to feed anybody. On one occasion he approached one of his patients who was pumping out his system over the stern of the boat. The captain essayed to console him by saying, "My friend, your stomach is weak."

"Ain't I throwing it as far as any of them?" was the reply.

It was a question which was the more interesting, the scenery or the passengers. Well, we lived to tell the tale and needed no doctor for a year after, so we will praise the good ship that carried us over in safety. I must be a hoo-doo for every time I get on a ship, she tries to float on her side or waltz on her bow.

I left Astoria, Oregon, one morning on a small boat to go over the Columbia Bar and around by Cape Disappointment to Ilwaco, Washington. After we got over there the wind began to howl from the west and roll up white caps over the bar. I would have given thirteen cents to have been back in Astoria. A prospective passenger asked the captain if he thought the return trip would be rough. He answered, "I hope so." He got his wish and then some.

If I had had a piece of paper and anything to have willed I surely would have gotten busy. Sometimes the bow was up and sometimes the stern. When the stern would come up out of the water the wheel would fight the air like a Dutch windmill fighting demons in the moonlight. The man who made this boat understood his job; he made it to float on its side as well as on its bottom. That was one time we felt like we would rather walk than ride, but the purser had our tickets and the pilot would not stop. Do not ask me if we got over, I am here to tell you about it. If you think this overdrawn, the boat is in commission and they are still selling tickets at a reduced rate—you can make arrangements for the wind to blow.

A Good Time

DEITY never created man to be a burden to himself or an eyesore to society. Nine-tenths of our troubles are imaginary and can be blotted from our book of remembrance. Children have their troubles just the same as grown people, but the child's troubles are like soap-bubbles, they never last overnight. The little girl breaks her dolly; she cries as though her heart would break. The boy loses his ball or breaks his toy; it is just as hard for him to bear this as it is for you to suffer a financial loss.

I remember when I was a boy and was "breaking" a couple of young steers to work to my "truck wagon." It was a wagon that I had taken great pains to make; it was so perfect in construction that all the boys in the neighborhood looked upon it with a longing eye and had offered me all sorts of trades to induce me to part with it. I always shook my head and said, "Nope." I could have more fun with this outfit then, than I could now with a $5,000 auto.

Well one day I was out in the woods and had just loaded up with some kindling when a boy came running toward my team with a kite he was trying to fly. My steers broke into a run. I tried to head them off. It was no use. They bumped against trees, over rocks and into fences. When they were finally stopped the yoke was broken, one of the calves crippled, and my wagon a perfect wreck. If I should lose a house and lot today, it would not hurt me half so much. I thought I was ruined for life. I spent the afternoon bemoaning my fate. But the next morning by daylight I was on the job, determined to repair the wreck, which I had packed from the woods on my back. I held a consultation with myself as to whether I should start at the differential or at the radiator end. I finally decided that the steering gear being out of order was the cause of all the collisions of the previous day. The steering gear was not automatic, and so would not turn the corners as fast as "Buck" and "Brandy" but would turn turtle instead. I went to work and in three days had everything in running order except the spark-plug and carburetor; I thought Buck and Brandy had enough spark in them to run, and I knew they were *good mixers,* as I had tried them. The next day I was whistling and the birds sang as sweetly as ever.

Just so are the troubles all through life; there is always a way out. You must be stronger than the opposition. You have the latent power within you to be *king of your realm.* The man or woman who in continually complaining admits that he or she is weak and not able to cope with the petty affairs of life. This weakness can be overcome by determination and the cultivation of hope. There are thousands of people that invariably look for the dark side of everything. You may submit any kind of a proposition to them and before you get through they have an objection formed and their suspicion is aroused. They are afraid of everybody and everything; they suspect your motives, and will do or insinuate something to block progress. They are natural-born cranks and kickers and so penurious that they cannot be honest. If such people could only see themselves in the same light that others see them, they certainly would change their tactics.

Then there are others who are always complaining that the world does not treat them right, that they have hard luck—which they *usually are entitled to,* as they drive business away and disgust all with whom they come in contact. There are others still who are everlastingly complaining of their aches and pains. Will these people ever learn that rehearsing a thing in the mind, and keeping it continually before themselves, does more to impair the organs than anything else they could possibly do? It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of scientists that by constantly affirming to a well man that he looks bad, that he has fever, that he has indications of a certain disease, the ailment will actually develop through the influence of the mind over the body. If this picture before the mind will produce disease, a lovable, healthful, joyous picture will produce health. Despondency paves the way for the doctor. *Grumbling and complaining have been the stepping stones to divorce courts more than once.*

People who are lighthearted and jolly make friends and hold them. People who look for the good in all things and are willing to give credit where credit is due, who are willing to concede that the other fellow can be right part of the time—they are the people who are magnetic and attract the admiration of the world, at the same time laughing off troubles and repelling disease. Who ever heard of a big fat man having the "blues," or refusing to laugh when there was a good joke told? If you find yourself growing melancholy, get out and exercise or join a jolly crowd and go to the theatre or to the "movies." One of the best tonics one can take is to get out and romp with the children. If you have none of your own, borrow some. Go for a walk; if your case is bad, go to the country. Get away from decent people where you cannot bother them with your complaints; and when you come back from your trip, do not look for the old ball you formerly wound your grief on. If any of your chums have the same disease as yourself, do not go near them. I know of a sanatorium that has strict rules not allowing patients to talk about their ailments to each other.

At a certain hospital there was a bench near the fountain which was called the "mourners' bench." Here the chronic complainers came daily to swap their tales of woe. The superintendent, to stop this, had painted on the seat, "Order your coffins early to avoid the rush."

Learn a lesson from the child. Learn to get over your troubles by not thinking of them. There is something new about the child's mind all the time; and as soon as the mind grasps another subject the trouble has vanished. You have the power to change your mind from the worry and if you do not, you should suffer; it is a just debt you owe and you must pay it.

Fear has a great deal to do with people's happiness. You have met persons who are afraid of everything. They were afraid it was going to storm, afraid they had caught cold, afraid their eyes were failing them, afraid the children would be sick or run over in the street; everytime they hear a noise at night they think it is burglars; they keep themselves worked up and nervous all the time. If you care anything for life, stop this at once. Worry will bring old age, gray hairs and the grave quicker than anything you can do.

Read good books, those that teach a principle preferred. Broaden your sphere of thought, build air castles, work with your hands and brain, have some object in view, remember that you were created to some great end, have the nerve to take your position in the front rank, think something, act something, wake up and let the world know that you can command respect. Take the first train to Progress and be on hand when the melon of Prosperity is cut.

Colorado

EVERY COUNTRY has its beauty-spots that show up as beautifully as the glow on a maiden's cheek just when she is blooming into womanhood. It has been my pleasure to linger in a few of these places and absorb some of their salient features.

The Rocky Mountains have always been my favorite haunt. I can see more majesty, feel more inspiration and inhale more life-giving energy amid the crags of the Rockies than I can perched on the towering Washington Monument. I love freedom; I love to stand on the peaks and breathe the pure, health-giving air, to feel the energy of youth coursing through my veins, and to bathe in the sunshine peculiar to this region.

If you want to feel blood course through your veins as it did when you were a boy, hike into the hills with your drinking-cup. Take no water with you; you will find some gushing pure and cold from Nature's fountains. People who have never climbed mountains know nothing of the exquisite joy one feels as they mount from crag to crag. You feel as if you had satisfied that one longing ambition of man—to conquer. When you have arrived at the top of the peak you feel you have reached the goal. You cry "Bravo!" Now, with the satisfaction of accomplishment you sit down and rest, and survey the prize as far as the eye can see. Exhilaration, inspiration do not express your emotion. Me live in another country?—not yet!

A few years ago I had an occasion to stop overnight in Canon City, with my family. The next morning we went out for a little walk, but before we returned to the hotel it proved to be a pretty good one. We had covered a distance of fourteen miles.

We started up the Grand Canyon, and like the boy chasing the butterfly, we were led on and on, from flower to flower, from pinnacle to dome, dome to cliffs 3,000 feet high, thence to the rushing torrent of the Arkansas, driving its battering-ram against the granite walls and ever at work on its task of making a roadway through the boulders. Next our attention was attracted to the Hanging Bridge. Here the forces of Nature are contending with the Gould System as to which shall have the right of way. But the difficulty has been arbitrated by the railroad being suspended in the air. This canyon is some twenty miles in length; and every foot is crowded with interest.

Then there is the Sky Line Drive near the same town, which is considered by many to be one of the most picturesque drives on the continent. Nature once upon a time got romantic and threw up an immense ridge of solid rock several miles long, leaving a valley on one side and a canyon on the other. The rocks are set on edge and tower a hundred feet above the surrounding country, the walls being almost perpendicular. On one end of this ridge there is an auto road that winds to the top. But before starting, see that your brakes are all right and your steering gear in "applepie order." We are going to put you on this cliff that is about ten feet wide, with a rocky parapet on each side. Now steady! Speed limit *60 miles an hour;* driver strictly prohibited from using bottled goods or stomach bitters! When you get half way up, stop. Look to the right; there is the road you just passed over in the canyon. On the left, at a stone's throw, is the verdant valley. What are those trees? Apples, apricots, plums, cherries, pears and peaches—yes and strawberries between the rows. I wonder if that old farmer has a *grown daughter?*

Taking the grand tour from Colorado Springs, Colorado to Royal Gorge.
ROYAL
GORGE

OURAY can boast of the most weird canyon in the country. It has the appropriate name of Box Canyon, and it surely is boxed in. When you are nearing it you hear a roaring sound as of distant thunder. As you draw nearer this increases in magnitude until you walk upon the precipice that leads to a suspended bridge. Here all of a sudden the sound breaks upon you in a deafening roar and you look to see if the bridge is falling. When you have caught your breath and started again you tread on the bridge as softly as a cat when watching its prey. The thunder of the water falling among the hidden crags now threatens to damage your eardrums. You look above you, and around you and see no water. Is it a myth or are demons fighting with fate? You look around. Solid walls on every side that you can easily reach with your walking cane, extending far below and hundreds of feet above. Hemmed in, trapped! What an admirable place for a dungeon, all we lack is an iron door. On closer examination, we find the headwaters of the Uncompaghre River have cut their way among the crevices of the rocks and are pouring with fiendish glee among the boulders at the bottom of the pit out of sight of man.

This town of Ouray is unique in a way. It is built in a recess of the mountains in the shape of a dipper. The whole town is not larger than a potato patch in Ireland; but this is not the fault of the people who live here. Their backdoors swing against the granite walls, and if they made the town larger, they would have to move the mountains back.

About fifty miles east of this place, near the town of Montrose, is the famous Gunnison Tunnel. Here the government has bored through the mountain and intersected the Gunnison River, diverting it from its course, poured it upon the mesas in another valley and made them to blossom as the rose. Knights of the hoe (honest farmers), here is your chance. If I were not so tired I would tackle it myself. What will the ground produce? Ask rather, what it will *not* produce. Go down to Montrose or Delta, back up your wheelbarrow to the curb, and tell the merchant to *roll you out a peach*—but I will not say anything more about this section of the country until I have had a talk with the real estate man and see if he will divide commissions with me.

Now we take the Denver and Rio Grande through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. Scenery? Well, rather! But the railroad does not give me any free passes, so I do not feel disposed to advertise their snap. But, say, Cleopatra's Needle, and those blue pools of water filled with speckled and rainbow trout sure do look awful nice. I wish I could tell you about them and do the subject justice, but I never went to college. If an Izaak Walton could catch *one fish in a thousand* in this river, he would never have to lie about fishing any more. A *reformed* fisherman once told me about catching a twelve-pound trout with a minnow hook and a line made of basting thread. I have thought about this story several times. I do not believe he lied about the size of the fish, but he surely was mistaken about the *hook and line.*

The reason I doubted his judgment was possibly because I remembered the story of the real estate dealer in Arkansas who was showing a prospective buyer a piece of land in the swamps where it had overflowed badly in the spring, and of course left the mark of water on the tree-trunks. He was showing our friend over the land in October. The agent was expatiating about the good qualities of the land. At last the customer, pointing to tree-trunk, inquired what made the mark about six feet from the ground.

"Oh, that's where the wild hogs have rubbed against it," was the answer. The agent kept on talking, but noticed that his customer did not seem to take the same interest in the land thereafter.

When they got back to town the agent said "Well, how about it? Can I sell you some of that land?"

"No, but I would like to have some of the *hogs that rubbed against those trees.*"

WELL, WE WILL STOP for lunch at Leadville, the highest incorporated city in America, over 10,000 feet—but isn't the air nice and fresh? Well, why shouldn't it be, it is filtered through snow *nine months in the year.* But for all that, the people in this town do not eat snowballs. They shovel gold dust like you would dirt in your back yard, and you know that kind of dirt is always marketable. No advertising necessary; no bargain days; no 69¢ sales.

Well, I promised you a ride on the "rubberneck" car to Cripple Creek. All aboard. This takes us out by the smelters near Colorado Springs where the gold is extracted from the ore by heat. But I guess you are not interested in the process of manufacture; all you want to do is get hold of the eagle. Well when you do, *don't choke him till he squalls!*

I think there is room for all on the observation car. Put on your overcoat and come out. This road is not as straight as some, as you will notice. It doubles back on its tracks like a scared jack-rabbit dodging a dog. Look down below you fifty feet—there is where we came from. Now look sixty feet upward—that is where we are going. And still further above that is a third track perched on the precipice. We will soon be to the place where the conductor gives the engineer a match. This roadbed looks like it was melted and poured on the mountain side, or possibly it is following the path made by a streak of zig-zag lightning. It is quite different from the roads of olden days when they all led to Rome.

This is a "Short Line" between two cities of wealth. Here lies one at our feet, the "City of Sunshine." Look where I point on Cascade and Wood Avenues—do you see the residences? Croesus, Apollo, Mars and Jupiter, all the big bugs, live there. "Oh, is that the arena where all the people are assembled?" No, that is North Park; the people are attending a band concert. Now look to the east about twenty miles distant on the plains, do you see that long dark object moving slowly to the southward? "Yes, what is it?" A herd of cattle going to that lake for water. "About how much is each of those cattle worth?" I do not know what a *whole cow is worth!* But I went down town yesterday and *contracted* for a steak to be delivered tomorrow; and I have got to sell some of you fellows a dozen books so that I can pay for it.

Well, here we are. Now gaze down on the greatest gold camp in the world—production from the ten principal mines $1,162,234 for the month of March, 1913. I will let you look a while, but you must not touch it. You know you have always heard that rich people were rascals, and I do not want you to be contaminated. Do you see that safety deposit bank down there? "No; I see nothing but the sign 'Portland Mine'." Well, that's it. The vaults are all underground. There has never been a safe-blower that could break in her walls or work the combination. Sometimes a porter gets away with a little bunch, but they pay no attention to that, they just call it "high-grading."

See those flat cars on the sidetrack, all loaded with ore? "Is that ore?" "Well, what is in that stuff anyway?" Well, there is a substance that at one time they made into candlesticks and ornaments for Kings' thrones, but now it is turned over to the trusts. They set aside a small part of it to endow colleges, build libraries and send missionaries abroad. What becomes of the rest? Oh, that is used for "safe and sane legislation" and to educate the people to appreciate the high cost of living.

Just as the train pulled out of Cripple Creek one of the party came up and said: "Old man, I'll give you $1,000 for your sarcasm."

"Sold," says I.

But on investigation I found he wanted to pay on the installment plan, then water the stock and give me half of the new issue for the purchase price.

Now I want to take all my audience to the Arkansas Valley, fifty miles east of Pueblo, in an auto. I want to show you the farming district of our state. We will stop here on this section line, where the north and south road crosses the cottonwood road. Look back and to the right; looks pretty good, eh? Sugar beets—hundreds of piles; to the right in front, cantaloupes—a hundred acres—yes, and ripe too. Joe, get out and load up the auto. To the left in front, cattle and hogs in green alfalfa up to their knees; and on the left behind we can count how many haystacks? Well I think there are forty on that quarter section, with about twenty tons to the stack. Well, drive down another mile and let's see about that poor farmer!

Say, those steers do look nice. Fed on beet tops, beet pulp and alfalfa. And on this side—did you ever see so many beehives? He sure has got a lot. Do you know that we have enough honey in this state to sweeten the disposition of all the old maids in Christendom and enough cantaloupes to supply Chicago and New York—enough alfalfa raised in one year to feed Barnum & Bailey's circus for fifty years—enough fruit to make every man in America a pie—enough sugar from sugar beets to sweeten the coffee of America, the tea of England and the rice of China; enough cattle to bankrupt the people if cut into steaks and sold at present prices; enough iron rails to lay a track from coast to coast; enough gold to give every man on the continent a watch chain, enough spuds to feed the German army, cabbage big enough to make two messes for the elephant Jumbo; mineral water enough at Manitou to give every man on the globe a drink, and a climate good enough for the inhabitants on the moon!

St. Louis and Omaha Cyclones

BY SOME MEANS, I hardly know how, it had been impressed on my mind that cyclones were always accompanied by a funnel shaped cloud; but on the 27th day of May, 1896, I learned my mistake. About four p.m. I was standing on the corner of Pine and Ninth Streets, St. Louis, Missouri, and my attention was called to the peculiar appearance of the elements. I do not remember ever having seen anything like it before, or since. The clouds seemed to be very low and muddy looking, and to be in rapid motion. The best I can describe, they resembled a pot of boiling muddy water, and there was very little wind blowing. We had no other indications of the mighty catastrophe that was about to descend on us.

About this time I took the streetcar for home, about five miles distant in the western part of the city. Before we had gone ten blocks it grew suddenly dark and the wind seemed to come from all directions, blowing down chimney tops and signs. Our car stopped suddenly and we heard a roaring sound. In a few minutes the rain began to pour, but we in this locality never dreamed that the city was being visited by the greatest cyclone in the history of America, nor did we realize the great amount of damage that was done until the next morning.

About 9 a.m. I started out on an inspection tour. I walked, for this was about the only way you could get along the streets. Telegraph poles, trees, fences, signs, housetops, brick and mortar were everywhere.

The cyclone struck the town about the foot of Cass Avenue, and followed down the river to the Eads bridge, and then turned somewhat to the west and pursued a southwesterly course, carrying death and desolation in its path. No wall was strong enough to withstand its force. Its course played every peculiar prank, twisting out the sides of houses, taking off roofs and setting them down intact in the same yard, and sometimes down on the same houses they had originally covered. In some cases the most frail buildings were left standing, and nearby it took the church or fine stone front residence. The parks were simply wrecked; not a tree was left standing and it seemed that no two trees were blown in the same direction.

Man never realizes how small and insignificant he is until he finds himself in the grip of a cyclone or an earthquake. Man in his normal moments prides himself on his ability, his knowledge and his power, but in an instant he finds himself stranded and alone, as weak as a babe and stripped of his reason, tumbling like a sheep before his shearer. When we look around us and see our homes and other possessions which we have spent a lifetime to accumulate, swept away in a moment, we are forced to reflect how transient is man and all of his efforts. It shows us further the difference in possessions, the superiority of knowledge and learning over worldly goods. Fire, earthquakes and tornadoes in a few moments can make us paupers as far as wealth is concerned, but it cannot rob us of knowledge and experience. Neither can a thief in the night break through and steal knowledge, aspirations and aims.

There is one faculty of man that has been cultivated to such an extent that it has become abnormal and domineering. The overwhelming and insatiate desire to accumulate wealth has such a hold on the people of America that they are straining every nerve and putting forth every effort to amass large fortunes that cannot be utilized to advantage during their lives. Excessive wealth never did and never will bring happiness or contentment; it is absolutely and undeniably the reverse. Wealth brings cares, and often enemies and jealousy. Great wealth left to our posterity is a hindrance and a handicap, and more often proves a detriment than an advantage. Thousands of young men and women have made wrecks of themselves and their fortunes, disgraced beyond redemption by having too much wealth at their command.

MOWER
STEEL

St. Louis, Missouri cyclone of 1896, above, scattered farm implements over a wide area. Right, harvest of death in Omaha, Nebraska in 1913.

If the property loss in St. Louis had been expended in securing educations for the rising generation it would have equipped every child in the city with a business training which would have been a safe deposit bank the remainder of their lives. Would it not be advisable to equip the mind to wrestle with the problems of life, rather than lay aside our hoards for future generations to quarrel over, and *actually criticise you for not leaving them a greater amount.*

It is every man's duty to lay by a certain amount of his earnings; to be prepared for a rainy day or old age. Do not trust to luck—or to a worse thing, your friends—to take care of you in your declining years.

The recent cyclone at Omaha on Easter Sunday, March, 1913, once more focuses upon us the terrible calamity and havoc wrought by wind. About five o'clock p.m. of that day the clouds grew a muddy black and seemed to drop like a pall over the city. Anyone who has ever seen a cyclone cloud will never forget how they look; there is a peculiarity about them that seems to stamp death on its face; destruction is visible in every line.

There was a gentleman on board a train that was nearing the city, when he cast his eye on the descending black and yellow mass that was to carry death and destruction in its path. He remarked to his companions, "We are doomed," and within two minutes they could see a pile of dust and houses flying in the air ahead of them. Water and fire are equally destructive as wind but they as a rule give you warning before the final crash or death blow is delivered; but wind comes like a stroke of lightning, does its deadly work, and is gone inside of a minute, leaving millions of dollars worth of property piled up in heaps and scattered beyond recovery. Then in its wake almost invariably comes the demon fire to consume the remnants.

In Omaha the saddest of it all is, there were 150 victims lying crushed and bleeding beneath its iron heel. Man can protect himself against lightning and divert the waters of the rushing flood; but who can devise a means to protect us from the uncontrollable and unexpected cyclone? Here is a ghost of death that haunts the human race.

I was in Oklahoma a few years ago and in passing a stairway to the cellar of a hotel, I saw this sign, "This way to the cyclone cellar." I called another traveler's attention to it and he remarked, "That is the work of some practical joker I guess." No, that is not the work of a practical joker, but of a practical idea, in the portions of the country where the altitude is low and it is subjected to sudden changes of temperature and heat waves. A cyclone is likely to occur at any time when the atmosphere becomes superheated and rises suddenly, leaving a vacuum for the colder air to rush into. It is claimed that in the Rocky Mountain regions there has never been, and can never be, a cyclone as the air does not become hot enough to rise rapidly causing a commotion of the air. But be the cause what it may, here is the most dreaded force of nature; the force that sweeps away the necessities of life, and leaves in its stead poverty and ruin, widows and orphans. No wonder humanity stands aghast when they see the hand of destiny shrouded in the restless fiery elements, ready to descend like lightning bolts and claim its harvest of destruction and death.

Woman Suffrage

THIS IS A SUBJECT which is attracting a great deal of attention at this time. There are able men and women on both sides, and eloquent, logical and convincing arguments can be made both for and against the principles involved. This brings to mind a lawsuit I remember. A man was being prosecuted for stealing a sheep. The defendant had no attorney.

The state's attorney got up, looked sarcastically at the prisoner and began his harangue. He made a very eloquent and convincing plea, and when he had finished the prisoner's wife and children were in tears, and the prisoner looked like he had stolen a dozen sheep instead of one. The judge became sorry for the prisoner's family, and turning to the state's attorney said, "It is too bad that this man has no attorney. Can't you get up and make a few remarks to pacify the family *before I impose sentence?*"

The lawyer got up and eulogized the defendant, criticized the state for dragging a man of his standing into court, picked the evidence to pieces, and wound up by saying that the sheep had gotten lost and wandered into the prisoner's pen. That the prisoner threw a stick at a jaybird, and at that moment the sheep jumped in the way and, unfortunately for it but with no discredit to the prisoner, lost its life. This was too much for the judge. *He reversed the decision.*

The American mind is inclined to sympathy, especially when there is a woman in the case, therefore women have the best of the argument. If all women could be induced to take an interest in elections, and would take the time and pains to study the economical and financial effect of all proposed measures, there is no doubt but that woman's suffrage would be beneficial. But it is a fact that the best educated and most refined women abhor politics; and if they live in a state where they are allowed to vote, they go to the polls reluctantly, do not post themselves, and vote for measures and men because their husbands instructed them to. If their husbands cannot influence them, their preacher can, so you have all your measures voted on by the men after all.

I live in a state where they have woman's suffrage. When there is a bill before the people where the public morals are involved, the women will vote on the side of morality. On the whole I see no serious objection to women voting, except in a few individual cases, and that is where the individual is seeking some political favor. Now, she will stoop to petty chicanery, she will be a ward-heeler. In the eyes of all refined people she steps out of her womanly sphere and bids farewell to the refining influence that makes her the perfect creature of a Divine Hand. Now, if women would only contend for the ballot in its purity, and not degrade themselves by *slumming* in politics, they would experience no trouble to gain suffrage. We are told that women will elevate the ballot. So far, so good. I have no doubt that the majority of suffragettes have good and high aspiration, but they are on *treacherous ground, yes, quicksand.* Did you ever stop to think that the professional politician will stoop lower than any other class of men? Can women be honest and be subjected to the same temptations? If she fails there is no one to pity.

It is said that woman has been imposed and denied her rights by man. Let us see, how does a woman wield her influence and gain her point? By her kindness, by her submission, and by her tender care. Never can she gain prestige by antagonism and defiance. Men rule the world, but who rules the men? Now ladies, about face, stop breaking window glasses and saying saucy things. Use your influence through man, but do not step out of your sphere. Ask for the franchise to vote only in matters of education and moral issues, and all men will be with you heart and soul. I will carry a banner myself, and plant it upon the ramparts of progress.

Now, ladies, do not say that men are selfish and want all the spoils, and, above all things, do not accuse the author of being a politician. I am a peaceful, law-abiding citizen; but if you want a fight on your hands just call me a politician. You may say that all people should take an interest in politics. That is right, and I do. But I am not under the dictation and influence of political bosses and yellow journalism. I study the character of the different men on the tickets and vote according to my judgment. If you could see my ticket before it is deposited, you would think that an old hen had been trying to make a nest of it.

If the ladies will give us a bond and security that they will not be controlled by sentiment, by husbands or ward-heelers, then we say give them what is called liberty!

Out of Joint

NEARLY ALL COMPLAINTS arise from a diseased body or mind, and it is usually the latter. Let us take the professional grouch. He does not say much to anybody, but he is sore on everybody and everything. He has brooded over hard luck and conditions until he has become cranky, his decision biased, and his judgment warped. This man in the first stages is usually strong minded and energetic, but if you will investigate you will find that he was disappointed in some undertaking or met with some reverse of fortune. He could not, or did not, attain some coveted goal.

This Mr. Grouch is usually a deep thinker. He is nobody's fool but his mind is distorted on certain things, and as a rule you cannot convince him that he is wrong. He is sore on the world, and he will not hide himself behind a rose-bush of discretion to vent his feelings. He is usually gruff and sarcastic, and unless you are pretty well posted on the subject under discussion you had better not make too many bold assertions. You may get cornered and have to retreat.

Mr. Grouch is caustic and will not spare your feelings. If you manage to keep him in a good humor and off his hobbies, he will be an interesting talker and can give you some pointers. However, he always has his weather eye out, looking for the other fellow's faults. This man's brain is slightly affected (but where is the man whose brain is not?). If he was supplied with good books to his liking and surrounded with the comforts of life you would see a marked change in him in twelve months' time.

Then there is the chronic kicker. He is a different breed entirely. He is a fool and does not know it. He is like a mule—he will kick at a sound or a shadow. He not only has hobby horses, but he will ride any old animal, he has no favorites and will take in the whole menagerie. He will attempt to ride everything from a monkey to an elephant. Like the clown, he often falls off, but this does not discourage him. Difficulties only arouse him to greater effort. There is no vocation which is followed with such persistency as the chronic kicker uses.

He rises in the morning and goes to work at once. He works piece work, consequently there is no loafing on the job. There is a call to battle within him and he goes at it at once and with all his might. The alarm clock rings too loud, the children will not get up when called; the kindling is wet and the fire will not burn. He is sure that the stove needs cleaning, breakfast is late, the coffee is weak, the steak is tough, the car is never there when he is ready to go, and the cranky conductor will not allow him to smoke in the front seats. Then he spies a headline in the newspaper (over his neighbor's shoulder). I knew it would happen! It serves them right. They were nothing but a blooming monopoly anyway. The country is going to the dogs. He can't see why people do not wake up and see his way.

If you will make a list of a hundred current propositions this man will pay his sarcastic respects to all of them in twenty-four hours. He is a doctor of law, authority on ethics, and the criterion of honor. If he had the chance he could run the biggest establishment in the country and have no strikes. If he had a million dollars he would give you half of it (in his mind). His philosophy and philanthropy are of the same variety as the two Irish Socialists.

Pat says to Jimmie, "And Jimmie, this will be a fine country when we all get to be brothers, then if I am worth ten thousand dollars I will give you half of it."

"Yes, and if I was worth five thousand I would give you one-half of it."

"Yes, and if you had two pigs you would give me one."

"You are a liar," says Jimmie. "You know very well I have two pigs."

THERE IS ANOTHER variety of weak-minded individual who needs to be set down upon by a washerwoman weighing 200 pounds. I refer to the aristocratic, sore-backed, poverty stricken, would-be society class. These people would make you believe that they are better than their neighbors. The butcher, the grocer, the dry-goods man, and their landlord know them. They pick over the meat, they finger the vegetables, they tousle the dry-goods and complain to the landlord. They want everything done because they are exceedingly good tenants. There should be a new kind of scale invented to weigh these people on. One that is graduated to weigh four ounces to the pound. This would still not show them to be as heavy as they imagine they are.

Then there is the pinhead who holds a job of some responsibility. He takes a delight in casting reflections on those under him, and in exercising his authority (what little he has). You cannot approach him. He disdains your advice. He shows in actions and words that you are his inferior. He will not condescend to converse with a man of your standing. His instructions must be observed to the letter. You must not ask him to reason why. The law of the Medes and Persians cannot be changed. Here is a man that causes the dissatisfactions and strikes. The men and women under him hate him as a viper. If the cashier had enclosed him a letter with his check in it twelve months ago, they would not now have to shut down the plant. It may be necessary to correct a workman, or to remind him that he is drawing pay, but it is bad policy to walk on him lengthwise every day.

Leland Stanford University after San Francisco's 1906 earthquake.

There is one more bore that is the limit, and they come at you in a way that compels you to take your medicine. They generally work on their friends and families and are like a screw-worm in a Texas cow. They always endeavor to get under the hide. They have some ideas or complaints that are of vital interest to you or to the community, so they say. If there is not a remedy at once there will be a great injustice done to somebody and that somebody is generally themselves. These parasites sometimes go in bodies seeking whom they may devour. You will find them selling buttons, soliciting aid and parading their personal charms at church fairs. There is no ability required for this job. Good looks are what count. It is their special delight to work an old man (I should know) and when they have relieved him of his "tainted" money they say to each other, "the Old Chump." Please give me an introduction to the next one.

This is the last, and it is bad enough. It is said that misery likes company. This is evidently true, but does the company appreciate misery? If misery is allowed full sway at the company, it surely draws first blood. Why people put on long faces and persist in telling their friends all about their many diseases and ailments, and explaining every phase of the complaint, is beyond human conception.

Do you meet people that you are afraid to pass the time of day with for fear they will spring their pains and aches on you? Tell you how they toss at night, how their stomach hurts, head throbs and corns ache? They never run out of something to talk about. The next time they meet you they give you the latest freaks of the disease. If it is sympathy they want they should remember that the heroes who bear their burdens and complaints in silence are the ones who get the genuine, unadulterated article.

San Francisco Earthquake

I HAVE BEEN in several railroad wrecks, and was also in the terrible cyclone that visited St. Louis, but I am glad to say that I have never experienced a severe earthquake. Of all the horrors that can befall man, I consider this the worst. To a person who has not been in one of these awful catastrophes, it seems impossible that the devastation could be so great.

I visited San Francisco shortly after the quake, and to put it mildly, the damage was *appalling*. What must have been the sight that met the eyes of the terror-stricken inhabitants on April 21st, 1906, after the fire had ravaged the city for three days, and hundreds been slain by falling walls. Before the people could realize what a terrible calamity had befallen them by the earthquake, fire broke out. Gas mains were broken and twisted, electric light wires snapped—conflagrations in a dozen places at once. Water torn asunder, and no water with which to fight the fire. Helpless, doomed! Can you imagine a thing more horrible?

It was 5:10 a.m. when, without warning, the first shock came, lasting about three minutes. In five minutes another, more terrible than the first, but not so long in duration; and still another, but less severe, followed in quick order. Think what must have been the nerve-racking sensations by this time. Even the stoutest-hearted must have quailed. Dread was turned into distraction when they saw flames dart up in every part of the city and learned that there was no water with which to fight the conflagration.

Did you ever stop to consider what is the most uneasy feeling that a human being can experience? It is to feel that the very earth beneath one is giving way, with no refuge, no hope of rescue!

San Francisco before this fire was exceedingly beautiful, with fine business blocks, hotels and public buildings, the finest of them all being the City Hall, costing $7,000,000. Nothing was left but a heap of stone, tile, brick and crumbled statuary. But nowhere on the face of the globe has *activity* surpassed that of Frisco since the fire. Buildings sprang up like magic. The watchword was progress. In all cases where the people could rebuild they started at once, and by the time the fair opens there in 1915 there will hardly be a missing edifice. This is a good criterion of the determination and progressiveness of the West. The people have faith in the country and confidence in themselves. These two principles will win in the face of all difficulties.

These people are the descendants of those adventurous spirits of 1849, men and women who took their chances in crossing the trackless desert, often without water, bread or salt, ever on the lookout for the prowling Indian. They forded creeks and swam rivers, cooked their meals with buffalo chips and twisted hay. Why should they not produce a race of people that are self-reliant, resourceful, undaunted empire builders?

There is as much in the breeds of people as there is in breeds of dogs. Some are born to bark and howl; and some are made for pets. Some people are like the bulldog, vicious and brutal; others, like the greyhound, quiet and unassuming, yet built to win the race.

Hobbies, Etc.

DID YOU EVER think seriously of this proposition, that all mankind are cranks? Yes, I can prove it. Every man has a hobby and woman, too. Some are more pronounced than others; that is, some can conceal their weakness better than others, but watch your most discreet man closely—it will crop out.

The most common dream or hobby is our own perfection and the other man's faults. The knot of egotism on the average American is very large, we can no more hide our conceit than we can our actions. The most ridiculous thing imaginable is for the self opinioned man to feign innocence. He is as awkward as a dog eating straw, his mouth goes off like an auto tire explosion (when you least want it), though there is one redeeming feature about him, he usually reveals his position, and leaves down the guard. Yes, he always has a hobby and he rides it unmercifully; he will try to make you believe that the government will go to pieces unless his ideas are carried out. As for politics he is a past master and can foretell future events, usually has a lot of advice to give you on all subjects. And if you do not stand as still as the Sphinx and listen to him, you are very rude.

I have one severe criticism to make concerning the present process of manufacturing mirrors—the manufacturers have never learned the art of making them reflect the true image back to the beholder, but possibly it is more the defect of the eye than the mirror. If we could only see ourselves as others see us, we might remedy a multitude of faults—but what is the use, we have worn colored glasses all our lives, and if we should change them for clear ones now the light would hurt our eyes, but we would be made to exclaim, "*Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel.*"

But let us not criticize too much. Hobbies in the right form, and in a moderate degree, are all right. It is said that inventors are always cranks; but that is no proof that all cranks are inventors. A man who is a crank on any particular subject ought to be able to develop something out of it, inasmuch as he devotes all of his time to that subject. I think the reason these people do not accomplish more is because they run everything they undertake into the ridiculous, and therefore disgust instead of please their hearers. You will observe that I think there are a very few balanced men and women. I mean by well balanced, people who look at things calmly and figure out the cause and effect of everything. People who can look at everything unbiased and weigh with a just scale. People who are willing to give sixteen ounces of conscience to the pound are very scarce; but if you will accept their hobbies at par they will break the balances in giving good measure.

Vocations

I WANT TO BE of benefit to everyone who reads these pages and will do all I can to assist you. I presume I am talking to a goodly number of young people who have not as yet selected their vocation in life. A great deal of care should be exercised in selecting an occupation. You should consider well your disposition, habits, inclinations, and ability.

It is a very difficult task to select an occupation for a person you do not know, but I will give general principles that may help you to decide what is best for you to attempt.

If a girl, and you have talent and a *true desire* to learn music, the piano or violin will make you a good living, if you care to teach them. If you *detest* practice, do not attempt it. You may have talent but you will never succeed, because you will not apply yourself.

If you delight in children and they take interest in you, prepare yourself for public school teaching.

If you are patient, kind and gentle, be a trained nurse. They make good money and have steady employment in the cities.

Shorthand and typewriting is not bad, and if you will take a business course and study forms and legal documents you can fit yourself for a good position in any city or good-sized town.

I would not advise you to be a clerk. It means poor pay, long hours, and hard work.

A young man has a greater field to select from than a girl, though he should study his disposition and talent closer. He is supposed to follow his chosen occupation for life, whereas a girl generally accepts a position merely as a temporary matter, expecting to get married soon and take up housekeeping.

The field of civil engineering at the present time seems attractive, the openings in the West are numerous and the pay is good.

Chemistry is just now attracting some of the brightest young men. The government employs quite a number of chemists in its laboratories. Sugar factories and manufacturing plants of different kinds also employ a great many. The pay is moderate at first, but there are opportunities for advancement.

The law has always had its share of practitioners. Do not undertake law unless you have a natural talent for debate, and have a good memory. You will also need some backing for four or five years until you can get started. The law offers great possibilities. Nearly all of our judges and men high in politics come from the legal class. But it is a strenuous life and there are a great many failures in it.

Do not be a doctor unless you have an overwhelming desire for that profession. This vocation is badly crowded.

There are good openings for general contractors and these usually pay well, but this is a business you cannot learn from books. You should get a position as time-keeper, and later on foreman, for some good contractor. Then eventually you can launch out for yourself. This is a business that will not be crowded in your lifetime.

If you are a good mixer, a convincing talker, and a man of nerve, the commercial business will suit you. It will bring you good returns if you get started right. I would advise you to secure a position in some reputable wholesale grocery, or, better yet, in a dry goods store, if it is nothing but assistant bookkeeper, stenographer, or general roustabout. Start here at any price and build up. Post yourself in every line, be honest with your employer, do good work for him and you will come out all right. If he offers you a job at anything, take it; he is watching you and knows what you are good for. Some day you will be on the road earning $500 a month, and one day, you may be one of the bosses of the house. Make the right selection at first, and stay with that house.

If indoor work does not suit you, keep your eye open for a good high-grade, high-priced specialty to sell on commission. Do not take a cheap article; it is as hard to sell a cheap article as it is to sell a high-priced one, if you have one of merit. A great many men have made their fortunes selling specialties in the last twenty years.

I do not recommend the retail store as a business. Too much detail; too much credit; too many risks to take, in stock and changing styles.

If you are a farmer at present and well located in a good section of the country, *stay with it.* If you are not in a good locality, find one; the sooner the better. A practical farmer should have no trouble making a living and at the same time saving some money. This vocation should get better from year to year. You will work harder than your city brother, but you will not have his vexations and uncertainties.

To the young man who wants to equip himself for a position of any kind, I would give the following advice:

Stay in the public or high school at home until through with the courses taught there, then select a school adapted to the teaching of the profession you have in mind. Try to select a school of some reputation. Take a thorough course. Do not quit until you are capable of standing alone. After you have graduated and are ready for the battle, do not settle in your home town. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

Usually a small town is a good place to make a start in life, as competition is not so keen in an out of the way place. There is room enough in the West for a great number of men of all classes. Some parts of the West are settling up fast, with all kinds of people, and if you strike a locality like that, you are at once on equal footing with others.

If you do not object to getting out of civilization, you might try Alaska, but you'll have to take a pocketful of determination with you. This is just as essential as money up there. At present Florida, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico are good places to locate in. You can write the Boards of Trade in the different sections and ascertain if there is any opening in your line. And be careful in selecting your acquaintances in your new home. Association and good standing are great prerequisites to success.

"Sure beats walking!"

Salesmanship

GENTLEMEN, a salesman is a queer animal. When I say salesman, I do not refer to an order-taker, neither do I refer to a traveling man. Here are three separate breeds of the same species.

A traveling man is one who stops at the best hotels, dresses well, tries to make a ten-strike with all the girls, tells *you* about all the big deals he has made and writes his house about the *bad* conditions of trade. An order-taker is a man who sells a staple line of goods and has an established list of customers who as a rule buy on credit and have to buy of this order-taker. What this drummer needs is long legs, good digestion, and no desire to sleep unless it be between stations. The salesman is the man who understands his goods, understands his competitor's goods, is master of himself, and knows his customer. Yes, knows his customer by the time he steps into his store and meets his eye.

In order to sell goods you must be a judge of human nature. If you have never learned this knack you must *get busy*. This is the most essential weapon of the salesman. When you approach your customer say to yourself, "Is this an easy-going, jolly, familiar person, or is he dignified and austere?" This question should be easy for you after a few *turn-downs*, and a little study. If your man is familiar and easy-going, you can be careless and at ease. If he is dignified and thinks that he is the only pebble on the beach, let him think so. Have respect for his feelings. Do not contradict him. Praise him in a mild way, *but be very careful on this point.* If he suspects you are trying to flatter him in order to carry your point, the fat is in the fire and he will not buy your goods even though he wants them. Do not try to pass the time with this man, or try to give him any stale jokes—he will not stand hitched. Be firm and dignified, yet not cold or domineering. Handle him with gloves until you get him interested, then you can assert yourself.

When you ask him for the order ask him how many dozen or pair he *can use.* Ask him if the goods or wares will not *suit his trade.* If he is slow in giving his order do not bore him, turn the conversation for a while, then come back to where you left off. Above all things do not get nervous or too anxious until you get him coming your way, then make him a candid, flatfooted proposition. Let him know you are posted in the price of goods, as well as quality. If your prices and goods are right, he is yours.

If the man is easy-going you can afford to be familiar, *though not too much so.* Familiarity breeds contempt. On approaching a customer do not assume to know too much at first. Feel your way—learn your customer's weak points, and train your artillery accordingly. If he is inclined to think fast, and you find that he is nervous, try to spring something that will stop the flood and turn the tide in another direction on the *same subject.* Do not let him get away from you, nor allow him to think that he has won a victory. Do not ask him to buy until you can lead him like a lamb and have convinced him that you are master of the situation. From that time it is easy sailing. Here is a man you can praise all you want to after he believes in you.

Do not ask a customer to buy *too soon,* weigh his actions—they speak louder than words. When he says "No," you must be the judge of what this "No" means. With some men it means "No." With others it means procrastination or taking time to think. Now is your time to step in and do his thinking for him. Show him by precept and example, by cause and effect, that your goods are the best. Now show your personality, bring out all the reserve force within you. As the Indian Chief, Cornstalk, once said, "Be strong." Be persistent; if you do not land him now you never will. He is under your influence—he is willing to be guided and if you do not get the order it is your *own fault.*

These two modes of procedure referred to will do for two different classes of men but will not apply to women. To sell women the *first impression is the thing*. You must be a gentleman. Not only that but you must be a ladies' man. When you have their confidence, it is easy sailing. The wind may change but you can tack, let out, or take in sail; keep an eye on the rudder and you will land safely.

There is a false idea in some people's minds that a drummer is rough. Nothing is farther from the truth. If he is disposed to be too rough his customer loses confidence and respect. If you do not respect yourself others will not respect you. A salesman loses his prestige the moment he sacrifices his manliness. *Influence is half the game in selling goods.* Show to your customer that you are honorable. Do not eulogize yourself, do not brag on yourself, do not be big I. Never let your customer catch you in a lie. Do not abuse your competitor or his goods. Do not condemn goods that your customer has on his shelves. Be fair and talk the merits of your own goods. Show quality and do not talk price too much.

Be honest with your employer. Do not imagine that you can soldier on him without his finding it out. He knows what business to expect from your territory in a given time. He knows the mileage and the price of hotels. The overcost deal was worked before you got on the road. Postage stamps cost only *two cents each* everywhere in the United States. *Tips may bring smiles, but no business.* Your boss may stand for a few cigars, but no drinks. Your house is not making a specialty of compiling kicks and complaints. When they want your advice on running the business they will ask for it. Your boss *knows* that your competitor sells goods below your price list but he says "our goods are right."

There are new instructions to conductors on the railroad. They are not *allowed* to hold their trains more than *half an hour for a traveling man to get his baggage checked.* If you go on an automobile trip see that *all radiators* are filled with water *only.* Don't put your girl's letter in your wife's envelope! The thermometer might take a sudden rise. Telegraph lines have no respect for a traveling man's feelings. I know of a case where they delivered a message *Collect,* telling him to ship in his samples.

If the boss calls you down, look pleasant—he might have fired you—and remember that all criminal judges impose a heavier fine on the *second offense.* Also that a job is as hard to locate as a man without faults.

Good luck to the drummer that is onto his job;
He will make you feel cheerful with a smile and a nod.
If I was in hard luck and stranded in town,
I would not be afraid to "hit him" for a pound.

Canada

IF YOU WOULD like to take a little stroll, come with me and we will walk over and call on our cousin "Johnny Bull Canook." He is a nice boy and you will like him, and you will be surprised to see how he is growing; his head is even with his Uncle Sam's shoulders, and he is surely well posted for a boy of his age. Not only that, he has a bank account, cattle and land enough for an empire. Let's enter his domain at the city of Vancouver.

Here on this city's site a few years ago grew the fir and cedar trees that are now serving in an honorable position in the business blocks of the metropolis of the Canadian West. Here is one of the finest harbors in the country and is the western terminus of the C.P.R., the only railroad on the American Continent that goes from Atlantic to Pacific; here also is a fine line of steamers that will carry you to Hawaii, Australia, Japan and China; and I can assure you they are no fishing boats. I will have you understand, the *Empress of China,* and the *Empress of Japan* are good enough for *me* to ride on, so I think they will do for *you.* Vancouver is near the mouth of the Frazer River, one of the greatest salmon streams on the globe.

New Westminster is up the river a few miles, and is connected by railway and trolley lines. This is quite a manufacturing city and large fish canneries are located here. Just a short distance from this place is the town of Chilliwac in a small fertile valley. If I had a home in this valley and a small tract of land, I would not take a thousand dollars an acre for it. I saw some relics of early days at the old dilapidated town of Yale that were very interesting. This town was the head of navigation long before the railroad found its way through the mountains. But prior to this time, the never sleeping gold hunter had discovered gold in the Cariboo country hundreds of miles to the north.

What can be done? We must blast a wagon road through solid granite on the sides of mountains for a hundred miles; we must build wagons especially adapted to the country they are to traverse; we must have teams to pull six tons, on a wagon, over frail bridges and precipices hanging over rivers like bats' nests in a cave. No, we do not need men of iron nerve that will take their lives in their hands; we are overstocked with them in this town of Yale. I saw some

Tug o' war with a hefty opponent!

paraphernalia that had been discarded years ago, when the old trail was abandoned. I was particularly interested in a wagon wheel that I think must have been seven feet in diameter, and had spokes as large as a man's ankle; and there was enough iron in the tires to start a blacksmith shop.

Near this place I also had another experience that I am likely to remember. I undertook to cross the Frazer River after night in a small fishing boat. I had no conversation with the man that was to ferry me across until I got into the boat and was out in the stream, then I discovered that he was beastly drunk. The river was up and running like a scared dog. When the current struck us it twisted us around and we got into a whirlpool—yes, we got out, but I am grey-headed and bald too.

Now if your nerves are steady we will take the C.P.R. east, but do not look out of the window, your head will swim. When we get up about Thompson, you will think that we are on a railroad that goes to the moon. The engineer who surveyed this road was surely afraid of water. All the water of Noah's flood would not have reached the tracks. We wind around the mountains like a crippled snake hunting for a hole, while hundreds of feet below you rushes the mad torrent of the Frazer and Thompson Rivers. Is this scenery wild? I guess so, *it would scare a mountain lion to look at it.*

To a man that was raised on the prairies this trip is worth more than a collegiate course. The road bed is fine, the equipment is good, and you glide along as smoothly as an aeroplane, but say—hold your breath when you cross a canyon. At last we reach Kamloops; here we find a pleasant little valley and five or six stores, and *immense* storehouses to hold the merchandise for the Yale and Cariboo countries. Revelstoke is a lumbering town and divisional point on the Columbia River. Now if you want to take in the Kootenay Country and view some of the prettiest lakes on the globe, this is the time to do it. There is a network of so-called lakes that in reality are just broad places in the Columbia River. These lakes are formed between mountains, caused by immense dams thrown up by nature from mountain to mountain. The river has filled these immense reservoirs, some of them hundreds of feet deep, and I have been told that in some places bottom has never been sounded. The water is so clear, and the reflection so perfect of the vegetation and trees that extend to the water's edge, that it gives the water a bluish-green cast. You can take a photograph of a mountainside, and the reflection in the water will be almost as perfect as the mountain itself. Take a ride on one of the small boats that ply between the towns and view a village at a mile distant with its white cottages on the shore, and the mountains with their spruce and pine as a background; it is surely a picture worth framing.

We must not pass Banff without stoping. This is the playground, the National Park of Canada, and it is surely beautifully located. Surrounded by precipitous mountains—yes, bald, frowning cliffs. There is a small town located here on the Bow River in a valley, an ideal place to rest; it has a fine, large hotel built on a cliff overhanging the river. Now if you want to think of all the mean things you ever did, and make good resolutions for the future, *sit on this porch, cross your legs and go after it!* I am going down to take a plunge in the hot springs, will be back in about an hour.

WELL, I AM READY for a walk now. I am a great pedestrian, *I learned that on the road.* We will walk below town about a mile and see the buffalo herd, a relic of bygone days, a monument of a noble race which fell among thieves and was slaughtered for his coat. The Canadian and U. S. Governments have taken steps to protect him, but it is too late to lock the door after the horse is stolen. He does not thrive in captivity. He is now penned in on a few hundred acres, while he formerly had for his pasture from the Rockies to the Missouri, and he was lord of all he surveyed. No wonder he pines. A Dutchman under such conditions would commit suicide.

Now take a last look at this little family, give them your sympathy and bid goodbye to the rocks and crags. We now head for the plains of Alberta where the meadowlarks sing in the fields and the golden grain is waving and waiting for the quartet that sings "The Old Oaken Bucket." For it is a recognized fact among city people, that you cannot harvest the grain without having the four strapping young fellows to sing at noon-tide; the housewife does not mind waiting dinner a half hour to allow the boys a chance to show their musical talent.

There have been great improvements in this country in the last ten years, the railroads have penetrated mountains and plains, and enabled the settlers to dispose of the crops, while formerly the outlying districts were so far from railroads that it was impossible to get crops to market. This province is dotted with quite a number of lakes which can be utilized for irrigation. There are some irrigating ditches in operation at the present time, but not very many. There is plenty of room for capital here, and the Canadian Government is liberal in its concessions. From Calgary, east for 700 miles, is a solid wheat belt, and if you feel like working, get off your Sunday clothes and put on your jumpers. You will find the *Quartet* down in the field.

The last time I was through this country was in 1900. At that time there was only one railroad in the province of Saskatchewan; now there are lines running in all directions, and elevators at all stations to take care of the grain.

Every country has its good and bad features. I will try to give both without partiality, or without the intent of doing anyone an injury. Here is some of the finest soil I ever saw, and a lot of it; there is no question about the fertility, it will raise as many bushels of wheat to the acre as any land in the United States, and in addition to this the grass is very nutritious. The cattle that come off the range are fat enough for beef; but you can raise no corn here, consequently, hogs are not very profitable, and it is too far north for many varieties of fruit. It is a prairie country, there being very little timber of any kind. What is found is cottonwood on the creek banks, though in Alberta there are good coal banks on the Saskatchewan River, also at Estevan in the province of Saskatchewan.

It is very cold in the winter, the thermometer going often to forty below; in the summer it is warm during the day, and cool at night. There is a great deal of this land which can be homesteaded, or you can buy a claim at a reasonable price. I consider it a good place for a poor man, but go with a mosquito bar and a smudge, you will surely have to fight your way. They are no more energetic than the Jersey kind, but they have larger families and when they pay you a visit it is always on business.

You will like the Canadian—he is a practical, up-to-date, and sociable gentleman; but if he should ask you to take a Scotch highball with him, take one only. Do not get it into your head that you are going to have a lot of fun by showing your liberality, *he will raise you two;* you will think he has a false pocket to put them in. There are a great many Scotch through this section and they are a good class of citizens. Winnipeg is the Chicago of Canada, and is growing fast in wealth and population.

IT IS NOT generally known that the area of Canada is greater than the United States, but such is the case, though there is a vast deal of that country that is so far north, so cold, and the seasons so short, that it is not practical for farming. Cattle raising is carried on extensively in a great portion of this territory.

The northwest of Canada is the greatest wheat field on the American Continent. Spring wheat is raised exclusively. There is one thing that you must reckon with; that is early frost. Once in a great while a frost comes in August or early September and injures the wheat crop very badly; but this does not occur very often. There is a vast territory in Western Canada that is being settled up rapidly—just here I want to suggest that if you want a home in a new country you had better get busy. There is very little desirable land left that can be homesteaded, either in the United States or Canada, that is adjacent to market and has railroad facilities.

Rainfall is plentiful for the kind of crops that are grown in Manitoba. In the other two states named, irrigation is needed to be sure of a good yield. There is very little fruit grown in Western Canada. I have been through that section of the country several times, and I do not remember ever seeing a peach, pear or apricot tree; fruit of all kinds is scarce. Watermelons are quite a rarity. I saw melons in Moose Jaw, shipped from Georgia, that sold for 75 cents to $1.00 apiece for average size. The most hardy varieties of vegetables grow to perfection in Canada. Celery, cabbage, cauliflower, beets, turnips, parsnips, etc., grow in abundance. Corn does not mature, and is very seldom planted. Barley yields a bounteous harvest and is one of the principal crops. The face of the country is very pretty in the spring and summer; the prairies are covered with wild flowers, and a very luxuriant growth of wild grass.

Ducks and geese abound in the ponds, and shooting is fine. If a man is anything of a marksman he need not come home empty handed. Deer, bear and elk are plentiful in the mountains, and moose in abundance inhabit the regions of the lakes; caribou are fairly plentiful in the northern portions of the dominion. Perhaps some of my readers may not be familiar with the elk, moose and caribou.

The elk is of dark brown color, its general makeup somewhat like a deer, though darker in color. Its horns are much larger; mouth and face resemble the domestic calf; its shoulders are thin and a little higher than its hips; the elk weighs when full grown about six to seven hundred pounds.

The moose is a larger animal than the elk, and has very heavy horns. The horns on leaving the head flatten out as broad as your two hands, and extend some two feet from the head before they divide; then they separate, and form four or five prongs, about six to ten inches in length. The moose has a big mouth with large blunt nose, has a great deal of endurance, and is a great fighter in the winter. The bull moose should weigh about 900 pounds when grown. Its meat is considered of good quality by the hunter.

The caribou inhabits the extreme north of Canada, and its nature is something akin to the mountain sheep. Its body is round, and its coat is about the color of an antelope. The texture of its meat is fine. It is not very plentiful, and the hunter is in good luck when he bags one.

The cougar and mountain lion are plentiful in British Columbia, but are not hunted much as their pelts are not valuable. If you want a little excitement though, this is a good place to get it. I would advise you to take a half dozen good dogs that are accustomed to this kind of game, to have your life insured before you start, and carry a good repeating Winchester, and by all means get an old hunter to accompany you. You may need his experience, which is very essential at times.

If you should visit this country, you would be well impressed with the people. They are in a flourishing condition, genteel and well educated, will treat you like a gentleman and welcome you to their land. They like to have Yankees visit them.

IN MONTREAL you will find a flourishing city of mixed population, mostly of French origin. These have some very old-fashioned ideas, but are fast becoming Americanized.

In Quebec, you will find two towns in one. The upper town is settled with progressive Scotch and Canadian blood who have good, modern homes, the best imported goods in their shops, and fine hotels. But in the lower town (or French section) it is very antiquated and picturesque, and very few of the people can talk English. They do not try to learn it. They have no particular love for the English or Canadian; they have never forgotten the scrap on the Heights of Abraham. Wolfe's monument still stands on the old battlefield, though in an unkept condition. Montcalm's monument stands on the bluffs overlooking the St. Lawrence River. From the base of this monument is to be seen one of the grandest sights of the country. Standing some 200 feet above the river, you look down the stream as far as the eye can see; it is very broad and majestic, and will float any ship that rides the Atlantic.

Canadian soldiers of the Northwest.

I would like to have you go with me to New Brunswick. I want to show you an easy-going, conservative people. They enjoy life and its simplicity; they never get in a hurry but seem to work mechanically; they make no fuss, no feathers about anything; they are surely the descendants of the Huguenots. There is one very remarkable thing that I would like to tell you about at Moneton. It is the tidal wave, or what is called the "Bore." It is caused by the extreme high and rapid tide of the Bay of Fundy. You doubtless know that the average ocean tide of the Atlantic is about four feet from ebb to flow, but in the Bay of Fundy, owing to its peculiar shape, the tide at the upper end of the bay often rises as high as twenty-eight feet. This terrible rise and pressure forces the tide up a small stream, through a narrow, level valley, at a terrific pace, and about three to four feet high in one solid breast of water. The people in the town go down every day to see the "Bore" come in very much the same manner as they do to see the trains.

If you should ever visit St. John, New Brunswick, I would advise you to go on an excursion up the St. John River to Fredericton. Here are some of the prettiest sights in Canada. No more delightful climate surroundings could be asked for than those you encounter on this trip. It is the Thames of America. If you enjoy a sail on the ocean go over to Halifax, Nova Scotia, from St. John; but if you are nervous, you may get a little excited when the fog horns begin to blow, as they always do in foul weather. Just have faith in your captain and remember that others have gone before.

I have a vivid recollection of a trip from Grand Manan Island to St. John. It happened to be one of those dense, foggy nights; the whistle from our boat and the reply whistles, gongs, bells and sights of buoys, together with the beacon lights flashed from the towers of signal stations, made it seem that we were nosing our way between the jaws of death. Sleep would not form my acquaintance that night, but "all is well that ends well." Our captain knew how to run the gauntlet.

I had calculated to take a steamer from St. John to Boston, but after this night's experience, it did not take much persuasion on the part of the railroad agent to induce me to go his way to Boston. I like high life and a good time, but I do not like to come in contact with what I ate day before yesterday; too it is not graceful for anyone to lean over the rail and make a noise like he was calling hogs. They say it is healthful but I had rather have less health and more comfort.

The Holdup

I PRESUME my reader has never had the horrible experience of being held up by a highwayman and I hope you will never have to hold your hands in the air while the other man rifles your pockets.

About twenty years ago, I had an experience in western Colorado that was enough for me. In those days highwaymen in the West were as plentiful as sheepherders. Several holdups had occurred shortly before the time of which I am speaking, and myself and some other traveling men had been talking of them that afternoon. We were expecting to "get ours" any day, as the footpads had an idea that drummers had more money than brains—which usually was about right.

It was hot weather, and the days were long. That evening after dinner—about 6 o'clock—another drummer and myself decided to drive from Delta to Hotchkiss, a distance of eighteen miles. We secured a buggy and a good span of horses and set out before sundown. It was one of those ideal summer evenings we have in the West—the trees, the birds, even the chipmunks seemed glad they were alive. My companion was rather talkative. He kicked on conditions of trade, rehearsed a conversation he had had with a merchant "crank" the day before, and while he talked I sat there listening and growing drowsy. As he was driving, I had nothing to do but doze off to sleep.

It was good, thick dusk now, and when I opened my eyes again, we were going slowly up a long grade. On our right, at intervals, were crags of rocks that rose thirty to forty feet high, and resembled ghosts in the starlight. There was a turn in the road just ahead of us and one of those fantastically ghostly crags was in the angle of the turn. Just as we approached the rock, a man on horseback rounded the corner. I said nothing but peered into the gathering darkness as best I could. As we drew nearer to each other, I saw there was something lying across the pommel of his saddle. My mind was sluggish from the little "siesta" I had just been enjoying, but when I saw this object across his saddle my eyes suddenly got as big as an owl's and it did not take me long to decide that it was a gun.

When we were within about ten feet of the man I saw him make a quick movement and grab the weapon. He swung it toward us, and at the same moment spoke something in a gruff tone of voice. I did not catch what he said, but could see the glistening of the gun barrel in the starlight. I could make out that it was a double-barreled shotgun, and the holes in the muzzle seemed big enough to put my two fists into. Well, when he spoke both my hands went into the air, and my knuckles struck against the bows in the top of the buggy. Then I sat still, awaiting developments.

Just then the highwayman passed us.

My partner turned to me and said, "What's the matter with you, Dick? What've you been drinking?"

As I caught my breath I said, "Why didn't you stop?"

"For what?"

"When that robber pointed his gun at us!"

"Robber? Gun?" he shouted derisively. "I saw nothing but a farmer with a shovel!"

Then I remembered to take my hands down out of the air, and as I did so I slipped one of them into my pocket and extracted a $2 bill—a bribe to make him keep his mouth shut regarding the adventure.

Always On Time

THE RAILROAD that does not run on time soon loses its patronage. The division foremen on some of the branch roads of the Dakotas and Nebraska have to resort to unique methods to keep the caterpillars, grass and cows off the right-of-way. In May and June in the Northwest the caterpillars come in billions, and virtually take the country. When they undertake to cross a railroad they get on top of the rail and then they seem to stop. Now the mashing of these worms soon glazes the wheels, and makes the track slick so the engineer can make no time and consequently is always late.

Another great hindrance is the grass, which at this season of the year grows very fast and laps over the rails. *"Between trains?"* Yes (and I am not a fisherman). The wind often has a great deal to do with this, blowing the grass across the rails just in front of the drive-wheels. Now, to master the situation the railroad companies have mounted on the tender a huge oil tank that holds several thousand gallons of crude oil. This tank is connected by a hose to an iron pipe about ten feet long, that is perforated full of holes. This pipe is called the burner, and hangs about four inches above the track. Now turn on the oil and apply the match, start the engine down the track, and caterpillars and grass melt like butter in an August sun.

But this is not the engineer's greatest trouble. The branch roads in the West are not fenced, and as there are thousands of cattle on the prairies to wander on the track, they become very troublesome. Sometimes the old male disputes the right-of-way with the engineer. I was on a train on a branch road in Nebraska in 1898. The cattle were thick on both sides of the track, and often on top of it. The engineer and fireman had a steady job squirting steam, ringing the bell, and blowing the whistle, and often had to slack up to let some old rheumatic cow get off the track. At last we saw about two hundred yards ahead of us, an old white-faced bull, head down, pawing the ground and bellowing. The engineer and this old fellow had locked horns several times before, and each time his bovine highness had reluctantly withdrawn, muttering vengeance. This morning bade fair to show a scrap to the finish. It seemed that it was a preconcerted action on the part of his lordship, inasmuch as all the other cattle withdrew to both sides of the road and turned around to view the encounter. The engineer looked at the fireman and said: "Charley, what would you do?"

"Paste him one."

THE ENGINEER blew the whistle and squirted the steam out of the exhaust pipes, while the fireman rang the bell. But old Jimmie, head down and neck bowed, stood like the Rock of Gibraltar. Now, the engineer happened to think that his *insurance policy had expired the day before;* this caused him to reverse the engine and throw on the brakes. The train stopped just as the cowcatcher, or pilot, touched Old Jimmie's nose. He swung his head to one side and with a defiant bawl gave a jerk upward. His right horn caught in the fender and there he stood (like the cat that had caught a mouse, then let it loose and dared it to run) waiting for developments.

The engineer and fireman held a council of war. It developed that each wanted to be captain and conduct the battle from the running board of the engine while the other acted as private on the ground. At last they decided to each get an armful of coal from the tender and to charge simultaneously from the runboards of the engine. Here they stood, high above the undaunted warrior, surrounded on every side by steel breastworks. Here they felt they could work their *arms* to good effect, and pour the shot hot and fast upon the unprotected head and shoulders of the shorthorn Samson.

It was an undue advantage to take of an old man who was willing to fight in the open. It was plain to be seen that the contest was unequal, as the odds were two to one, and Old Jimmie's artillery was of short range. But as for courage, he would defy a cyclone.

A few of the passengers got out on the right-of-way to see what the trouble was, but when we caught a glimpse of Jimmie's battery and the glistening of his eye, we got right back in the coaches as quickly as if a band of train robbers were doing the job.

At last Old Jimmie withdrew in good order—you could not call it a retreat, only an armistice, hostilities to be renewed the following day.

In two hours' time we were at the end of the branch road. As I had some business to transact with the superintendent I went to his office. While there, the engineer came in, throwing down an envelope containing his trip report. At the same time, with an air of determination and injured innocence, he remarked:

"If you want me to go out in the morning on this run, you will have to change your time-card."

The superintendent looked up in astonishment. "Why, what is the matter?"

"Well, about forty miles from here out on the prairie, there is a bull that seems to own all that country. He even disputes that you have a right-of-way through. Now there is a waterhole near the tracks where the cattle come for water, and have to cross the road. Our time-card calls for us to be at this waterhole at 9:20 a.m. Well, that is the bull's time-card, also, and we both cannot use the right-of-way at the same time. It is up to you!"

I had a little experience on this trip that I would like to relate, though it is not connected in any way with our subject, "On Time." In the first place, I want to know if there is a dictionary made that will explain a Swede's meaning in the English tongue? Also, will this dictionary give the correct pronunciation of words, so all Americans can understand each other? When strangers meet from different parts of the Union it is sometimes a little embarrassing, inasmuch as they do not comprehend the meaning intended to be conveyed. I had crossed over into South Dakota but as yet I had had no extensive dealings with the Swedish merchants of that section, and did not understand their expressions of the English language. I was selling a high-priced specialty to the retail grocery trade. Approaching a tall, light-complexioned gentleman from the Scandinavian peninsula, I proceeded to show him my patent fixture. I soon saw that he was considerable interested, and as I continued to expatiate on the merits of my machine, he waxed enthusiastic on the good points of the article. I thought I could see a $20 bill in sight, as my commission on the sale. When I thought he was ripe for closing, I got out my pencil and asked him if he did not want one for his store.

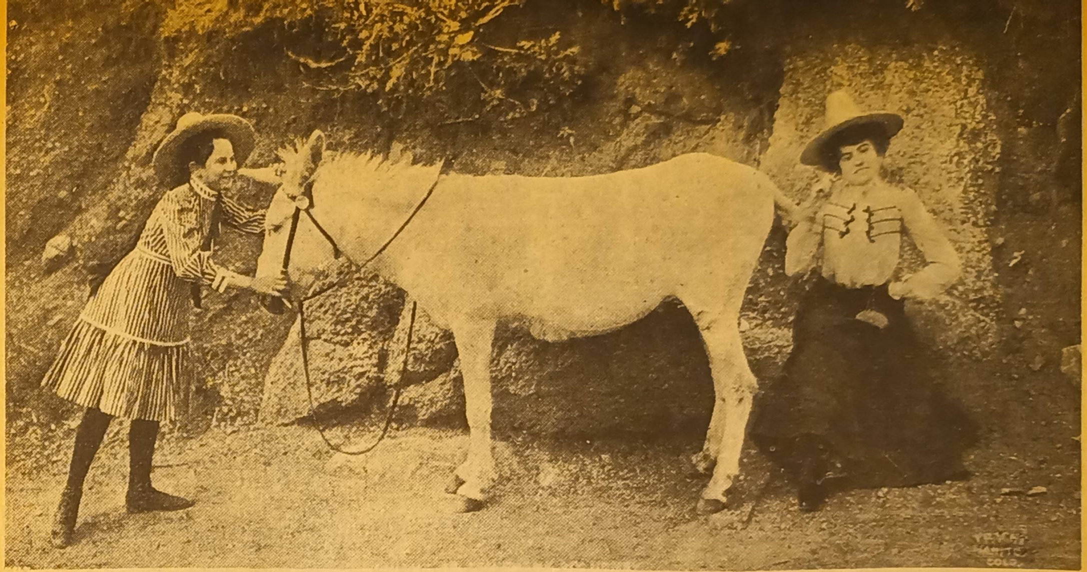
"Yes," he said, "I want one just like that!"

I had my order book in my hand, and proceeded to fill in the blanks. Just then he laid his hand on my arm and said, "Not yet!"

Well I caught my breath after a while.

Now as to pronunciation misunderstandings between Americans. About five years ago a man from Kentucky was driving west with a prairie schooner. He had a breakdown and found that he was sorely in need of a monkey-wrench. Now you doubtless know that the Southerners pronounce things pretty broad. Well, he called at a nearby ranch-house, and asked the man in charge if he had a "monkey-wrench." The man looked at him in astonishment and said "No." But said: "There is a man west of here who has a horse-ranch, and one east that has a cow-ranch, and there is a sheep-ranch just down the creek, but I cannot think of a man in all the country that has a monkey-ranch! I do not believe they would thrive here, as the altitude is too high."

I do not let little things like this worry me now, but when I was a young man I lay awake three nights trying to understand the difference between a plantation, a farm and a ranch. At last a bright idea struck me—that a plantation was stocked with Negroes, a farm populated with a white man and his kids, and a ranch with a Mexican and his dogs.



"Rocky Mountain telephone!"

But what were we talking about? Oh, yes, "On Time." Well, the man that is always on time is never late. The foreman likes to see a man on the job when the whistle blows. It shows that he is taking an interest in the work, and trying to earn an honest living by giving a good day's work for a fair day's pay. If you want to hold a man's confidence keep your appointments on time; and if you owe a debt pay it on time. If you wish to catch the fast express for the city you *must* be on time. If you want to bid in a piece of property, be on time. The general who expects to meet and defeat his opponent must be on time, look over the ground and make his plans before the battle begins. Oftentimes a minute or a second means the passing of an opportunity of a lifetime. Take a lesson from Nature; consider for a moment how exact the divisions of time.

The stars and planets revolving in their orbit, though it may take a score of years to complete their cycle, are never confused or diverted from their path, but move on with the regularity that only time can measure to complete their untold number of revolutions, to finish their work, and close the cycle when the unseen hand of destiny points to the hour of accomplishment!

Man Traps

DO YOU KNOW that there are more traps set for men and women than ever were set for bear? Yes, there are thousands of men in our country who are living by their wits, by working schemes to get hold of your $ without giving you value received.

There is no profession or calling that has a monopoly of these gentlemen; they are to be found in all walks of life. First, there is the fake advertiser. He offers to give you something *free.* Now the only thing he will ever give you free is hot air; when you investigate his proposition you will find there is a string tied to it. He says he will give you something free provided you buy something else from him, and he always charges you enough for the article he sells you to make a handsome profit on the one he claims to give you.

No man can afford to advertise in the papers and give away goods. A legitimate advertiser never offers to give away anything. If you think of anything free outside of air and daylight, I would like to buy the recipe for its manufacture. At one time it was said that air and water were free, but the man who said that is dead; or if he is still alive let him go to a Canadian hotel and ask for a drink of water; the bartender will "fix his clock."

Then there is the real estate man that offers to sell you land near railroads and a good market—*abundance of rainfall.* He offers it (if you will buy in ten days) for $20 an acre, and it is dead sure to increase 200% in two years; and as for productive qualities, it will raise anything! In reality, it is too poor and rocky to raise as much as a disturbance. Now the farther this land is away from home the better it suits him; then he is sure you cannot go to see it before you buy.

Again, there is the "fake" doctor. He is the limit. He will send you a free pill all right, and some reading matter, too, describing the symptoms of *every disease known to the medical profession.* If you have any of these symptoms, his medicine will cure you. *It says so in the literature.* If you should buy any of this soapsuds and ammonia I would advise you to try it on the cat. It is advertised to give "instant relief." This is correct, you are relieved before you ever uncorked the bottle—of your money.

But this is not the only doctor that will diagnose your case (free). There is the financial *expert.* Do not overlook the word expert; he is a past master; and as for confidential tips, he has more of these than a dog has fleas. You will usually find this gentleman located on the attic floor of a twenty-two story building in New York. He is usually long on oil wells, mines and various other stocks. His oil well is located between two gushers—*himself on one side and his "capper" on the other.* And as for his mines, he has a mind at all times to work you for all he can. When it comes to stocks, he is overloaded; you will have to watch him when it comes to making the transfer or he will treat you like the farmer did the land-buyer in western Kansas. He sold a quarter section of land, and when they were making out the deed the buyer was not watching and the farmer wrote in a half section instead of a quarter. But as for traps, you need not go to New York to find them; they are at your door.

The merchant advertises to sell the best suit in the store for $15; but before he puts the ad in the paper, he boxes up the best suits and nails down the lid. Now the suits that he has left on the counter for sale will not fit anything but a twelve-year old boy or a Barnum's "What Is It?" I heard a compliment paid a local merchant of my town lately. A customer of the merchant said that he (the merchant) was a pretty decent sort of a fellow, that he would not break you up when he sold you anything; that he was taking lessons from the farmer robbing bees. The farmer had learned that it was poor economy to take the comb from the bees, but to give them the *comb back that they might set to work at once to refill the cells with honey* preparatory to another robbing.

THE ELEPHANT has the reputation of being a pretty wise "guy," he always has a weather eye open looking for trouble. It is related that the natives of Africa, in order to trap the elephant, dig a hole in the ground about six feet across and twenty feet deep, cover the hole with brush and leaves, then hang a bundle of fodder (or bait) over it. Mr. Elephant is curious to examine the bait and tumbles into the hole.

Now, the elephant has a cousin in this

country that is called a man, and who is forever *smelling the bait.* The party who has charge of these traps in America has made a study of us, learned that we have a fastidious taste, that we even like pie and cake, so from time to time the bait is changed and the size of the hook depends upon the size of the "sucker" he is fishing for. When once hooked, the suckers are all strung on the same line to be scaled (have their coats removed) and then to be drawn by the Lord High Executioner.

It is true that we are all after the dollar. I saw a good ad recently; it read: "I am after your money, and you are after the other fellow's, let's go in 'cahoots' and divide up." I am willing to do this if the two parties named will take in the *third man.* But some of our businessmen have such ravenous appetites they are like "Bosco"—*they eat them alive!* This reminds us of the coal man who came into the coal yard just as the Negro driver was about to drive out with a load of coal.

The boss asked: "Who is that coal for?"

"Mrs. Smith."

"How many tons does she get at a time?"

"Well, I tell you, boss, she mos' in gin'ral gits one ton."

"But haven't you got a pretty big ton on the wagon this time?"

"Don't say nuffin', boss; her husban' got paid off yisterday and I'm goin' to call this three ton."

"Well, you can knock off for the rest of the day when you get back."

But all dishonest people do not live in town. I bought some hens from a rancher. He agreed to bring me nothing but young ones. He said all the chickens he was selling were young, and insinuated that they were really too young to take from their mothers. But when I got them I found they had shed their back teeth, and were old enough to vote. When the farmer collects the eggs that the old hen has set on for two weeks and sells them in town for fresh ones, it is like taking candy from a baby.

I do not ask a man for a handicap in a race. All I expect is a fair start and no jockeying. If I lose I will rub down for the next race. Now, if I only have one opponent, *I may be first;* if not, I surely will be *second!* There is only one time when we are sure of being at the head of the class—on a rainy day when all the other kids are at home. Then always be on hand and do your best.

It is always well enough to help a comrade out of a mudhole, but in the tussle do not let him pull you in also. You need not be afraid to walk over the skylight in the pavement, but be careful about the hatchways in the alley; and always look out for the manholes. There are two kinds, one made by the city engineers, the other constructed by skilled architects, confidence men and women. They will offer to show you a good time, and the Great White Way; but be careful the lights don't dazzle your eyes, and the concoctions you drink addle the brain, or you may wake up in the morning to find that you have been caught in a trap that was baited with pleasure, concealed by flowers and sprinkled with the dew of champagne.

ALL YOUNG PEOPLE should read the story of Old Mother Trout, who warned her children to beware of the fly that covered the sharpness of the hook. Young man, if you aspire to be a painter take lessons from Nature in landscapes, or bird's-eye views. I would not advise you to take the job of painting the town a cheap vermilion; it is neither *artistic* nor *remunerative.* Not only that, but it is very hard to *get off your hands and clothes,* and there have been cases where the painter has contracted blood poison.

Now as to the art of skating, you can take your choice. Ice skates are hard to keep on the feet and you have to brave the cold to enjoy the fun. Roller skates make more noise, and the falls you get will make you sore; but this is nothing compared to the fall you get from the skates purchased at a "bootleg factory." There is only one redeeming feature of this class of sport; there is usually a ticket given with each "skate" that entitles you to a free bus ride to a hotel where the clerks all wear *blue uniforms,* and you are not supposed to tip the waiters or to kick when the beans are not well cooked.

Some people get badly frightened when they see the sign, "Look out for the dog!" Now let me inform you that there is not as much danger of contracting the rabies from a dog's bite as there is in getting on the outside of a half-dozen cherry cocktails at the club.

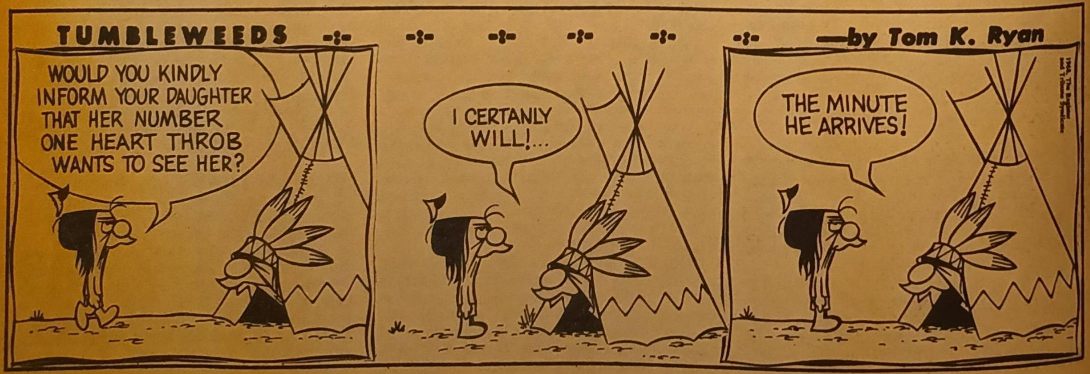
Young girls should remember that a man's word considerably resembles *vanilla wafers*—they are *sweet, but very brittle.*

Music and midnight revels are the food of sensation, but they do not strengthen the muscles or nourish the brain. And the drinks you get at this late hour of the night, instead of quenching thirst, fires the passions. The arm of man is as strong as an iron band to protect the sweet and innocent maiden; but it falls limp at his side when she exceeds the bounds of decency. Girls be careful when you go to the dancing pavilion. It is built over the pool of despondency and the handrail that should be a protection is rotten. Now if you lean against it you will fall, and *I am sorry to say* that there has never been a soap discovered that will cleanse your garments.

There is a peculiarity about gambling that has never been explained. Professionals in all other sports are recognized as authorities, but the amateur gambler has no respect for the professional in his line. The green country boy thinks he is lucky because he can pitch horseshoes. When he goes to town he has got to try the Wheel of Fortune; if he is allowed to win a time or two, then he is ready to buck Monte Carlo. It is not necessary to tell you how he succeeds; but I notice that he does not wear his watch any more, and instead of taking the streetcar, he walks to his work.

But this is not the only kind of games he will go against. He is a candidate for anything that is *called amusement or adventure.* He is also a prospect for the confidence man and grafter. These boys graduate in a few years, get their diplomas and retire to private life; but the ranks are continually filled by new recruits. This army of adventurers remind me of Uncle Sam's American volunteer regiment; it is composed of Dutch, Irish, Swedes, Italians, and Americans—yes, and a big company of high financiers. Now you can see from the *expression of their faces, that they all hold trumps*—but most of them are *treys* and *deuces* and they never get a *"pair."*

Americans are adventurers. They will ride a bronco, go up in a balloon, come down in a parachute and land on a precipice of uncertainty; then dare peep over into the Vortex of Destruction. A man to be a tight-rope walker must have a clear head and a steady nerve. And if *you* would win the battle of life you must have determination, ambition and a little common sense. Keep your weathervane in working order, and consult your barometer frequently; they will warn you of the approaching storm. Never get it into your head that you are exceedingly lucky, that you are the "seventh son of a seventh son" of a son of a gun. Young man, your forefathers learned *(but they never told you)* that the cards were stacked and the dice loaded. While the "capper" may win, *you* cannot beat the game!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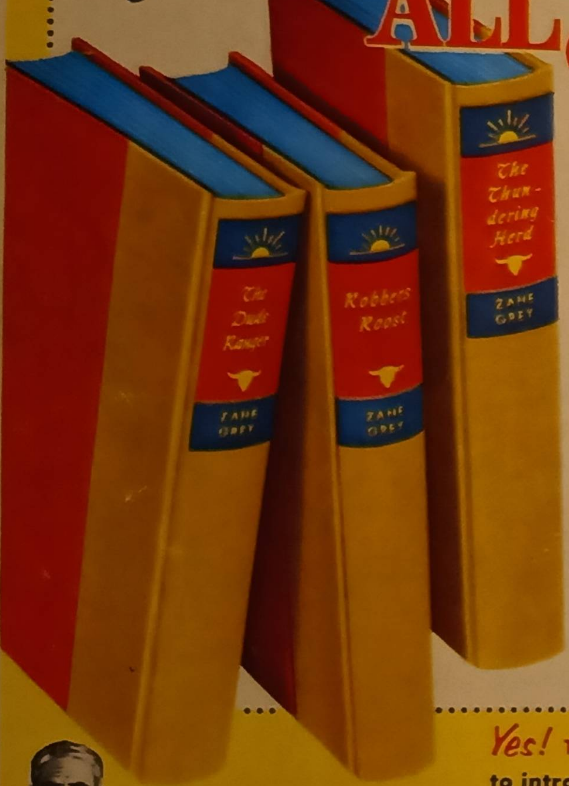

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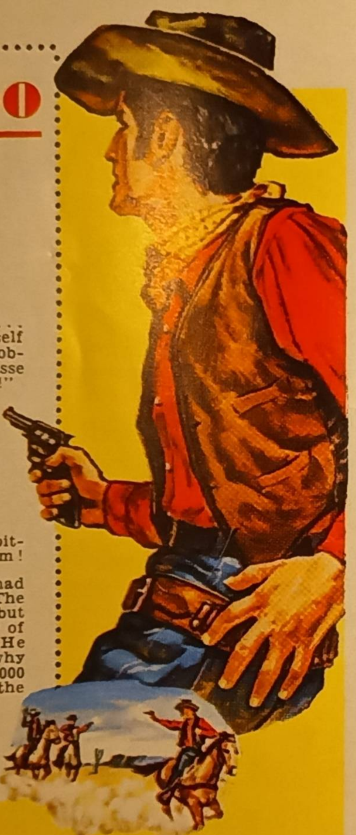

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